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F A M I L Y  
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COMPILED BY  
ANNA W. MERIVALE.

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EXETER:  
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## PREFACE.

The memorials of our family which are printed in the following pages have been compiled from various sources. The first of these is the collection of our Great-grandfather Samuel Merivale's correspondence, which was put together by my father in a comprehensive biographical memoir, which he was preparing in the latter years of his life not without a view to publication. In a letter addressed to the Rev. Francis Hodgson, (afterwards Provost of Eton) dated 1830, my father had thus expressed himself: "But now I am on the subject of letters I must proceed to tell you how I have been employed during a great part of the past year, the impulse having been first given me shortly after my dear mother's death, which gave occasion to my hunting through the large masses of family papers which have accumulated for a full century by the pious care of my letter-saving ancestors. Among these are volumes of

Letters, Sermons (1500 in number), Theological and Philosophical Commonplaces, Tracts and Essays, of my Grandfather Merivale, a Dissenting Minister of the last century and of the school of Dr. Doddridge, who (i.e. my Grandfather) was one of the most amiable and benevolent as well as liberal of divines, and though not sufficiently orthodox for your, or even for my own present standard, yet at least as far from the Priestley and Belsham school as we may be from him ; indeed much further than I can honestly profess myself to be. He had only one failing that I know of, that of writing all he did write in shorthand ; the consequence of which is that his unworthy descendants have hitherto suffered all his labours to lie mouldering on shelves for want of patience to decipher them. The art of doing so I have been recently acquiring, and find a great deal not only to reward my pains, but upon which I seriously think of raising hereafter that monument which has so constantly been the favourite dream of my ambition. With materials the most ample for a 'Memoir of the Life and Opinions of My Grandfather'—i.e. the history of his mind, for other history his quiet, retired, unostentatious life had none of, why not so interweave the history of one's own thoughts and prospects, on a variety of the most interesting subjects, as to form the prettiest specimen of Autheterobiography extant? Now tell me what you think of this new project. My idea is that the 'Life and Opinions of

Tristram Shandy' will be beat out and out by it. Grandfather, Father, Self and Sons—what a rich treat for posterity!—besides a variety of offsets—your Sunday's ride with my poor Father, and his dropping the Prayer-book when the Athanasian Creed was read—this for a specimen of the lighter sort of anecdote with which it will abound. I propose to print in about 20 octavo volumes; less will certainly not do—and it is much more likely to extend to 40."—And so with a little banter onwards.

The memoirs which my father eventually compiled from this beginning extended to three thick and closely written volumes, the writing remarkably small, neat and correct, and the ink not as yet much faded. They would fill certainly not less than three bulky octavos in print. The correspondence they embrace is preserved to a great extent in the original autographs, but some portions of it are reproduced by my father, who copied them from the writer's shorthand. Some of Samuel Merivale's letters take the form of essays or tracts, composed with great care and very considerable ability, though apparently with no view to publication, and the whole is combined with fragments of his diaries, and such notices of his habits and acquaintance, and the incidents of his career in life as my father was able to collect from other sources. My father had hoped that the correspondence might serve to illustrate the social life of the middle of the last century,

and engage the interest of a certain number of readers ; but it was carried on with provincial acquaintance among the Dissenters, obscure men in an obscure corner of the country, though in many cases well educated and intelligent,—and the project, when mentioned to eminent publishers, met with little favour. Yet my father continued to hanker after it to the end, and if he had lived would, I apprehend, have made the venture of publication on his own account. Though he never suggested it to myself, I cannot but think that he left it as a pious charge with me to do what might be most feasible with regard to it, and it has always been a matter of some anxiety and compunction that I have not been able to persuade myself to accomplish all he may have wished about it. I trust, however, that we are now doing the best that can be done by the use we make of it in the Memorials here presented to the existing members of the Family.

Our father's mother left also a short account of what she had known and heard of her own family, the Katencamps, which is here inserted with little abridgement. Her manuscript, from which it is printed, is remarkably precise and neat, and bears witness, no less than the fluent and simple style of the composition, to her steadfast and well ordered character, to which those among us who still remember her look back with deep regard and reverence.

Our grandfather, John Merivale, has left us no literary remains. He was himself a man of private and limited education, and it seems rather surprising that his father, with such extensive reading and literary instincts himself, should not have taken more pains to imbue him with intellectual tastes and accomplishments. The means which he inherited made it unnecessary for him to push his way in any business or profession, and he allowed himself to dream away too much of his time in the indolence which seems to have been constitutional with him. Conscious as he was of his humble descent, there was occasionally something humorous in the way he shewed his humility. Too proud to be sensitive, he seemed to turn perversely from the social advantages to which he was fairly entitled. He gave his son, whose talents soon became evident, a private-school education, and would have put him to business, as I have heard, with the booksellers, had not a more discerning friend prevailed on him to let him have the advantage of a career at the University, and from thence make venture at the Bar. But the devoutness and simplicity of his character left a very pleasing impression upon the few who knew him, though the later years of his life were clouded by sickness, not without deep and permanent depression of spirits.

We have however the good fortune to possess several MS. volumes of our father's personal journals, in which he



gives a very detailed account of himself from day to day for many years, together with notice of all domestic and many public events, interspersed with his own comments upon them. The extracts we have made from this interesting store furnish the bulk of these Memorials. We trust that the original MSS., written as they are in a remarkably clear and graceful hand, will be carefully preserved for reference hereafter; but we judge them to be too lengthy, and in some respects too minute and of a character too personally introspective, for complete reproduction in print. With the extracts from these Diaries will also be found some family letters referring to events interesting at the time and perhaps still interesting to our private circle, and helping to complete the portraiture of those from whom we are descended. We are fully conscious of our father's wish to be "remembered in his line," and of the hope he indulged that by means of such documents as these his character might be long kept, at least by ourselves, in affectionate regard. The volume here presented to his living descendants will not fail to do him honour with them, and may perhaps animate some among them to follow so touching an example of industry and goodness.

The history of the family was taken up by my eldest sister, Louisa Anne, at the point where our grandmother left it, and continued by her to the period of our father's

death. The greater part of the memoir thus written by her is here printed.

These Memorials have been compiled by Anna Wilhelmina, my father's youngest daughter, with some assistance from myself, and the addition of a few incidental notices. It is at my sister's desire that I write this prefatory explanation, as the eldest survivor of the race, now fifty, I believe, in number.

CHARLES MERIVALE.

The Deanery, Ely,

Feb. 4, 1884.

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The footnotes in the following pages with the initials C. M. are by Charles Merivale ; those with L. A. M. by Louisa Anne Merivale ; and the remainder are added by myself, Anna W. Merivale.



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#### ERRATA.

P. 70, Note: for *South Street* read *Holloway Street*.

P. 163, last line but one ~~after left to read settled upon the representation of~~  
 insert *the son of*

## INTRODUCTION.

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### THE MERIVALE FAMILY AND NAME.

THE earliest records of the Merivale family are to be found in the parish registers of Middleton Cheney, a large village in Northamptonshire, not far from Banbury. The tradition handed down by Mrs. Coffin, who was one of the Merivales of that village in the early part of this century, was that the family was originally French, and that the first of the name who settled at Middleton Cheney, in the year 1590, was one William Merivale, who fled from religious persecution in France. That the family were settled in Northamptonshire long before that date was however proved by a careful study of the parish register, made by Herman Merivale in the year 1851. He extracted no less than forty-six entries of the name in baptisms, marriages and deaths, between the years 1558 (when the register begins) and 1770. The name is spelt in various ways, as Mervayle, Merivell, Merival, Meryvell, Meryvale, Merrevell, Merivaile, Merrivale,

and Merivale. Writing to his sister in August, 1851, Herman Merivale says :

"I send you all the extracts I made in a very accurate search for many years, also a pedigree which I flatter myself is really a surprising thing to have made out of a register only, shewing the regularity with which William succeeded John in a mathematical order in a quiet country parish. - - - You will see many curious facts here. In the first place the common notion of their coming over in Elizabeth's reign is upset. They were settled here before 1558, her Majesty's first year. In the next place, the name begins as "Mervayle," and I am greatly inclined to think that is the true spelling ; that the French was Merveille or Merville ; that Andrew Marvel's is the same name ; and that the three syllables arose very naturally when people pronounced by the ear, from their not being well able to give effect otherwise to the French Mer-veille. Lastly, they were people of some substance. When William Merivale died in 1729, his executors had to pay the highest mortuary fee, 10*l*. Therefore he was certainly worth £40, and may have been many thousands. - - - Middleton Cheney is a well-looking farming village in a rich and rather pretty country. But our ancestors lived at Lower Middleton, a large straggling hamlet about a mile from the church, with a very fine wych elm, under which no doubt Gregory and Christian amused themselves. Our relations the Penns flourish there still : Humphrey Penn keeps the Royal Oak. The name Blencowe, oddly enough, is still very common, and though in low life, they seem to be connected with the Blencowes of Marston. \* Like the St. Maurs, I mean immediately to adopt the ancient spelling of my house, and am consequently

Your affectionate brother,

HERMAN MERVAYLE." †

\* Referring to his wife's connexions of that name, which occurs, as well as that of Penn, among the marriages of the Merivales in the parish register.

† Various attempts have been made to trace the etymology and origin of

The first entry thus copied is that of the baptism, Oct. 21, 1558, of Henry Mervayle, son of John Mervayle and Margaret his wife. In the course of a few years later, William Mervayle brought five children to be baptized—John, Anne, Christian, Gregory, and Jane. Sixty years later, another William Merivaile and Margaret his wife were the parents of a numerous progeny, one of whom, named John, baptized in 1630, became the father of two sons, William, (born 1663) and John, (born 1667). The names of the descendants of this William are found in the register up to the year 1770, when a William Merivale married Isabella Penn: that the name does not occur again may be accounted for by the fact of the family having become Dissenters, for when Louisa Anne Merivale visited Middleton Cheney in the year 1860, she found living there in humble life one Thomas Merivale, the then head of the family and the owner

the name Merivale. We may dismiss the suggestion which has been made that we should claim descent from *Merval*, the son of Penda King of Mercia, who helped to build the Minster of Medhampstead (now Peterborough); nor need we adopt the derivation from the Italian *Maraviglia*, the name of a Milanese gentleman who came to Paris in the suite of Louis XII, and whom the French historians call *Merveille*. A more probable origin of the name is to be found in certain villages on the coast of Normandy, of the name of *Merville*, (= Seaton); there are also a *Méréville* and *Moreville*. Norman settlers probably brought the name to England, where we find it, under various spellings, in many distant counties; —*Merevale* Abbey in Warwickshire, *Merriville* Bridge in Devonshire, *Merrivale* in Herefordshire, *Merivale* or *Merrivale*, a suburb of Shrewsbury, across the English Bridge. The derivation of *Murus Vallis*, which has been proposed for this designation (Owen and Blake-way's History of Shrewsbury, p. 242) is clearly inadmissible. Researches among the old records in the British Museum bring the name to light as an English patronymic many centuries ago. We find the *Morevilles* or *Merrivales* owners of property at Chilton Foliot in Wiltshire (temp. John, and later, Elizabeth). The *Meverells*, a great family in the Midland Counties, one of whom married a lord of Middleton-Chenderit in Wiltshire, also spelt their name *Merivall* in some of the deeds of the British Museum.

In Edmonson's Heraldry the name occurs with the following arms:—*"Merevall—Az. semée de lis or, a demi-lion rampant, argent."*

(See *Meverell*.)

The latter name occurs with various arms in various counties; in one in-



of four or five cottages in the Lower village. He was the father of four sons and two daughters.

The ancestor of our younger branch of the family was the John Merivale above mentioned, born in 1667. His elder brother inheriting the small paternal property, John quitted his native village, and settled at Northampton as a stocking weaver. Here he married Hannah Moore, the daughter of a Baptist minister. The following extract is from a memorandum in the handwriting of Samuel, the son of this John Merivale:—

"John Merivale, (my father) was born Jan. 1st, 1667-8 at Middleton Cheney, near Banbury in Northamptonshire. He died May 14th, 1733, aged 65. John Moore, (my mother's father) was born in June, 1663, at Okeworth Hall, in the parish of Keighley, in Yorkshire. He had a liberal education, and began to preach as a Baptist minister in Yorkshire and Lancashire. He removed to Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, 1698; and fixed at Northampton 1700, where he died Jan., 1725-6. Anne Moore (his wife), was born July, 1664, in or near Bradford in Yorkshire. Her father's name was John Simpson. She buried her husband, and died May 18th, 1737, in her 73rd year. Hannah (their eldest daughter and my mother,) was born Jan. 27th, 1693, near Leeds in Yorkshire. She was married at Northampton in her 19th year to my father, who was then in his 45th year, May 1st, 1712. And within two years after his death (viz. about the end of 1734) she was married to her second husband, Charles Rogers, a Baptist minister, then living at Northampton, by whom she had another son, named James, born July 3rd, 1737, who died at Rye, Nov. 12th, 1753."

stance the arms are almost identical with those of Merevall, (Az. flossy or, a lion rampant, argent); but the county is not mentioned.

*Richard Merivale [sic] Comptroller. 18, bore witness to a conveyance of land in London, by Mayor Sir Richard Whittington. One Merivale (i. H. v) is Alderman in London. See Riley's Extracts from the Records.*

# FAMILY MEMORIALS.



## CHAPTER I.

**SAMUEL MERIVALE.**—Birth and Education. Ministry at Sleaford. Removal to Tavistock. Presbyterian Ordination at Exeter. Marriage to Elizabeth Shellaber. Correspondence with Mr. Barker. Death of wife and daughter. Tutorship at the Exeter Academy. Second marriage. Death. 1715-1771.

John Merivale of Northampton had four sons, three of whom died in infancy. Samuel, his second and only surviving son, was born Nov. 21st, 1715. Samuel was a lad of a serious disposition, and began at an early age to think for himself, and to revolt against the stern Calvinism in which his mother and her brother-in-law, Mr. Brine, a Baptist minister at Kettering in Northamptonshire, would have brought him up. In a letter written to a friend in the latter part of his life, he thus describes his situation :—

“I did not know your Cousin had met with opposition in the Pursuit of Truth, from his Father . . . I had the like Trial, and a severe one it was, when I left the Principles of Calvin, or rather of Crisp and Hussey, for those of Arminius, or Baxter at least ; and forsook, at 14, the Baptist meeting for the sake of hearing Dr. Doddridge ; and at 16, being bent on a studious Life, and a Preparation for the Ministry, gain'd the very difficult point of being brought up at his Feet, instead of being taken under the Pat-

ronage of my uncle Brine, and educated at free cost, at the most rigid of the two Independent Academies in London."

It was in 1729 that Dr. Doddridge established, first at Market Harborough, and later in the same year at Northampton, his Academy for the training of Nonconformist ministers, which soon obtained a wide celebrity. He was also pastor of the Presbyterian congregation in that town, which the youth Samuel Merivale joined in preference to the Baptist church to which his parents belonged. In August, 1733, a few months after his father's death, Samuel obtained his desire of entering the Academy, being at the time in his 18th year. His diaries and letters during the next three or four years give interesting particulars of the liberal education he received there, which embraced a course of science and literature, the study of the French language included, in addition to his strictly theological studies. Though zealous in the pursuit of these studies, the young scholar found time for amusements in the society of the town, where he seems to have been a favourite with the ladies: he performed on the flute, and frequently composed verses for the amusement of his friends. Among the young ladies of Northampton in whose society he took great pleasure, was Miss Jennings, who subsequently married his fellow student John Aikin, afterwards Dr. Aikin, the head of the Dissenting Academy at Warrington, and father of Mrs. Barbauld. In a letter to his friend Mr. Jennings Samuel gives a very humorous account of a visit he paid to his rigid Calvinistic uncle, Mr. Brine, in London; the result of first seeing the metropolis under such auspices was to make him the more appreciate his country life.

Before definitely entering the ministry, the young candi-

date was sent to preach in different places: his first sermon was preached at Bedworth in Warwickshire, in January, 1736-7. In the following January he was received as their "stated minister," on the recommendation of Dr. Doddridge, by the Presbyterian congregation at Sleaford in Lincolnshire. Here he lived for four or five years on a stipend of about £30 per annum, out of which he assisted as far as he could, his mother and her second husband, Mr. Rogers, who were in very straitened circumstances. \*

Whilst still at the Academy at Northampton, Samuel Merivale had formed an attachment to the daughter of a gentleman of some means in that town, Miss Betsy Bottrell, who he flattered himself returned his affection. It was not however till after he had been some years at Sleaford that he ventured to make her an offer of marriage; and considering the narrowness of his circumstances, he can hardly have been surprised that it met with a refusal. The lady had, in deference to her father's wish, become engaged to Mr. William Manning, whom she married shortly afterwards. Samuel's proposal and her refusal, the tenderness of which induced him to believe it was not quite voluntary on her part, are described in one of his letters with great naiveté. He will have more to say of her at a later period. In the meanwhile the disappointment of his hopes brought on a tedious attack of ague and fever, after his recovery from which he was glad to accept a "call" from a congregation in a very distant part of the country, the small town of Tavistock in Devonshire.

\* Samuel's father, John Merivale, had, not long before his death, purchased a millinery shop; the business did not answer, and his widow, after selling the shop, was still encumbered by debts, which for many years hung heavily on her son, who had made himself responsible for them.

To this charge Samuel Merivale was recommended by his constant friend Dr. Doddridge, who exercised a very extensive influence among the Presbyterian congregations of the country. In February 1743, accordingly, the young minister undertook the long journey on horseback to the remote western town. "I cannot possibly" he writes, "perform the journey in a week, for it is, I believe, upwards of 200 miles." He might have said 250. Of this journey our pilgrim gives a minute account in a long letter to a female friend whom he had left at Sleaford. He made his way by Stamford, Kettering, Middleton, Cirencester, Bath, Taunton and Exeter, generally putting up at night at the dwelling of some of his acquaintance among the Dissenting ministers, and meeting with no mis-haps, though sorely dismayed at the mountainous character of the country about Bath, which was quite a new experience to him.<sup>A</sup> He would appear indeed to have been very insensible to the picturesque character of so much of the scenery through which he passed, and equally so to the interest of its historical associations; but possibly his correspondent was not calculated to elicit the expression of his own sentiments on such subjects. The prospect of appearing before a formidable band of ministers, who were to examine and report upon him to the congregation at Tavistock hung, no doubt, heavily on his spirits.

On his arrival at Tavistock at the beginning of March 1743 he was kindly received and lodged by Mr. James Hillow, "the most substantial tradesman" in the town, and invited to make his first public appearance.

"On Sunday I preached to about five hundred very plain but, I believe, very serious people, for there seems a great spirit of religion prevailing among them, &c. The meeting-house is part of

*He writes: "he made it ten miles further than the maps shew between Exeter & Tavistock, being obliged to go so much round to avoid passing over Taunton, a strange, desolate place, full of high mountains, rocks, & bogs."*

an old Monastery, almost 800 years old. \* There is a very good Clerk, and the best singing I ever heard in any place . . . "

After he had preached to this congregation for four or five Sundays, "they consulted together" he continues "at the meeting about giving me an Invitation ; and last night there were nine or ten of the principal persons of the society with me, who presented an Invitation in form, signed by about sixty of the people." †

The difficulty in the way of his accepting this expected invitation had lain in the strict examination which he would be required to pass before a board of sternly orthodox ministers who met at Exeter, and exercised a sort of metropolitan authority in the matter of "Ordination" or appointment to the charge of the Presbyterian congregations in the west. The full liberty of private judgment in which Samuel Merivale had been brought up and encouraged by his preceptor Dr. Doddridge, and the leaning he now felt, beyond what his preceptor might have approved, to the Arian doctrine, which had awakened the jealousy of the older school of Presbyterian divines, had rendered this ordeal formidable to him. An interesting account of his reflections on this subject is given in his private letters and journals, evincing the conscientious solicitude with which he weighed the engagements on which he was anxious to

\* The Unitarian Chapel (as it is now called) at Tavistock is an ivy-grown building, formerly a part of the ancient Abbey, the property of the Dukes of Bedford. It stands back from the village street, with a small grave yard in front.

† Samuel Merivale had been authorized, as we have seen, by Dr. Doddridge to preach occasionally in meeting-houses in Northamptonshire, and had been entertained on his recommendation as their "stated minister" by a congregation at Sleaford. It was not till he had received a "call" from the people at Tavistock that he was required to undergo the formal ceremony of "ordination."

enter. The fact seems to be that the principles of religious liberty to which the nonconformist leaders were pledged forbade them to look as narrowly as they might personally wish into the views of those who offered themselves for the ministry, and that there was some mutual elasticity in the understanding between the examiners and their candidates. It appears, at all events, that Samuel Merivale underwent his trial to the satisfaction of the "Inquisitors," as he calls them, and with no undue strain upon his own private speculations, and he was formally "ordained" accordingly in August 1744, after he had been about a year settled at Tavistock. \* The following is the account he gives of the proceedings, in a letter to his mother, August 31.

"Much more easy than when I wrote last, my Ordination being now over. As the time drew nigh my fears increased; but I con-

\* The fairest view of S. M.'s scruples and difficulties appears in a letter to his friend Mr. Fawcett, a minister of high standing at Taunton:

"The account which you and the doctor have given me of the congregation at Tavistock is such as in the main is very agreeable; and if I were settled there, I would endeavour to behave in such a manner, both in public and private, as might give as little offence as possible, and not expose me to suspicion with regard to my orthodoxy. For I assure you I am engaged in no party, and should aim at nothing in my discourses but the advancement of the great common cause of plain Christianity, which consists not in long speculation and doubtful controversy, but in real holiness of heart and life, and the knowledge and belief of such plain truths and important doctrines as are most evidently conducive thereto. But the difficulty, as I apprehend, is to give satisfaction to the Exeter ministers. For as to my notions concerning The Trinity, they are not so settled as I could wish. I am not satisfied with the Arian scheme, nor entirely with any of those which are reputed more orthodox. The common explanations of the Unitarian writers appear to me full of mysterious and unintelligible distinctions that I can make nothing of, notions that seem as little capable of being supported by Scripture as by reason. Writers of a more moderate stamp, such as Dr. Watts, Dr. Thomas Burnet, and our worthy Tutor in his excellent lectures, have given, I think, a much more intelligible, more rational, and more Scriptural scheme. Yet I cannot say that I am fully satisfied with the evidence of every part of their scheme. Dr. Watts's writings on this subject, which I have studied more than any other, I am best pleased with, though not equally so with every thing he says."

After drawing out at some length the exact relations he conceives to exist

less that I found, as on many other occasions, more pain and uneasiness in the apprehension than in the actual trial. Three of the Ministers that were appointed failed on different accounts of being here, but there were in all sixteen present at the solemnity. The night before the Ordination I passed through the customary forms of Examination in the presence of about seven or eight Ministers in my own room; and indeed they behaved with all imaginable Candour and Kindness, so as presently to remove my fears. First, I read my Latin Thesis on the question proposed, whether the Dissenters are Schismatics. A few objections were offered for form's sake, but I got over the business very easily. I then read my Confession, which was very highly approved; only one person present proposing an alteration in the article on the Trinity, which I had drawn up in Scripture words; but the rest of the ministers spoke warmly against making any addition to them. I then read a few verses from the Greek Testament into Latin and English, and in little more than half an hour this examination was over, and my mind much lighter than before. All the ministers then supped together. The Meeting-house was extremely full of people the next day, but they were still and serious the whole time. The entire solemnity was managed with great gravity and decency, and my heart was warmed, and my mind, I hope, seriously impressed with the transaction I was engaged in. Mr. Cranch of Modbury.

between the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, he sums up thus: "I can only say in the modest language of your (?) confession, That I believe the Father, Son and Holy Ghost to be the only living and true God; though when I say so, perhaps I should not understand these words just in the same sense with those who require this declaration from me." And then he adds in the spirit of the Independent rather than of the Presbyterian, "After all I should think it is the congregation rather than the neighbouring ministers that have a right to be satisfied in these things; and I cannot but think that the Exeter ministers assume an authority not belonging to them, when they insist on any declaration of my sentiments at all." Such are the "confessions of an inquiring spirit," with which the conscientious aspirant to the Christian ministry will accord a generous indulgence. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. But how, it may be asked, were the congregation to become "satisfied" except by making due inquiry of the character of the teaching to which they proposed to submit themselves? C. M.





amount of £5 or £6; viz: cloth for a coat, a great coat, new shirts, a pair of handsome silver buckles, half a hog's-head of cider, horses for every journey I have taken, and the promise of a watch."

A leading member of the Dissenting congregation at Tavistock at this time was a mercer named James Hallow, a man of some property. He had married the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Downe, Rector of Sutcombe, a village near Bideford in North Devon, whose elder daughter Elizabeth was married to Walter Shellaber, a serge manufacturer at Tavistock. The Rector of Sutcombe's son, also named Thomas, was an attorney of large practice at Bideford. Among his clients were the noble families of Carteret and Granville, who possessed large property in North Devon and Cornwall, and letters to him from the Earl and Countess of Bath and others, early in the 18th century, are preserved among our ancestors' papers. Thomas Downe married a widow, Mrs. Prust, who held a lease of Annery, an ancient house and estate near Bideford, the property of the Boyle family;\* and of this estate Thomas Downe appears to have acquired the fee simple.† He died intestate in 1738, and his

\* Mrs. Prust's daughter Ann was married to the Earl of Anglesea, who deserted her; she resided with her stepfather Thomas Downe at Bideford and Annery.

† This Annery, in the parish of Monkleigh near Bideford, was a place of note in Devonshire county histories. In Risdon's Survey (p. 276) we find that "Annery was anciently held by Osbert, surnamed thereof; since, it was the Stapledons' inheritance, and their place of dwelling: by an heir of which name these lands came to the family of Hankford, where Sir William Hankford, knight of the Bath and Chief Justice of England, dwelt in the days of King Henry IV." . . . "It is received for truth," Risdon continues "that Sir William Hankford, upon the death of King Henry IV, doubting of his safety for the imprisoning of the late prince (then King Henry V) and mistrusting the sequel of the matter, sent for the keeper of his park, and rebuked him for suffering his game to go to spoil, which he denied. Howbeit,

*The Hankford line ended in a daughter, Anne<sup>B</sup>, who m. Sir Thomas Boteler Earl of Carrigrohilly. Their 2 daughters & co-heiresses were Ann, who married Sir James St. John, & took the Annery property as her share; & Margaret, who married Sir William Doleman whose grand-daughter was Anne Doleman, who is traditionally said to have been born a poor but intelligent child.*

property devolved on his two sisters, Mrs. Shellaber and Mrs. Hillow.

At the time when Samuel Merivale settled at Tavistock, Mr. and Mrs. Shellaber were both dead, leaving three children: Walter, who carried on his father's trade, and Jane and Elizabeth, who lived with their uncle and aunt Hillow. In a letter to his friend Mr. Carter, dated May 1744, describing his situation and neighbours during his first year at Tavistock, Mr. Merivale mentions Mr. Hillow as "a rich old humorist, who is indeed at the head of the Meeting, but of such a temper as no one ever did or can please long together." He then goes on to describe his future brother-in-law and wife:—

"I have lately found out a bosom friend, in a young man belonging to the congregation, who has had a good Education for a Tradesman, and reads a good deal of the more entertaining kind of Books—has an honest, tender Heart, and thinks himself happy enough when we can get a walk together in the Fields, which we generally do three or four times a week. As for a Mistress, I am not yet quite fixed. There is indeed a sensible, sweet, goodnatured, merry little creature, that lives next door but one, under the tyrannical government of an Aunt and Uncle—the crabbed old Gentleman above mentioned—whom I visit every day to abate the rigours of her Confinement, and in whose Conversation I confess I take a

his master threatened him, and gave him this charge, that in his night walk, whomsoever he met, if he would not stand and declare what he was, his keeper should kill him, and he would be his warrant. Not long after, the said Sir W. Hankford came into his park late in the night, whom the keeper meeting called unto him, but he refusing to speak, was presently shot through by his keeper, of which wound this knight died; which report is so credible among the common sort of people, that they can show the tree yet growing where this fact was committed, known by the name of Hankford-Oak."

In Charles Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* the scene of one of the chapters is laid at Annery. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, the period in which the story is laid, Annery was the property of the St. Leger family.

*During the Great Rebellion, the Pinst family occupied Annery - Joseph Pinst, who died in 1677, was Colonel in the Royalist Army. The widow of John Pinst purchased Annery from the Doyle family, & afterwards married Thomas Dore, to whom the estate passed by Settlement on her death in 1711.*

great deal of Pleasure, so that it has been the talk of the town for these three months that there will be a Match between us ; though I have never told her that I love, nor in good truth am very certain whether I do or not, after all the nicest enquiries I have been able to make."

Later he writes :—

"The lady, though no Beauty, has many charms, which by degrees found their way to my heart . . . She is not twenty-three years old. As to her person, genteel and well shaped, but small in stature ; her face pretty much disfigured with the Small Pox. But it is her Conversation charms me, which bespeaks a Disposition strictly virtuous and pious. She has a great deal of natural good Sense, which, especially since I have been acquainted with her, she has improved by reading." X

In June 1744 Jane Shellaber died, and the young pastor wrote a letter of condolence to her sister which was the beginning of a long correspondence between them. In accordance with the fanciful fashion of the time, the writers assumed romantic names. Samuel became Fidelio, Miss Betsy was Charissa, and various names of the same description were given to the friends and neighbours mentioned in their letters. The letters are addressed to Miss Shellaber at Mr. Hillo's, Bideford, where it appears she spent a great part of the year, with her cousin James Hillo, who had succeeded to the business of his uncle Thomas Downe, the lawyer.

Fidelio's letters soon adopt a loverlike tone, and on May the 9th, 1745, he makes a formal offer of his hand, or, as he puts it more elegantly, "makes a discovery of an ardent, tender, and respectful passion," at the same time giving a candid account of his circumstances, which might have been sufficient to make the lady hesitate in accepting him.

"You know, Madam," he writes, "what my present yearly income is, which I hope will not be considerably diminished." He then goes on to explain the circumstances of his mother, whose debts he had taken on himself to the amount of £130; nevertheless he finds that "bad as my circumstances are, they are better by almost £40 than when I came here . . . If," he continues "after what I have now told you, your Carriage should be altered, and you should rob me at once of all those pleasing Hopes I have entertained, though I could have no room to complain of your Injustice, yet give me leave to say, it would give me such a shock as I know not how I could support. But if on the other hand your Compassion, Generosity, and Tenderness prevail, I shall esteem myself the happiest of men, and shall make it the whole Business of my Life to convince you with what Sincerity, Gratitude and Affection I am, dearest Madam,

Your Lover, Friend and Servant,

S. Merivale."

We do not know how this letter was answered, as none of the lady's letters have been preserved; \* it may be suspected, from her lover's occasional courteous remarks upon apologies received from her for her bad writing and spelling, that they bore traces of imperfect education, though

\* The only specimens of Mrs. Samuel Merivale's writing that remain are two notes scrawled on the back of letters. The following, written partly in pencil and nearly illegible, seems to have been the rough draft of a letter to be written to her lover in answer to his apologies for some ill temper he had shewn on his last visit to her. "I am glad to find you got safe home and found our family in a mending way. I can assure you tis no Pleasure to me to see any one in such a gloomy temper . . . I can't . . . [illegible] you what pain it gave me, tho' I can truly say it was on your account more than my own, and as you acknowledg the fault hope you will never more indulge yourself. I do really think we should endeavor to prevent what we can't look back on without pain. You may think I ley down Rules I dont follow; if words will do noting, I despare of prevailing any other way . . ."

perhaps not more so than those of many ladies of higher rank at that period. Her family, naturally, were opposed to the imprudent marriage offered to her; but the young lady must herself have received Samuel's advances with favour, for in the following month we find a copy of verses in his handwriting "On the Device of a Seal, presented to Charissa." "Pour Vous" was the motto, words which he takes care to translate in the verses.

For the next three years the correspondence continued very briskly, interrupted occasionally by Miss Shellaber's visits to Tavistock, and by those of her lover to Bideford. Mr. Merivale's horse was in frequent requisition, not only for his rides to Bideford, but for visits to Plymouth and other neighbouring towns, where he often exchanged duties with other ministers of his persuasion. On one occasion he had to take a journey on horseback to Romsey, to visit his mother, his step-brother James being dangerously ill. On his return he writes from "Kirton" (Crediton):—

"Nov. 21, 1745:—My Horse has disappointed me of the Pleasure I had proposed to myself of seeing you this evening. Yesterday I rode him a pretty long Journey; from Yeovil to Exeter; 42 miles; and perceived he went something lame towards the end of the Journey; but to-day he has proved much worse, and it was with Difficulty I made him carry me these 7 miles this morning."

The lame horse was left at Kirton to recover, and the lover made his way to Bideford by some other means. He writes Nov. 28th:—

"You hurried me away so speedily from you on Saturday evening that I had scarce any time to observe the Beauties of A <sup>n</sup>worthy <sup>x</sup> [Annery]. I saw enough however to convince me that the Place

itself, as well as its Situation, is exceeding pleasant ; and could I have had the free enjoyment of a little more of your Company there, I should have esteemed it a perfect Paradise . . . ”

It was not till the following February, (1745-6,) that Samuel took courage to lay his proposal of marriage distinctly before his friend Walter Shellaber, with the statement of his circumstances, and of the debt on his mother's behalf under which he still laboured. Mr. Shellaber seems to have been not unkind, but would naturally give no consent to the marriage until this debt was paid, although, as he said, his sister was her own mistress, if she chose to disoblige those she might have expectations from. And so the engagement and the correspondence dragged on, the lover becoming more and more urgent for the fulfilment of his hopes. His letters are however by no means confined to the expression of his love, but give his Charissa all the gossip of the town, and also frequently turn on the books he is reading, especially his favourite poets.

“ Not less than five years ” he writes, “ would be sufficient for saving £100 out of my yearly Income, let me be as cautious as I can about my Expenses. And I have no Expectation of being freed from my engagements any other way.”

“ May 2, 1746 . . . All the week I have had Mr. Hancock's and Mr. Hanmer's company, the latter of which is gone to Plymouth to-day ; the former stays here till Monday, and I am to go to Launceston tomorrow in his room. We have been very merry together since 4 o'clock on Tuesday, but till then I made but very indifferent Company. We began the pleasant month of May by a sort of an academical excursion to the Fall of the Water yesterday morning, together with Mr. Cape and Dr. Vyse. The afternoon we spent in Mrs. H.'s Summerhouse, where we had the additional

entertainment of her polite Conversation. In the midst of mirth and noise I have taken many a turn to B.—but have scarce been happy in my dear Charissa's company before I have been interrupted by some Impertinent or other. . . . Our town seems to wear an unusual face of gaiety. The fine season, and the glorious news we have had this week, has produced an air of Cheerfulness amongst all sorts of people. We have prodigious numbers of French that line our Streets and Walks, and Ladies in abundance that dress as well as they are able to attract their regards ; nor is there scarce a servant girl or labourer's daughter but can boast of her Gallants among the Monsieurs or the Souldiers. . . . ”

“ June 1, 1746. . . . You can't imagine how the sight of a Letter from you revives me. I can't say I am fond of large margins, and two or three inches of blank paper at the top and bottom of the page ; nor can I easily believe you would want words, could you allow yourself a little more time, for filling up a quarter of a sheet of paper. However, my charming Maid, do but write to me, and I won't quarrel about the length of your Letters—the shortest you can write is better than none . . . I have been extremely low-spirited and out of Humour all the last week, which I believe was chiefly owing to the weather : only on Thursday I spent the afternoon pleasantly enough at Rosalinda's, who employed me in reading a story in *La Belle Assemblée*, the last in the book. I have been forced to work pretty hard, as it is our Sacrament Sunday, and I had a funeral Sermon to prepare for Polly Rookwood, which was not preached till this afternoon ; though it should have been last Sunday, if I could have preached extempore, for I was told of it just as we were going out to Church in the morning. We have had a monstrous crowded Auditory, and several pretty fine Folks ; but my spirits were so much exhausted in the morning I could hardly have held out, had it not been for the recruit your letter gave me. . . . Cousin Lal. told me she heard our Intimacy was at an end, and that I had paid my last visit to Bideford. But though your Ladyship had slighted me and used me very ill,



she let me know for my comfort that there are other poor girls dying for me, whose relations have sent to desire me to take compassion upon them. Who they are, however, I have not yet learn'd ; but let them be who they will, if Charissa will permit me to wait on her again tomorrow fortnight, I'll concern myself no further about them . . . "

In the course of this summer, Mr. Merivale took into consideration two or three proposals he received to exchange his situation at Tavistock for more lucrative ones elsewhere. Mr. Orton, a fellow student with him at Dr. Doddridge's Academy, (subsequently the author of that divine's biography,) wrote to him to ascertain whether an invitation from the congregation at Birmingham would be agreeable to him. His letter was confirmed by one from Dr. Roebuck, a physician in that town, and Fidelio writes in discussing the matter with his Charissa :—

" They agreed in giving such a Character of the place and People as was very agreeable ; assured me I should there breathe a free Air, and have nothing to fear either from priestly Tyranny or popular discontent ; that there are many wealthy Dissenters there ; and as they both know me, they durst engage I should find good acceptance . . . Mr. Carter urges the matter upon me in such a way as makes me a little further thoughtful about it. He tells me he apprehends the old Gentleman and I should agree very well in our sentiments, and that I should not be likely to meet with any uneasiness from him. That the Salary will be full £60 per ann. at present, and considerably advanced in case of the removal of a former Minister who lives there still, and to whom they allow £20 or £30 per ann. That the People are very desirous of my going to preach as a Candidate, and would as he verily believes give me an unanimous Invitation, and make me ample amends for my Journey. Now my dear Maid, I can't return a determinate answer

to this letter till I know your mind ; for be assured I shall never think of taking such an important Step in Life without your full Consent and Approbation . . . It would be little less than taking leave for ever of all your Friends and Relations, and living for a while amongst perfect Strangers, though I doubt not but wherever you live you will soon gain new Friends who will know how to value those amiable qualities they cannot long be ignorant of. . . . For my own part, I have still some objections against being an Assistant, though I could submit to it I believe in this case. The Salary after all is but indifferent considering the expensiveness of the Place, which is extremely populous, and consequently must make provisions dear . . . I made some Inquiry about Ilminster when I was abroad ; was informed the People were very moderate and friendly, but raised only £50 a year for Mr. C. Part of them went off in Mr. West's time, and were they to return (which is not impossible) they might raise £60 as they did formerly : but the Congregation is more quiet without them . . . Vacancies, my dear Girl, are often happening, and perhaps by waiting some time one may hear of a Place more agreeable than any I at present know of . . . "

Nothing more occurs on this subject in the letters, and when the lovers met to talk it over they must have agreed to give up the plan. In August 1746 Fidelio writes word that the crabbed old uncle Hillow is very ill, and that Charissa's presence is much wanted ; and it is probable that she returned to Tavistock and remained there till the autumn of 1747, and that during that interval arrangements were made for the marriage to take place soon. The next letter from Fidelio, dated Nov. 15, 1747, speaks of his hopes of being united in a little time.

" I sat me down to study about 6 o'clock, and went to bed at one, which is much sooner than I have generally done of late . . . "

They are now singing at the Repetition, but I can't hear your dear voice. The window was open this afternoon, but I could not see you there, nor look that way without tears . . . "

"Nov. 29. . . . If you don't get Colonel Gardiner's Life,<sup>^</sup>\* I must: the price is 4 shillings; I have pretty great Expectations from it. There's a book just going to be published by the author of Pamela, under the title of Clarissa; I shall have a strong curiosity to see it. I admire the beautiful fictitious Characters that are described in works of that kind; but I can say with the utmost sincerity that none of those ideal Charmers, though adorned with all the graces a poetick Imagination can furnish, appear in so amiable a view to me as the real Excellencies which I have found in my dearest Charissa . . . "

^

In later letters Fidelio tells Charissa he is making a book in which he is transcribing receipts in cookery for her, and describes the Christmas good cheer he meets with at the entertainments of his neighbours.

"Jan. 10, 1747-8. . . . Was invited to Mr. Warren's to dinner, where I went, after excusing myself at Mr. Lang's. Mr. Hornbrook's family were all there, and we had a very elegant entertainment. A leg of Mutton boiled; a Turkey very nicely roasted; a cheek of Pork, delicate minced Pyes, an Apple Pye, and Gloucestershire Cheese; several sorts of Pickles, and variety of other Sauce. After Dinner there was Brandy and Rum, and three sorts of Wine, and a noble Bowle of Arrack Punch. We had a very innocent game at Cards, and at Tea there was some of the richest Sweetmeat Cake I ever tasted. I left the Company soon after 6, to go to Mr. Lang's, where I supped. . . . The rest of the week I have spent mostly at home, reading the Universal History. I have received the greatest part of my Quartridge which Mr. Geo. collected; and have got a £10 bill which I intend to send to North-

\* The "Life of Colonel Gardiner" by Dr. Doddridge.

^ Dec. 4. . . . We have three Frenchmen lodge, but not board, with us. I play at chequers with them in the evenings, but am generally victor. . . ."

ampton, whereby the Debt will be brought down to £90. . . . ”

A few days later, Samuel took an opportunity of talking over the arrangements for his approaching marriage with Walter Shellaber, as they walked up and down the churchyard. Walter said that as his sister's fortune was considerable (he reckoned it at about £800), he thought she should reserve a power of disposing by will of £200, (in case she died without children) and leave the rest to her husband. To this moderate proposal the suitor could of course make no objection, and they went on to agree that Mr. Shellaber should let the young couple occupy a small house belonging to him at Bridge End, paying a rent of £6 per annum for that and the garden. \* He would allow them the use of his own furniture to start with, and thought “it was likely we should have many useful things brought us for Housewarming.”

Matters were thus becoming smoother for the lovers, but the wedding day was not yet fixed. On Feb. 7 Fidelio writes :—

“I have often been wishing I knew what present to make you that might be worth your acceptance, and your keeping for my sake. A good Fan you have got ; and Earrings, though not so good as I would have them. Is there no such thing as Necklaces of 2 or 3 guineas value ; or where can they be had ? Perhaps at Plymouth. I should be really obliged to you if you would tell me what would

\* At Tavistock there are two bridges, the East and the West Bridge. Near the East Bridge, and on the opposite side of the stream from the town, are two small houses, the situation of which, close to the water's edge, corresponds with that represented in a drawing of “the house in which John Merivale was born” made many years later by Mr. White for Mrs. Merivale. The present houses are of recent construction, but apparently occupy the spot where Samuel Merivale and his wife lived. Close at hand, but on the other side of the stream, stands the old chapel or meetinghouse.

be most acceptable. I can't tell how to ask your Brother whether he intends to buy any Lace. I hope he won't think it necessary to stay till Whitsun Fair before he buys the Gown . . . . "

"Fast Day, Feb. 17. Ashburton. The dreaded day is now past, and I am again enough at ease and leisure to converse with the dear Charmer of my soul. . . . It was very cold yesterday, and snowed more or less all day. I gave the good Folks a couple of pretty long Sermons, in which I made some alterations the better to adapt them to the present occasion: and knowing they were pretty longwinded sort of people, I kept them rather more than 2 hours in the morning, and near as long in the afternoon. *I had some "sermons" written* I was sent for before dinner to-day to baptize a poor little Child *a little* that can scarcely live many days, and not having any notes with me *a little* for that purpose, was forced to take an hour to prepare myself." *a little* *upon* *the* *Stake*

After a few more letters containing details about the preparation of their home, &c., Samuel writes on March the 16th, 1747-8, to inform Miss Shellaber of the death of her uncle Hillow, and with this letter the correspondence ceases for eleven years. She probably returned to Tavistock at this juncture to stay with her aunt; and after the marriage, which did not take place till the August following, there was perhaps no separation between the married pair during these years.

Samuel Merivale's memorandum, before quoted, gives the following particulars of their family life.

"August 9, 1748. He married Elizabeth, the Daughter of Walter and Elizabeth Shellaber, who was born at Tavistock Feb. 7, 1720-1, and was the youngest of nine Children, six of whom died in their Infancy. (Jane, the eldest, who was baptized April 1, 1711, died at Bideford June 8, 1744. Walter Shellaber was born March 24, 1719).

Jane, (daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Merivale,) was born April 11/22, 1749, and baptized the next day.

John Merivale, (their Son,) was born June 28/July 9, 1752, and baptized by Mr. Moore July 21.

Walter Merivale, (their third child,) was born August 16, 1755, between the hours of 2 and 3 in the afternoon, and baptized by Mr. Barron Aug. 20. This dear and amiable Child died Dec. 21, 1757, of an inflammation in its lungs.

Elizabeth, the tender, affectionate and beloved Wife of S. Merivale died of the same Disorder March 30, 1761, after being confined by it about 16 days. She bore this illness with great fortitude and resignation, and met the approaches of Death without dismay."

And then follows, in an altered and shaky handwriting, the last entry :—

"Jane Merivale died Jan. 27, 1763, about 10 in the morning, after a long and complicated Disorder; having been of a tender and weakly constitution from her infancy; subject to frequent and violent palpitations of the Heart, (occasioned as some thought by a Polypus,) losing the use of her left Side about a year before her death in a Fever; greatly emaciated by a long continued Hectic, and her Body and Limbs swelled at last by a Dropsy."

Λ

In July 1759 an event took place which effected an unexpected change in Mr. and Mrs. Merivale's manner of life. This was the sudden death of James Hillow, the wealthy Bideford attorney, and first cousin of Mrs. Merivale. Mr. Hillow, like his uncle and predecessor in business, left no will, and his property, estimated at over £20,000, besides his estate of Annery and house property in Bideford, fell to his two cousins at Tavistock. Some distant Scotch relations brought in a claim to it, but without success, and Walter Shellaber inherited Annery and the Bide-

ford house, whilst the personal property was divided between him and Mrs. Merivale. To the studious and retired minister, Samuel Merivale, the accession of fortune produced perhaps more worry and trouble than gratification, to judge from his letters to his friend Pentecost Barker. The immediate consequence was the destruction of his domestic comfort, by the necessity he found himself under of passing a great part of his time at Bideford, arranging business matters with his brother in law ; and, when his duties recalled him to Tavistock, of leaving his wife at Bideford in his place. In consequence of this frequent separation, the series of letters begins again with as much constancy as during the period of courtship.

Another correspondence has been preserved which began in this year 1759, and which, though only extending over three and a half years, fills a bulky folio volume of M.S. This was one carried on between Samuel Merivale and Pentecost Barker, a lively and eccentric apothecary at Plymouth, and a member of the Dissenting congregation presided over by Mr. Baron—they kept up the fashion of adopting imaginary names, and Samuel was "Charistes," his correspondent "Philalethes." To this friend Samuel wrote freely of all his personal and family concerns, as well as of the theological and literary subjects which interested him. On July 28. 1759 he wrote to inform him of the death of Mr. Hillow.

"Mrs. Merivale is in great Trouble, for the loss of so near and dear a Relative. He was a Man much esteemed in the World, and very useful in his Station ; he will be greatly missed & lamented by many, particularly by the Poor, to whom his heart was open ; and I believe very few of his Profession have left a fairer & more amiable  
*\* This is a mistake - I believe he had been a ship's purser in earlier life.*

Character behind them. For my own Part, I had a sincere Value for him, as he well deserved, and am grieved to think he is taken from us, and especially that his Removal was so sudden. God grant that I and others may learn a Lesson of Divine Wisdom from so awful and alarming a Providence . . . What alteration this Change may make in our outward Circumstances I know not. Mr. Hillow must certainly have been worth many Thousands. I heartily wish he may have left a Will, but much fear he has not; tho' in this case it is probable what he has left must come to Mr. Shellaber and his Sister, as we know of no Relations he had on the Father's side. I pretend not to say that the Thoughts of so considerable an Increase of Substance affect me not at all. There is some Comfort in thinking that our Children are likely to be more handsomely provided for than they could have been out of our scanty Income; and that it may be in my power to be helpful to some near Relations in needy Circumstances; & to do many kind offices to others in Distress, to which I hope my Heart will always incline me. Otherwise we wanted for nothing before, and were perhaps as well contented in our Circumstances as most of our neighbours. Nor can I think the odds between three score & three hundred Pounds a Year of any great Account, with Respect to the real Enjoyment of Life. I hope therefore, we shall not be unduly elated by any Advance of Fortune; nor on the other hand be always miserably griping after more; that we shall not be left to trust in uncertain Riches, but in the living God alone, Who gives us whatever we possess, and who alone can continue it to us, teach us to use and improve it aright, and give us the true enjoyment of it. This is a certain Truth, that an Increase of Wealth generally brings with it an Increase of Cares; and I assure you Sir, that my Mind is at present much more depressed with the Apprehensions of that Labyrinth of perplexing Affairs on which I am probably entering, and know not how I shall ever get thro,' than it is elevated with the Prospect of the Advantages that may lie before me . . . "

"Bideford, 8. 1. 59. My dear Friend, Here I arrived on Mon-



day morning, and found a most melancholy House, and the whole Town and Country is not yet recovered from their Consternation. No man could have been found so sadly missing in all these Parts. Numbers of weeping Eyes and dejected Countenances afford sure Indications of the aking Heart. We were in too great a Hurry the two first Days, in settling and ordering things relating to the Funeral for me to be able to write last night as I intended ; especially as I had several other Letters which could not be omitted. You may be sure that we would not willingly have anything neglected on this Occasion that was requisite to testify our high Respect for the deceased Relative, or that the plentiful Fortune he had possessed, the handsome Figure he made in Life, his many Connexions with People of Substance and Fashion, and his extensive Acquaintance might be thought to require . . . This Morning about 7 the awful Ceremony was performed. The Corps was carried to the Grave in a double Coffin by 16 poor Men in their turns, Tenants, Workmen or Dependants, who had each a Pair of Gloves and 5 Shillings. The Pall was supported by 8 Gentlemen of the Town, People of the best Fashion, intimate Friends and considerable Clients of the Deceased ; they had Hatbands and Belts of the best Silk that could be got, and each is to have a Ring. The mad Parson of the Parish and his Curate, Mr. L. and Mr. C., with the Apothecary, had the same . . . It was what we call a private Funeral ; had it been otherwise the House, tho' large, would not have contained the Multitudes that would have come. The Streets and Church were filled with People, and many weeping Eyes I discerned, with my own not dry. On Sunday Mr. L. (Lavington) is to preach a funeral Sermon ; and it is probable the Pulpit will be cloathed . . . Part of this day has been, and the Rest of it and the Morrow will be taken up in contriving and sending Mourning to great numbers here and at a Distance. To the few Relatives and many intimate Friends, Gloves and Rings will be ordered, to the number of above 40. So many scores (some Hundreds indeed) of other Acquaintance &c., either Hatbands, or

Gloves, or both will be sent. The Servants here and at T. are all to be in mourning. . . . Search has been made in this House for a Will, but in vain. A delightful Country House at Annery (3 Miles off) must be searched likewise, but there appears no Probability that any will be found. . . . I shall not say what People guess as to the Amount of what is left. They talk no doubt at Random; but there is certainly more that is likely to fall between us than we can well know what to do with. May God direct us to use it aright. . . . I write to you by Fits and Starts . . . and with a mind quite unsettled and confused. It is a most tumultuous Life I have led for these 4 Days; and the great Misfortune is that I can see no end to this Tumult. Few People will perhaps be disposed to pity me; but you can enter into my Distress. 'Tis in the calm Hours of Life I have always found the greatest Sweetness. And I have often thought my Station and Circumstances in Life most happily adapted to my Taste and Inclination. Never have I had less Self Enjoyment than when my little worldly Affairs required my Attention; and often have I been at a loss to know how to manage them in any tolerable Manner. How am I then likely to groan under this additional Load of Lumber! . . . One thing I rejoice in, that Mr. Shellaber's Dispositions are entirely conformable to my own. How unhappy should I be, was he inclined to act the Curmudging! But there was no Danger of this . . . Were we the Children of the deceased, our obligations to do what was handsome would not be near so great as they now are. The World would require less of us, and we might satisfy ourselves with less. 4 or 500 Pounds might certainly be much more usefully disposed of than in this Way: and on any other Occasion I would not chuse to squander. My Heart, you will believe, is full of many new Sensations and Emotions; tho' still (as always) a perfect stranger to any violent Agitations. It gives me Pain to think of our own Loss in the Removal of so valuable a Friend, and that Pain is vastly increased by thinking of the Loss which many Hundred others have sustained of a most able Patron and generous

Benefactor ; especially when I reflect how comparatively little those that come after him can do towards repairing the public Loss. Yet to hear the Praises of his good and worthy Deeds from every mouth, mixes a mournful Pleasure with the Pain. Especially am I delighted with the many Accounts that are given of his making Peace between contending Parties instead of promoting Quarrels like most of his Profession. And tho' I will not pray, I will hope that the Blessings of the Merciful and of Peacemakers will be his. I have had little time for Castle building ; and perhaps so much the better. 'Tis a presumptuous Employment in a World of such Uncertainty as this has always been . . . . "

There is much of interest, besides these family topics, in the letters so frequently exchanged between Mr. Merivale and his friend Mr. Barker. Their theological opinions were similar. Samuel, though always feeling the deepest respect for his early tutor Dr. Doddridge, who was still tenacious of the orthodox views maintained by the older school of Presbyterian divines, had attached himself more closely to the Arian, and ultimately to the Socinian opinions, which were gradually creeping in among the younger generation. His correspondence with several ministers of the West of England shows how deeply he interested himself in their discussions on these critical questions, and how anxiously he noted every change or vacillation in his own judgments upon them ; but his temper was by no means dogmatical, and he abstained from harsh reflections on the speculations of others, while both his own letters and those of Mr. Barker warmly repudiate the intolerance which seems to have been quite as prevalent among the Dissenters as in the Church. With members of the Church, indeed, he had little or no communication, and hardly refers to the contemporary writings of any of them except when he is

following the track of the latitudinarians Clarke, Whiston, or Middleton.

The studies of the Academy had been of a multifarious description, and the pupils had been encouraged to take an interest in moral and natural philosophy as well as in classics and mathematics, and to make copious notes of their clever tutor's lectures. Samuel Merivale retained through life a love for his ontology and pneumatology, for ethics and astronomy, as they came before him, and his correspondence with his friends and former associates abounds in reference to them. There remain more than one essay composed by him apparently with a view to publication on the profoundest questions of theology, such as Future Retribution, an intermediate State, and the Nature of the Soul, which seem to be not unfit to take rank among the theological speculations of the day. On these and kindred topics he kept up a voluminous correspondence with dissenting divines, such as Dr. Nathaniel Lardner, the once well known Lavington and Badcock, Reynell, Baron and Moore of Plymouth, Kippis of Lincoln, and at a later time Micaiah Towgood of Exeter. At the same time he was well versed in the lighter literature of the period, in French as well as in English, and was a great reader of poetry.

A few passages from the letters to Mr. Barker will give an idea of their writer's manner of thought, and the sort of reading in which the quiet Dissenting Minister took pleasure.

"March 2, 1759. . . . Mr. Windeat's Man brought Burnet ; a Book which tho' I have often seen, I never had an Opportunity of reading much of. I find by many Passages I have already turned to, that 'tis a Book will afford me far greater entertainment

than most Histories which have come in my way. Indeed Modern History is what I have had hitherto but little acquaintance with. Rapin I once read thro', but it was a Drudgery that went on very heavily. I have lately read most part of the 2 first octavo volumes of Smollet, but with no great goût ; and expect no other than to be provoked beyond all sufferance with his accounts of the latter Reigns. But I shall now be able to confront him with a much honester Writer, so far as he goes. A History is in my mind much the more agreeable and the more valuable, (whether the Critics will allow it or not) for containing a number of Incidents of a less public Nature than Battles, Treaties and Conventions, and the great Revolutions of Princes and States. I love to see such facts disclosed as bring us more familiarly acquainted with the real characters of the Great ; and to be informed of what is worth knowing even with regard to those of lower Degree. And I think the good Bishop will in a great measure satisfy a curiosity of this kind, by the vast number of Anecdotes that seem to be interspersed through the volume . . . I return the two first volumes of Choisy's Memoirs, which I have read with much delight."

"April 16. . . . Greatly was I delighted to find at the close of the last month's Review, proposals for printing by Subscription the works of Plato, translated into English from the Greek original, with notes explanatory and critical. This is a work I have long been wishing for ; and if it is completed while I live, shall be inclined to purchase it, whatever it may cost. For, if ever I get any tolerable Acquaintance with that truly venerable Sage, (into whose divine Society I passionately long to be admitted) he must condescend to communicate his sublime ideas to me in my own Language, by means of some good Interpreter."

"May 23. . . . Voltaire's Pieces in this 3rd Vol. I have read with pleasure. There are but few of our English dramatic Poets that I think preferable to him on the whole. He avoids the Faults with which many of them are chargeable, and appears indeed to be a most religious Observer of the Unities of Time, Place,

and Action ; which are certainly too much neglected by many of our Poets, and perhaps too much idolized by some of the French. Their dramatic Pieces by this means want that Variety which is often found in ours ; and which, after all, is such a Charm that I do not always grudge to have something of Regularity sacrificed to it. . . . ”

“ June 14. On Monday I just found Leisure to run through *Candide*, which has afforded me so little Pleasure that I would not willingly consider it as the Production of so agreeable a Writer as Voltaire, did not the public Voice so unanimously attribute it to him. The Author seems to be in a very ill humour with the world, or he would not surely have taken pains to amass, (and even to aggravate) all that he could meet with, monstrous, extravagant and ridiculous in it. The very spirit of Gulliver seems to have possessed him . . . . ”

“ June 30. . . . I have just received yours, together with Voltaire vol. 6. I see it treats of many curious and interesting Subjects, and doubt not of its affording me an agreeable Entertainment. The six Discourses in verse seem to be an imitation of Pope's *Ethic Epistles* : but I am persuaded 'tis not in Voltaire's power to equal them, nor indeed in the power of any Mortal living. For though the honest old Cynic (now at Exon) affects to laugh at these pieces as mere harmonious Nonsense, and though there may be some few Passages in them which bear the marks of human Imperfection, yet I know not else where so much good Poetry and good Sense can be found united ; and particularly can't think all the French poems I have ever read put together are of equal worth with the *Essay on Man*, and subsequent *Epistles* ; nor indeed should I scruple to prefer them to all the other productions of Pope himself, though in point of mere poetic merit some of his other pieces may perhaps excel them. . . . ”

“ July 6. . . . Dr. Robertson (whose sermon I herewith send you) having been lately at London to look after the Publication of his *Scottish History* (so much applauded in some late Re-

views) has preached among many other Candidates at Carter's Lane, and was more generally admired than any other amongst the supporters of that Society; though Fordyce has likewise preached there, and by his graceful elocution drawn vast crowds after him from all parts. Garrick, 'tis said, has studied him and profited by him; and as he speaks with great force and freedom without notes, the Methodists look upon him as one inspired."

In September 1759 the old and much respected minister of the Plymouth congregation, Mr. Baron, died; and Mr. Barker, who was one of the Trustees of the meeting house, was very desirous that his friend Mr. Merivale should be chosen as his successor. In answer to the suggestion, which had been made to him by others also, Mr. Merivale writes:—

"A few months since, I was actually making Enquiry after some other Place, where I might have a better Sallary than £45 a Year, solely with a View of helping those in their Necessities, whom I am bound to help, and could not do it as I wished, out of my slender Income, without injuring my Family. But far should I have been from listening to any Proposals, however advantageous to myself, that would be prejudicial to a Friend; and never had I any thoughts of removing to P., where I am sensible I should be obnoxious enough to the discontented Party. But as the Case now stands I have no need to think of removing at all: much less should I be willing to take a larger Charge upon me, whilst I am so involved in Affairs of a Nature quite foreign to the ministerial Employment. Yet I hope I shall not follow the bad Example of those who have thrown aside that Employment altogether for the sake of the World, as was the Case perhaps with Demas of old. This I could not do, whilst I am capable of continuing in it, without wounding my Conscience deeply, nor have I any Inclination to do it, whatever some may imagine. But this Advantage would I draw

from the Change of my Circumstances, to be less concerned about pleasing People who may be disposed to dislike such a kind of preaching as seems to myself most useful and edifying ; and by no means to be a Slave to their unreasonable Humours and Prejudices : tho' I would be far from seeking to give causeless offence to any."

Mr. Barker's letters give a lively picture of the difficulties and quarrels to which the appointment of a new minister gave rise.

"Pope Joan \* said to me that *They* (by which I understand her Sanctity, Shepherd, and all the Methodistical Gang) would be pleased that you should be invited hither . . . (Mr. Shepherd) said he wanted a Minister who would subscribe to the Assembly's Catechism. Upon which I said I had learnt it by heart, and had had it both in Latin and Greek, but that I now thought there were many bad things in it ; tho' One at London thought it made by the Spirit . . . To end the whole, he proposed centring in you, and that you should be invited to come as the only Man to make us all easy. I believe you can't imagine the pleasure it gave to the Trustees. And now my dear Sir I verily think you have it in your power (may it be in your Will) to support a Congregation that has subsisted since the glorious Revolution in 1688—yea, to prevent its being shipwrecked by Methodism and Antinomianism. . . . Here's a Prig just out of his Shell that reads and prays to a parcel of weak, hot-headed Enthusiasts, that would palm such an one as Dyer or Keniman upon us. Could he carry his point, I should expect to see Whitfield in the Pulpit. . . . Come and save us, my dear Sir—you will do a glorious (shall I with Tillotson say almost a meritorious) thing to keep out Noise and Nonsense and lay Preaching from amongst us . . . If you was in Macedonia and could come to our Help 'twould be a commendable laudable Act, but

\* By this name Mr. Barker called a dictatorial female member of the congregation at Plymouth.



from Bideford I hope you will come—to relieve us in Perils among false Brethren, yea false Sisters, and that's worse . . . ”

Mr. Merivale persisted in his refusal, and writes in answer :—

“ Oct. 5, 59. . . . I am concerned to find that Matters are carried to such a Height by the Malcontents. Why must they needs have the Doctrines of the Assembly's Catechism preached to them now, when none of their Ministers for many Scores of Years had ever preached them ? A fine Time I should have of it indeed, to be called upon to satisfy them of my Belief of those Doctrines. I would as soon subscribe the Articles of Pope Pius' creed as the answers in that Catechism relating to the Trinity, Original Sin, Justification, &c. I hope you will continue strenuously to oppose the introduction of such unscriptural Tests and Impositions, let the zealous sons of the Kirk take it how they please ; though as to any particular doctrines that may be admired on one side or disliked on the other, the less that is said about them perhaps the better. In my letter to Mr. Moore, I have in as positive terms as I could, signified my purpose not to remove to Plymouth on any consideration whatever. Tho' I am persuaded we should be mutually glad to be nearer to each other, yet I think you can't blame me for refusing to throw myself into the Flames, as the voluntary Martyrs of old were wont to do ; a practice that I never could think quite justifiable in them, and therefore am not likely to imitate it. . . . ”

“ Oct. 22, 1759. I came back last Evening from Hatherleigh, where I met with the reviving news of the Surrender of Quebeck. . . . The brave Wolfe's fate is greatly to be lamented ; yet how much better to dye fighting brilliantly for his King and Country, and in the Height of military Reputation, than to live like Lestock, Blakeney and Sackville, with all his honours blasted, or to die like Bing ? Montcalm's Death gives me the more pleasure because he was (if I mistake not) the very Rogue that shot the poor boy that

was driving him from Tavistock to Plymouth at the beginning of the War ; for which Crime he by his greatness evaded the deserved Punishment."

"Nov. 7. . . . The Code of Nature I have gone half through, and should have completed, had I not been perpetually interrupted by a succession of visits and How do ye do's ; some of them of unmerciful length. I have all my life had a strong inclination to the levelling Scheme ; but how far it is practicable, or would be preferable to that Variety of Conditions we find to have actually obtained in all Times and Places, I can't pretend to say. I maintained this Author's side of the Question in an academical Disputation, but as I had read nothing in favour of it, and had thought upon it very superficially, I was soon silenced, though not quite convinced. 'Tis matter of fact that this same business of *Meum* and *Tuum* is what sets all the World together by the ears ; and is the source of most of the Crimes, as well as Misfortunes, that are so loudly complained of. And I am really apt to think if ever the World is brought to such a state of universal Righteousness and Peace, Love and Joy, as we seem taught to expect under the Millennium, one necessary pre-requisite must be the throwing down all Distinctions between Man and Man, and the enjoying all things in common, as the first Christians in Judæa did for some time."

"June 16, 1760. Bolingbroke and Berkeley shall be sent by the Carrier . . . The Hobby Horse is certainly a phrase expressive enough for anything a man is particularly fond of, though I scarce ever met with it applied as in your last, till just after dipping into Jenny's Magazine I found this Period in the Anecdotes of a Mysterious Foreigner. 'When he came long since to England he found Musick was the Hobby Horse of this Country, and took the Fiddle with as good a grace as if he had been a native player.' By the way, I don't remember to have seen one of these Toys in Devonshire."

"July 19. I am a good deal concerned at the publication of 'Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans Souci ;' some account of which

you will find in the Review for June. \* I much fear they are indeed the Productions of that illustrious Monarch upon whom the Editor would father them ; who, deserving as he is of universal Admiration for his military Accomplishments, would never (in my opinion) have acquired any great applause for his literary Performances had he not been a King. His poetical productions, so far as I can judge by the specimens I have seen, are very far inferior to those of Voltaire, with which many of them are interspersed. I have read, without much admiration, the History of his own House, some parts of which greatly disgusted me ; particularly the very indecent and disrespectful manner in which he speaks of his Father, and I think Grandfather ; and still more the little account he makes of the difference between Popery and Protestantism, which ought not to be looked upon as trivial by any true Freethinker, whether a Christian or not. But he must, I doubt, rather be ranked amongst the Half thinkers, or Minute Philosophers, (as Berkeley after Cicero calls them) that is, mere Dabblers or Pretenders to Philosophy ; Men who think but little to the purpose, and who, having taken up a Prejudice against all Religion, catch at every shadow of an argument that may seem to lie against it. If a man seriously believes a wise and good Providence managing all the affairs of the Universe, and a future state of Retribution, wherein all shall receive according to their Works, he believes what is most essential in Religion, and of most Importance to make men virtuous and happy ; and such a man, whatever other articles of Faith he may doubt of, I esteem not far from being a Christian. But he who leaves these Articles out of his Creed, though he may own a God in words, yet in effect denies him ; for it must be all one to us whether there is no God at all, or none who exercises a Providential Care over us now, and who will call us to Account at last."

\* This must have been the edition surreptitiously published at Paris of the works of Frederick the Great of Prussia, early in 1760. The monarch was driven by it to publish himself an authentic edition, with suppressions, &c. (See Carlyle's *Life of Frederick the Great*, B. xix, ch. 8).

"Sept. 9. On Monday last I had an opportunity of reading *Tristram Shandy*, which gave me a good deal of diversion. There are a number of shrewd Observations, and really not so much to be cried out against as I had expected from the severe censures everywhere passed upon it. A Parson in a Fool's coat certainly cuts a droll figure; but if people will pay no Attention to him in his Canonicals, where is the harm of throwing them off, and gaining their good will by telling them a merry Tale? . . . "

"Oct. 30, 1761. Have you ever read Butler's *Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion to the Constitution and Course of Nature*? I esteem it as a very valuable Book; and having purchased it, when last in Exon, it is any time at your service."

"Nov. 13. I forgot to mention the receipt of the *Greek Grammar* . . . I continue to employ an Hour or more, every day, about my *Grammar* or *Testament*; and prepare my lessons with as much assiduity as a schoolboy; but they cost me much more Pains at this late time of day than they would have done in the morning of life. And who do you think I say them to? Why, to no less able a master than my daughter Jane. She has learnt to read Greek for this very purpose, and will soon be able to repeat all the Nouns and Verbs with greater readiness than I. And as for the *Testament*, I read from the Greek directly into Latin, after pretty nicely examining the meaning and force of such words as I am least acquainted with; while she looks over me in a Latin *Testament* which she can with much greater ease turn into English."

The religious opinions and speculations which occupy by far the greater part of the letters to Barker are too lengthy to bear quotation. In the following passage, after discussing some theological works, he goes on, with reference to a Dialogue by his Calvinistic uncle Brine :—

"This is not a time of day to make sensible people believe that

Religion is justly chargeable with such absurdities. The Doctrines of the Atonement, of the Corruption of human Nature, and of the Influences of the Spirit, are, however, undoubted Doctrines of Christianity ; and if I am not mistaken may be so explained, consistently with the plain and obvious sense of Scripture, as to admit of rational defence ; though they have been often and grievously misrepresented."

We must now go back a year or two, and resume the thread of domestic occurrences. As soon as his affairs were nearly settled, and he and his family were in easy circumstances, it was Mr. Merivale's wish to make his mother comfortable, and he consulted with his wife on the practicability of inviting her and her husband to take up their abode at Tavistock. Mr. Rogers had gone from place to place in his ministry, unpopular apparently everywhere ; he was now retiring from his congregation at Shrewsbury, and was too infirm to undertake another charge. He and his wife were rigid Calvinists, of the sect whose opinions Samuel held in abhorrence, and it must have been not without fear of the interruption to their domestic peace and felicity that Mrs. Merivale consented to her husband's proposal.

In a letter to Mr. Barker, dated April 4, 1760, Mr. Merivale thus describes his meeting with his mother :—

" We came to Ockington by 11 yesterday morning, where we found our strangers were just set out, after waiting there about an Hour. In riding half a mile from thence, we overtook the Chaise ; and the meeting you may be sure was tender and affecting. I had not seen my Mother for near 14 years and a half ; and had the Pleasure to find her bearing a Journey of 250 miles far better than I could have expected. We dined together at Lydford ; and Jenny

rode in the Coach with them from thence home. My Mother is 67, and bears her age very well. Has a pretty full face (but no Teeth) much like my own ; and is something corpulent, but tallish withal. My Father-in-law is two years older ; a decent looking man enough, and one who wants not Sense in his way, and has a good share of Modesty. He takes his Turn in family Duties, and has a Talent in Prayer which if Money would purchase it, I should be ready (Simon like) to offer a good round Sum for ; tho' I should chuse to avoid many of his Peculiarities. To have them to continue always in our Family, I could not however contentedly submit to ; not only as it would lay me under some disagreeable constraints, but also as I should fear my Children would have a Surfeit of Religion by its being crammed down their Throats, tho' dressed in a very unpalatable Manner."

Mr. and Mrs. Rogers soon afterwards removed into furnished lodgings in Tavistock, but they were not long happy there ; in 1762 they settled in Exeter. "Go where they will," Mr. Merivale writes to his daughter, "discontent I fear will attend them." In 1766 Mr. Rogers is mentioned as ill and probably dying ; how long his wife survived him does not appear.

In November 1760 Mr. and Mrs. Merivale removed from the little house at Bridge End to a more commodious one close to the churchyard at Tavistock, called Praile or Preale. Mrs. Merivale did not long survive the move. Her delicacy on the chest had frequently caused her husband great anxiety, and on March 30, 1761, she died, after a short attack of inflammation. Her husband writes to his friend a week later :—

"My grief and concern is still fresh, but Time will no doubt alleviate it. Musing will certainly feed and increase Melancholy,

so long as the thoughts are employed on what occasions it. But had I leisure for musing, I would not always dwell on the dark side of the Prospect; but cherish with all my might such Considerations as were most fit, not to divert and dissipate all serious Thoughts, but to administer a rational Consolation. . . . Our poor Children have in a good measure recovered their Cheerfulness, and happy it is for them; for many such Days as those that immediately preceded and followed the fatal Hour would have a terrible effect upon their Health. I often take up Young's Night Thoughts, and so does my Jenny. The following Passage she pointed out to me, and you will not be displeased with the Transcript—'Our funeral fears from diff'rent causes rise,' &c."

Some months before Mrs. Merivale's death, in the year 1760, a scheme was started among the more liberal Presbyterian ministers at Exeter, of whom Mr. Micaiah Towgood was the principal, to establish a Dissenting College there on liberal principles. Mr. Towgood discussed the matter with Samuel Merivale, and looked to him to assist personally, an office he was at first unwilling to undertake. The following letter was addressed to him by the ministers interested in the establishment of the College.

"Exon, Feb. 7, 1761. Revd. and Dear Sir, Being persuaded that you are thorowly impressed with a Sense of the great Importance of some Academical Institution in this City, for the Support of our Interests, and for the support of our Congregations as they successively become vacant in these Parts; we have now to represent—That all attempts to accomplish it are like to prove utterly abortive, if this Application to you (which we hope it will not) should prove unsuccessful. The Province of Reading the Divinity Lectures we can get no one to undertake . . . Our Eyes therefore are now fixed upon you, Sir, who are so well acquainted with the System intended to be read, as the Person of all others the most

proper for that Station. In the Character of a Tutor, and an occasional Preacher, residing in this City, you will, there is Reason to believe, be far more essentially useful to the Church, and more extensively beneficial to Society in general, than even in that of a Pastor to your present Congregation. The losing the Profits of your present Salary is a Thing, we know, of no Moment to a Person of your Circumstances and Temper. The Advantages of this Removal for the Education of your little Family, and for the Enlarging the Sphere of your Conversation and Acquaintance, will we hope have some Weight; But the lasting and Important Service you will herein render the Cause of real Christianity, by forming the Minds of Youth, and sending forth Ministers to preach the glad Tidings of Salvation to Mankind, will, we make no Doubt, have incomparably more . . . S. Towgood. Mic. Towgood. Abraham Tozer."

This was followed by a second and more urgent letter from Micaiah Towgood, who had himself undertaken the Greek Lectureship. Pentecost Barker was against his friend's leaving the quiet of Tavistock. He writes :—

"Feb. 25. /61. . . . I don't like your going" [to Exeter]  
 " . . . In the first place I can't say I do not like the Place, for I scarce know a better—but for the People—Zealots, Bigots, Meddlers, Chatterers—often Bankrupts after bragging of being worth Thousands—Ergo, I protest against your going there with my Consent, Approbation and Good Will—But if you think to do good hereby—with all my heart God bless you—and I shall then rejoice in it. The Exonians are a pragmatical censorious set of People, and void of Charity. You write, I would not be an Exeter Minister. But let them get you there, and preach you must, or your house will be besieged. Say I said so. After all, I leave it to God and you. Who knows but you are the Moses to stand in the gap?"



After considerable hesitation, Mr. Merivale acceded to the request. In a long letter to Mr. Towgood on the subject, after expressing his apprehensions of his unfitness for the task, he goes on :—

“ After all, Sir, rather than the whole Design should fall to the ground, if there is otherwise a fair Prospect of its succeeding and being duly encouraged, I would not, methinks, from Considerations of a mere private Nature, refuse doing what I am able towards carrying on a Work which seems to me calculated for great publick Utility ; provided that my taking a Post therein should not be disagreeable to any of those who are likely to promote and favour it. I apprehend it is by no means the Design of the Institution to promote the Interests of any Party, but those alone of good Learning, sound Morality, and genuine Catholic Christianity. Consequently in going over such a System as that of Dr. Doddridge I should take it for granted that in Controversies of a very abstruse and difficult Nature, about which wise and good Men have always differed, and are likely still to do so, all positive and dogmatical Decisions may be without offence avoided ; whilst the Pupils are taught to lay the chief Stress upon those Truths the evidence and importance of which is most clear and undeniable to all who are willing to follow the guidance of Reason and Scripture instead of giving themselves up to the undue Influence of their Fancies and Passions, their Lusts and Prejudices. And was it not for this Persuasion, I would not upon any Consideration engage in such an Undertaking . . . ” \*

\* In this spirit Samuel Merivale's teaching was carried on. In a letter to Dr. Priestley he says :—“ I am deeply sensible of the mischiefs that have been occasioned to the Church by rash and uncharitable disputes, especially on the subject of the Trinity ; and accordingly have been generally cautious enough to avoid engaging in them, and to keep my freest thoughts pretty much to myself. In going over the several parts of my worthy Tutor's Lectures on Divinity, with our senior Pupils, I have encouraged them indeed to examine every controversial point with all possible Freedom and Impartiality, as well as Seriousness ; but even to them I don't think it always necessary to declare my own Sentiments : and choose rather to propose queries and start doubts and difficulties, where I think them mistaken and over confident, than to make dogmatic assertions.”

The correspondence ends with a virtual acceptance of the offer, but the preparations for the institution seem to have been for some time incomplete, and it was more than a year before Mr. Merivale relinquished his charge at Tavistock to devote himself to it. It is much to be regretted that from this time none of his journals or private memoranda have been preserved, and a few remaining letters give no insight into the incidents of his Academic career. It is believed that the institution, commenced with so much shyness and hesitation, did not continue to exert much influence, nor survived in any vigour for many years. \*

After Mrs. Merivale's death, the series of family letters is carried on between her husband and his darling Jenny, at that time twelve years old. She was a child of remarkable sweetness and intelligence, but sadly delicate; after a fever from which she suffered in the spring of 1762, she lost the use of her left arm, which she never recovered. Her father's letters to his friend are full of instances of her precocity: Pentecost Barker calls her her father's "cygne noire." In his letters to herself she is his "little tender Dear"; his "precious Maid"; his "sweet, tender Dove." She was frequently absent from home for the sake of her health, and the series of letters is very touching, pervaded with increasing anxiety about her, but intended to keep up her spirits with lively gossip of the neighbourhood, varied with paternal advice and directions about her studies and behaviour. The little girl's answers are in stiff childish hand, writing being evidently difficult to her.

In August 1761 her father, calling her his "little Friend

\* The Academy was located in a large brick house in Paris Street, Exeter, formerly the dwelling of the Cheeke family. The first tutors were Micaiah Towgood, Samuel Merivale, John Turner, John Hogg, and Thomas Jervis.

and Confidante," gives her the full particulars of the will he had just executed. He leaves £40 a year to his mother and stepfather, or £30 to the survivor of them, and after a few other legacies, the remainder is left to his two children.

"With prudence and good management my dear Children will have enough of the World to live genteelly, and to enable them to do many acts of kindness to others when I am laid in the Dust; and it is this above all other Considerations that makes me look upon what Providence has put into my hands as a Blessing, though otherwise I should greatly begrudge the trouble and perplexity it has occasioned me and will still occasion. May it prove a real Blessing to you both, as it will do if you make a right use of it, by a happy mixture of Frugality and Care, with Generosity and Beneficence! But if Vanity and Pride, or an excessive love of Pleasure are indulged, no fortune is sufficient to supply those extravagancies that will be occasioned thereby . . . "

In December he writes :—

"My tender Darling, I take it exceedingly kind that you have wrote to me thus far by every post. As it's what I did not insist upon, (though you knew it would be grateful to me) I consider it at once as a proof that you neither forget me in my Absence, nor begrudge anything in your Power to oblige me. Never indeed has my little Charmer given me the least grounds to question her want of Duty or Affection; scarce ever has she given me a minute's pain, (unless by her illness or absence), but from her sprightly Wit, her promising Genius, her good and amiable Dispositions, her entertaining and endearing Converse, I have derived many heartfelt joys, and found a solace in the midst of my greatest troubles. We have sustained indeed a loss that is irreparable; a loss which I still deeply regret and ever shall, and of which I know you are not insensible. But O! how much more insupportable would it be to

me, had not Providence left me two such dear pledges of my past felicity ; for whose sake chiefly Life is valuable to me ; for whom I seem to bear the affection of a double Parent, and towards whom I would if possible discharge a double Parent's duty. . . Jack has taken it into his head to be very fond of Dr. Watts's Lyrics ; the 1st Book of which, consisting of about 150 pages, he has read of his own accord within these two days. I think of sending him to the dancing school on Monday, as he is willing enough to go with Jacky Jago and other little ones. You must be classed with other Lasses in their teens, but to your Mortification I must add, there are no Lads for you to romp with ; who are however the less wanted, as the Master pretends not to teach Country Dances . . "

Two days later he thanks Jenny for another letter, and adds :—

" I should indeed be glad of longer letters ; and could wish my sweet Maid would throw aside all Constraint, when either writing or talking to her Papa ; and with the utmost Freedom pour forth all the Thoughts, Inclinations and Emotions, Joys or Sorrows of her little Heart into his Bosom, who regards her not merely as the Child of his Love, but as his most favourite Companion, Counsellor, and Friend. . . . "

In May 1762 Samuel Merivale removed with his two children from Tavistock, though he did not give up the service of the chapel there till some months later. He could not at first find a house to his mind in Exeter, and sea bathing being recommended for little Jane, he took the children to a lodging at Exmouth, and went himself to and fro between that place and Exeter and Tavistock. Of his farewell at the latter town he writes thus to his daughter :—

" Sept. 19, 1762. . . I have had a hard day's Work to go thro',

but it is happily over. I gave the People an old Sermon in the Morning, but took a very solemn Leave of them in a farewell Discourse this Afternoon from Acts 20, 32. I made considerable Additions to and Alterations of what I formerly delivered on the like occasion in Lincolnshire; but was much afraid I should not be able to deliver it, (as Mr. Amory could not one that he had prepared at Taunton,) and for fear of the worst took an indifferent Sermon with me. We had a very full House, and I was not a little fluttered at first; but by degrees got more Courage and Freedom of Speech than I expected. Many hung down their Heads all the time; and the concluding Address seemed to affect everyone; nor could I myself appear unaffected, tho' I kept back my Tears tolerably well, by speaking slow and making many Pauses. A great part of the last Prayer was also suited to the Occasion. I dread the Parting with several particular People, but will avoid it as much as possible by keeping the Time of my setting out a Secret if I can. It is yet so to myself . . . Sam and I were very busy packing books for three or four hours yesterday. By far the larger half are gone in six boxes, and particularly almost all the heavy Folios and Quartos. Four or five boxes will clear the rest . . . "

One more letter from Tavistock completes the series, and Mr. Merivale then rejoined his children. Nothing remains to tell us whether he took his darling child to Bath,<sup>x</sup> or whether he settled before her death in the house in the Mint in Exeter which he had taken: his memorandum before quoted records her death on January 27, 1763. His old friend and correspondent Pentecost Barker had died in September, 1762; and, with one exception, the only letters which have been preserved after this period are some on theological subjects to various clerical friends.

The single exception is a letter to Walter Shellaber, dated August 30, 1766, informing him of his intended mar-

*My father was told by his mother in law she, as a child staying at Bath with her father, Sir Samuel Merivale and his <sup>sister</sup> child there, and was struck by the sight of his solicitude & watchfulness over her.*

riage to Mrs. Manning, the Miss Betsy Bottrell of his early affections. The lady had been left a widow, with one son, about four years before this time. A considerable time had elapsed before her former lover heard of her widowhood ; he then opened a correspondence with her, and finally went, with his little son, to visit her at Northampton. He writes to his brother-in-law :—

“No one, perhaps, ever formed stronger Resolutions against taking a second Wife, or giving their Children a Mother-in-Law than myself. Nor could I ever bear the Thought of depriving my dear Boy of any considerable part of what came to me by his dear Mamma. Yet after all, Sir, I must confess that my Resolutions have failed me ; that I could not find it in my Heart to leave this dear Woman without declaring my Wishes of a closer Union with her . . . This I can say in my own Behalf, that she has always bore the best of Characters for her good Sense and Prudence, her good Temper and Management in every state of Life and under every Relation ; that my dear Boy, both before and since he saw her, instead of expressing any Reluctance at the thought of having another Mamma, has of his own accord declared his Wishes for it ; and that she has assured me she would not, if possible, injure him as to his Fortune in the least Degree. Some little Matter must however, I suppose, be settled upon her for Life, to prevent her claiming a third of what I may leave ; and on this head I should be glad of your advice.”

The marriage took place at Northampton on October 5, 1766, and Mr. Merivale brought his wife and her son back with him to his house in Exeter. Here he continued till his death his duties as tutor in the Dissenting Academy, and he is said to have preached for some time to a meeting at Thorverton, a village seven miles from Exeter, as well as occasionally preaching in other nonconformist chapels

in the vicinity. In December 1771 Samuel Merivale died, after a very short illness, caused by a carbuncle on the shoulder.

The following description of him was written by a lady of Tavistock who knew him well :—" His personal appearance was graceful and dignified ; his countenance comely, and expressive of his highly cultivated mind and benevolent heart ; his address and deportment becoming the character of a well bred gentleman of liberal education and the grave profession of a religious minister. Endued with profound erudition and a zeal regulated by knowledge, ever prompt like his great Master to instruct, to advise and reprove with meekness of wisdom, to exemplify religion by good words and sympathy with the afflicted, to console and to bless."

In the unpublished Memoir of Samuel Merivale compiled by his grandson, John Herman Merivale, he is thus described—(and the description would apply equally well to the writer) :—" He was somewhat above the middle stature, inclined (especially towards the latter part of his life) to corpulence, of a smooth and fresh complexion, and with an expression of features the most remarkably benign, conciliatory and attractive. . . . He was a great reader, and left many volumes of extracts and other compositions, mostly in shorthand. He left upwards of 1200 sermons, and also a collection of prayers for every day in the week, published under the title of 'Daily Devotions for the Closet.' " \*

Samuel Merivale was buried in the Unitarian Burial ground, Magdalen Street, Exeter. His widow survived him many years, and died in 1805. \*

\* Mrs. Merivale's son by her first marriage, the Rev. James Manning, succeeded to his stepfather's duty in preaching to the congregation at Thor-

*\* An edition of this work <sup>seems to have been</sup> published many years later in New York; see letter from Mr. Baynes.*

His only surviving son John Merivale, who was at the time of his father's death studying for the ministry at the Exeter Academy, as a youth of nineteen, had shortly before this engaged himself to Ann Katenkamp, the daughter of an Exeter merchant of German origin who had died a few years earlier. She was at this time a girl of seventeen, and the marriage did not take place till two years later, Nov. 4, 1773. Her valuable character will be best understood from the delightful family memoir written by her in the year 1809 for her descendants, which is printed, (slightly abridged from the original M.S.), in the following chapter.

verton, and afterwards became minister to the Unitarian chapel in Exeter, known as George's Meeting. He held this ministry for 53 years, and died in 1831. He left several children, one of whom was Serjeant Manning, a well known London barrister; another went out to New South Wales, and was the father of Sir William Manning, a Judge in Sydney. Miss Anne Manning, the authoress of "Mary Powell" and other semi-historical fictions of great popularity in their day, was a grand-daughter of the Exeter minister; she died in 1879.

*to John Merivale dated "New York, Aug. 1820. In an earlier letter, April 1806, he mentions a periodical called "the Monitor" published at Boston, in the preface of which it is requested that the prayers contained in it "may be used for a short time with an unprejudiced mind, and be lodged for a while in the closet with Henry, Wate, Endfield, Sengale, & Merivale, or made to supply the absence of those excellent authors." An edition of Samuel Merivale's "Devotions", supplemented by those of other divines, was published by Dr. Carpenter in 1829.*



## CHAPTER II.

## MEMOIR OF THE KATENKAMPS \* BY ANN MERIVALE.

HERMAN KATENKAMP.—Birth and Education in Germany. Settlement at Exeter. Marriage to Ann Moor. Their Children. Death of Herman Katenkamp and his Wife. Marriage of Ann Katenkamp to John Merivale. Death of Children. Death of Mrs. Moor. The Moor and Vernon Families. The Rev. Richard Hole. 1717—1809.

All that I know of my Father's family I gathered from him at various times during my Childhood, when it was a great Treat to me to get my little Chair close to him of an Evening after he had left the Counting-House, and ask him Questions relating to his Childhood and the Difficulties through which he had struggled before he could attain the honorable and affluent Situation which he then enjoyed. Never shall I forget the Lessons these Conversations inculcated on my Mind—the energy with which he enforced from his own example the love of Virtue and a steady adherence to its Laws, in spite of every difficulty, of every discouragement. At this moment I feel the warm Emotion which then swelled my heart and brought tears to my Eye ; and in many a Trial which Providence has since allotted to me I in a great measure derive the constancy with which

\* The German spelling of the name *Katenkamp* is preserved here, being that used by my grandmother ; in the succeeding generation the form *Katencamp* was adopted. A. W. M.

I have been enabled to support it, from the firm resolve, the ardent and virtuous Emulation with which these, his early Precepts, inspired me!

His Father was a Calvinist Minister settled at Bremen in Germany—a Man of excellent Character but of small Possessions, very little exceeding the moderate Yearly Stipend settled on him by his Congregation. \* He had two Sons by a former Wife, when he married my Grandmother, of whom my Father always spoke with the highest affection and respect, as of an excellent Wife and Mother, and a Woman of very superior Sense and strength of Mind. Her maiden name was Biscamp, and her native Place (if I mistake not) was Brunswick, where her family was of some note, as appears from her uncle having filled the highest place in the Magistracy at a time when that city was afflicted with the Plague, which carried off great numbers of its inhabitants.

My Grandmother was then a very young woman, and all the houses being shut up, to prevent the spread of infection, Soldiers were appointed to patrol the streets at stated intervals, to carry the necessary provisions to the inhabitants, and to take off their Dead. Nurses for the sick were provided, (where it was possible,) by the Magistracy, and where the circumstances of any house required peculiar assistance, its necessities were made known by a note thrust out under the door, to be taken up and communicated to those appointed for the purpose, by the Patrol.

\* Herman Merivale made a visit to Bremen in 1853, and enquired whether any traces of the Katenkamp family still existed there. He found that the last of the name known there was a single lady who had died not many years before, in an abode situated in the best street of the city. Within the territory of the city, however, there still resided another branch of the family, the head of which held an official situation—that of *Meier*.

*George Merivale, being in 1889 on board a German steamer, the Sahier, bound for Australia, heard from the captain, who came from Bremen, that Katenkamp was a name well known there now, & that that <sup>Biscamp</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>family</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>still</sup> resided there.*

The servants in my Grandmother's house were dead, and her Father and Mother lying ill in the plague with the hired nurses engaged for them in attendance, when, going as usual, in the morning, to the gate of the house with her note for the Soldiers, she looked through a glass door into her Father's bedroom and discovered the bodies of both her Parents lying on the ground, the drawers and boxes ransacked, and every thing carried off that the merciless wretches who attended them could possibly lay hold of. You may easily guess, though I cannot describe, what she felt on this occasion ; but she was soon removed to her Uncle's house, where she received every consolation and comfort her situation would admit of, and where she remained till her Marriage with my Grandfather Katenkamp settled her in Bremen. By him she had three sons, Herman, Bernard and Gaspar, of whom the eldest, Herman, was my Father ; and I have heard him relate as a proof of my Grandmother's kindness to her husband's children by his former marriage, that they remained ignorant of their having had another Mother till their Father's death, which happened when Herman had just attained his seventh year.

These two sons were then taken by their Mother's relations, who were able to bring them forward in life, and my poor Grandfather's anxiety on his death bed was therefore confined to his Wife and her three little boys, who were left with so slender a provision as to be almost destitute.

He had however remarked the natural good sense and promising talents of the eldest ; and judging that the awful scene might make a lasting impression on his mind, he desired his Wife to bring all his children to his bedside, where in the most solemn manner he addressed himself to

Herman, and in language suited to his capacity made him sensible of their forlorn situation, and after recommending them to the blessing of the Almighty, strongly urged him to become the instrument of that blessing to his Mother and Brothers by a steady perseverance in rectitude, and by an earnest endeavor to improve his mind and faculties, that by his future exertions he might be able to contribute to their maintenance and support. My Father never mentioned this circumstance without tears, though he might with honest pride have added, "I have fulfilled this awful injunction—I have persevered through innumerable difficulties in the path so solemnly recommended to me. God has blessed my endeavors and I have indeed been an affectionate support to my Mother, and supplied the loss of a Father to my brothers."

My Grandfather was no sooner dead than the members of his congregation, by whom both he and his wife had been most highly esteemed and beloved, were kindly attentive to the necessities of his widow, and pressed her to accept of a small annuity and house to live in till her circumstances should by any unforeseen means render such an assistance unnecessary.

How did my Father's youthful heart pant for the time when he hoped to set her above this necessity! when he hoped to enable her in her turn to enjoy the luxury of conferring benefits on the Widow and Fatherless! But he had much to go through ere that happy period could arrive, and his heart was almost broken, though he proudly endeavored to restrain his tears, when, a few months after his Father's death, he was torn from this beloved and afflicted mother, to live with a distant Relation of his Father, who resided in a remote part of Germany, and who, having

heard of the destitute state in which the Family was left, offered to take Herman and provide for him, so that he might be no longer a burden to his Mother. This idea, of being no longer burdensome to his Mother, determined his conduct; and even at that early age, and left as it were to his own choice, he resolutely endured a separation from all he loved, and bore up during a long and tedious journey through bad roads in a German Stage-waggon. But how did his little heart sink when instead of the affectionate Mother and kind Friends to which it was so fondly attached, he found himself at the place of his destination surrounded by Strangers, in a fine house where he was received by the Master of it with distant coldness, and having been introduced by him to the young gentlemen his kinsmen, was soon given to understand that he was in all respects to be subservient to them, and to be considered by the whole house as the little boy maintained by their Father's charity.

Though so young, his spirit could ill brook so abject a dependence, and two or three years passed on, subjecting him to daily mortification, the sense of which was only mitigated by the opportunity afforded him of attending school with his Cousins and of making those improvements in his learning, which were hereafter, he fondly hoped, to qualify him for asserting his freedom from the present bondage, and restore him once more with honor to his beloved Mother and Brothers. The highest pleasure he enjoyed in this situation, (and that was always mixed with sadness,) was in watching the arrival of the stage-waggon, from Bremen, and getting from his Friend the Waggoner all the intelligence he could procure concerning his dear Relatives and the loved Home for which he was pining; but though after these interviews, his tears never failed to flow on his return

to his abode, yet during their continuance he always endeavored to appear cheerful lest his Mother should be afflicted at the report of his sadness.

This however was an exertion of Fortitude not always in the power of a Child so young, and it happened one day, when suffering under some act of oppression more than usually intolerable, and meeting his old Friend unexpectedly in the street, he could no longer contain himself, but in the most affecting language poured out all the sorrows of his heart. Yet though the wish escaped him that his Mother could know what he suffered, he immediately added—"But no—she must not know it, and though I would give the world to see her, here I must remain." The Waggoner seemed to compassionate, and endeavored to comfort him, but on the poor Boy's return home (after having performed the errand on which he had been sent,) nothing could equal his dismay at perceiving him in close conversation with his Relation, and finding by the inflamed countenance and loud speech of the latter that the secret was betrayed, and that the good man's well-meant endeavor to improve the situation of his little friend, by softening the mind of his Patron, had only operated to his prejudice by provoking his resentment. Scarcely had the poor boy appeared when the storm burst on him in bitter reproaches for his ingratitude, accompanied by a threat (which was immediately put in execution) of consigning him to the waggoner and sending him back to his Mother by the conveyance which was then setting out for Bremen. In vain did the poor Child implore to have the sentence reversed. His tears and entreaties were unattended to, and he began his journey with a very heavy heart: but when he found himself on the road, joy at the prospect of again seeing his beloved Mother over-

powered every less pleasant sensation, and it was not till he had time to reflect a little, that his pleasure again gave way to the melancholy thought of being a burden to this dear Parent, and of returning to her with the ill report of the Relation who had, apparently with so much kindness, undertaken to provide for him. The recollection also of his Father's dying injunction, and that he was now ten years of age without having been able to do anything towards fulfilling it—all these circumstances together worked so forcibly on his mind, that he travelled on silently and full of uneasy thought.

They had now been some days on the road when the waggon stopped for refreshment and to take in fares at a large Town the name of which I have forgot; and it so happened that the poor Child, whose appearance must have been prepossessing, if it bore any resemblance to the open and benevolent countenance which I remember so eminently distinguished my dear Father in manhood, and at that time was rendered more interesting by the unusual traits of thought and care which it exhibited, was accosted at the inn door by a person who had been some time observing him and who now made many enquiries, such as, who he was? whence he came? &c., &c.; all which were answered with the utmost candour and ingenuousness, and the little detail of his history and early sorrows all drawn from him. But what was his delight and surprize when in this friendly Stranger he found a distant Relation of his own Family, who had long been at variance with the person whom he had lately quitted, and who consequently felt all the indignation which his desertion of a friendless boy was calculated to excite. He concluded his kind offers of assistance by saying "Herman, you shall live with me. I have not a fine

house and many servants like this hard-hearted man you have just left, but you shall have a hearty welcome, and such food, clothing and education as I can afford to my own Children. Be a good Boy, and I hope God will bless me for your sake."

This unexpected kind offer was most thankfully accepted; and glad as he would have been to see his Mother, the message he was now enabled to send her, gave him still greater pleasure.

With this good man and kind friend, who was a tradesman much respected in his Town, he lived some time, receiving from him all the benefits he had so liberally promised him; but even here he was destined to experience new misfortunes, and the superiority of his genius and talents over those of the two young companions to whom he was now introduced, paved the way to them. They were about Herman's age, and boys of a timid disposition and moderate capacity, while Herman had more than common talents, which were also quickened by early adversity and by the ardent desire of rendering himself capable of assisting his Mother and Brothers; a desire which led him at School to the most strenuous exertions in order to acquire as speedily as possible all the learning, which he concluded must be necessary to enable him to gain the first wish of his soul. No wonder then that his companions were thrown into the background, and that their feeble efforts were always surpassed by the active perseverance of a more vigorous mind.

For a time their Father endeavoured to rouse them to emulation by pointing out "the clever little boy not older than themselves" as the example they were to follow; but the heart of a Father is not always proof against the mortification which arises from observing a constant inferiority



in his own Children, and though he did not like to own it even to himself, he could not help feeling something like disgust whenever Herman received the applause due to superior talents and assiduity. In the meantime the poor child, unconscious of having done anything that could offend his best Benefactor, could by no means understand the cause of that displeasure which now and then burst forth upon him, though it was checked almost as soon as it appeared from a sense of its injustice.

While things were in this situation, Herman every day making fresh improvements in the hope of conciliating the affections of his Friend, and thereby unconsciously adding to his disgust, which though smothered was not extinguished, it happened that the boys being at play in their Father's garden and he at the same time looking on, they were as usual conquered in the race and surpassed in every feat of agility by the superior strength and dexterity of their companion, of which he was not an unconcerned spectator. Calling them off with a feeling of vexation which he could not restrain, he told them that they should have some fruit after their play, and climbing a tree, he threw down some cherries for them to catch, which soon produced a scramble, in which Herman secured much the largest share ; which, added to what had passed before, so entirely disconcerted the good man, that on their return to the house he called him into his room and told him that though he had no reason to complain of his conduct, and should always feel an interest in his welfare, he could no longer keep him in his Family ; that regard for his own Children made it necessary to separate them, as he saw they were so completely discouraged by his superiority that they would never be able to exert themselves or make any progress in their education

while he was with them. He had therefore determined to send him home to his Mother, who, considering the improvement he had now made, might, he hoped, be able to place him out to some advantage in Bremen.

As no tears or entreaties of the poor Boy could alter this determination, he was soon dismissed, not without many kind wishes for his welfare and exhortations to pursue the line of conduct he had hitherto adopted ; which, though in this instance it had met with discouragement, would certainly in the end produce the success it deserved. Deeply impressed with gratitude for the favors he had received from this kind Friend, he left his hospitable abode with sincere regret, and journeyed towards Home with mixed sensations of grief and joy, till the sight of his beloved Mother for a time banished every sorrow from his heart.

I will not attempt to describe the pleasure he felt, nor how much a more intimate knowledge of the difficulties she endured from straitened circumstances strengthened the wish he had so long cherished of contributing to her support, and enabling her to place out his Brothers in some way of life in which they might be able to maintain themselves. This wish made him eager to accept a proposal made to his Mother by an old Friend of her Husband, who had left Bremen many years and had settled in England as a Merchant with great success. This gentleman, the Father of Sir Francis Baring, Mr. Baring of Mount Radford, &c., had established a House in Exeter, and hearing how the Widow of his late Friend was situated, offered to take her eldest Son if she would send him over, and bring him up in his counting house, where he might be useful to him in copying German letters.

This proposal then, was gladly embraced, though it was

not without a severe heart-ache that he reflected on the distance which was so soon to separate him, perhaps for ever, from his Friends and native Country, and as the dreaded moment approached this feeling amounted almost to agony ; yet even when it arrived, and his Mother, seeing and participating in his distress, left him entirely free either to go or remain with her, the sense of Duty and the wish of ameliorating her situation preponderated, and persevering in his intention he landed in England on the second of October 1730, being then just fourteen years of age.

His reception at Mr. Baring's, and his manner of living there, were for a time but ill-calculated to lessen his regret for the Friends he had quitted : but new Manners, a new Language to be acquired, new Personages to become acquainted with and new Characters to conciliate, though all of them irksome at first, so kept up his attention and occupied the powers of his mind, that by degrees the sensations of regret became less acute, and accustoming himself to this new situation, it was soon endeared to him by the prospect (though distant) which it afforded him of accomplishing his darling project : for the neglect he at first experienced and the menial offices to which he was compelled, soon disappeared at the discovery of the uncommon acquirements he had already made in those branches of knowledge which are most useful in a merchant's counting-house ; to which were added the still superior qualities of strict Integrity, Industry and Zeal for his Master's service.

In this employment he continued, (not however without many difficulties and discouragements) till the year 1744, having for a considerable time been the principal Clerk, and receiving a salary proportioned to his services, great part of which he constantly remitted to his Mother, and

had the comfort of finding himself able to assist her essentially in the education and settlement of his Brothers ; the eldest of whom, Bernard, afterwards carried on a respectable trading concern, in Bremen, where he was much esteemed by his fellow townsmen and neighbors. The youngest, Gaspar, became a Clergyman, and went to settle in a remote part of Germany, where he married a woman of fortune and at his death left two daughters very amply provided for ; but my Father seldom mentioned him, and I suspect that situated at a distance from his Mother and Brothers, and elated perhaps with prosperity, Gaspar concentrated his affections and his cares within the narrow circle of his own possessions and his own fireside. Bernard, on the contrary, to the end of life manifested the most grateful and affectionate attachment to his excellent Brother, the kind friend of his youth ; and this attachment was amply repaid by an uninterrupted Friendship, supported by constant correspondence till the death of my Father, many years after.

I will here anticipate my history, that it may hereafter be less interrupted, and pay the tribute of respect and veneration which I owe to the memory of my Grandmother, whose close of life was consistent with every preceding scene of it, and stamped her Character with the seal of excellence. She survived both my Father and my Uncle Bernard for some years, waiting patiently for the summons which she trusted would soon reunite her to her beloved Children, and bearing up under the infirmities of age with a grateful retrospect on the blessings she had enjoyed and the cheering hope of more permanent happiness in a better state of existence. She lived nearly to the age of ninety, and when eighty-seven I received a letter from her, which

I have always treasured up, though being written in German I understand its contents only by means of a translation. It was in answer to one I had sent her after my Father's death, expressive of the duty and respect I owed her; and she concludes it, after much kind solicitude for my welfare and that of my Brothers and Sisters, with observing that old age was stealing on her almost imperceptibly, and that hitherto amidst many causes for gratitude she had experienced few of its infirmities;—that of late indeed her eyes were a little weakened, but she imputed that circumstance merely to the tears she had shed for the loss of my Father and Uncle.

By her Will she bequeathed to us £200, which she said she had saved from the presents my Father had sent her, which amounted to more than she had had occasion to spend, and therefore she now restored the surplus to his Children; but as this sum divided among seven of us would have been but a trifle to each individual, we agreed to present it to my Uncle Bernard's son, the only child that survived him. I am sorry to say he did no honor to his father's example or instructions, and if still living, which is scarcely probable, he is in a low line of life with the associates he preferred, the companions of his vices and follies.

In this place I will also mention that I think, though I am not quite certain, that the Grandfather of Mr. George Katenkamp (whom you have seen, and whose Father and Family are settled and doing very well at St. Petersburg) was one of my Father's half Brothers who were taken, as I have before related, by their mother's friends soon after my Grandfather's death, and by them educated and provided for. The other had a son of uncommon talent and genius, particularly for music, but so dissipated and volatile that

he could be fixed to no pursuit whatever ; yet when tired of wandering and brought to reason by the near approach of poverty, he accepted the aid my Father offered him, and coming over to England, for a time assisted him in his counting house, where his talents and assiduity claimed and received every encouragement. But the taste for idleness and dissipation was too strongly rooted to be long repressed ; and when my Father flattered himself he had not only saved him from ruin, but placed him in a way to secure an honorable independence, he was surprized one morning to find he was gone without leaving any trace by which he could be discovered ; nor was it till many months after, that by means of his correspondents abroad, he found he had resumed his wandering life in Holland, picking up a scanty subsistence as an itinerant Musician. Here the kind exhortations and entreaties of my Father had their proper effect, and he was at length prevailed on to return, which he did with many expressions of gratitude and zealous purposes of amendment, to which he adhered only till the wandering fit returned, when ashamed to mention the propensity which dragged him on to ruin, and wanting fortitude to restrain it, he again made his escape, and was not discovered till, about six months after, my Father received a long letter from him dated at sea on board an outward-bound East Indiaman. This letter warmly expressed his gratitude and his contrition at having given pain to so generous, so kind a Friend, but alledging his invincible love of liberty and hatred of all restraint and confinement whatsoever ; passions, which had impelled him to seek another Climate and a distant Country where he should be totally unknown. If Fortune should befriend him, his highest delight, he said, would be to revisit England and manifest

the high and grateful sense he entertained of my Father's friendship ; but if not, he begged him to consider him as dead, being determined he should never again hear of him.

On the return of this ship from India my Father lost no time in making enquiry after him, but his attempt was at first frustrated by finding that no one of the name of Katenkamp had taken a passage in her. On looking over the names of her crew however, he discovered that he had entered as a common sailor by his two christian names, John-Herman, and on questioning the Captain and some of the officers, they spoke of him as most extraordinary and eccentric ; that he did his duty well, and in his hours of leisure played so delightfully on various instruments, that he excited general curiosity, which he always refused to gratify ; that the Captain, thinking to improve his situation, offered and pressed him to enter into his musical band, but the offer was indignantly rejected with the assertion that "he would be a Fiddler to no man ; that he had hired himself as a Sailor, and while he fulfilled his duty as such, no one had a right to command other services from him." On their arrival in the Indies he took the first opportunity of leaving them, since which he had never been heard of.

Many years have now passed away, and no further information has reached us. Long before this time, this ill-fated Being has probably finished his career, and added another instance to the number which the world has cause to deplore, where genius and superior talents, when unattended by prudence and fortitude, have proved a misfortune rather than an advantage to the possessor.

I will now resume the thread of my little history, and enter on a new epoch of my Father's life.

During his abode with Mr. Baring he became attached

to Miss Ann Moor, who was the daughter of a person connected with Mr. Baring in some relations of business, and who also carried on, on his own account, a particular branch of the woollen trade. He was not an unsuccessful suitor to the object of his regard, and her Parents were prevailed on to consent to the match in consideration of his excellent character and talents for business, which they thought would soon supply, (with the little capital they could give their Daughter,) the want of present fortune; but to effect this, it was necessary he should commence merchant on his own account and consequently leave Mr. Baring's employment, which was a matter of greater difficulty than he had bargained for, his employer knowing the value of his services so well that every argument was used to make him give up his purpose; but finding all opposition fruitless, they were obliged to acquiesce, however reluctantly, and in the year 1744 my Father began business for himself:—at first, on the credit which his uniform good conduct had procured for him both among the manufacturers at home and the merchants abroad, and soon after on his own small but increasing capital, the fruit of honest and unremitting industry, which in the year 1747, the period of his marriage, was farther increased by the addition of his Wife's fortune.

A short time previous to this event he had gone through a severe struggle from the consequences of an unjust resentment which pursued him to the brink of ruin. Reports of his insolvency were industriously propagated, which brought in his creditors on all sides with demands of instant payment, and his integrity and talents would have been unavailing to save him from the impending bankruptcy, had not a wealthy and respectable individual, (who had watched



his progress for some years in Mr. Baring's counting-house, and who had from thence foreseen and predicted his future eminence,) at this critical period stepped forward with offers of assistance, and by the timely loan of £2000 enjoyed the heartfelt satisfaction of saving a worthy young man from present ruin, and of laying the foundation of his future prosperity and usefulness. The name of this excellent man, whose character I wish to hold up as an object of veneration to my Children, was Dicker. He was a Physician and a Quaker, and by his conduct reflected honor both on his religious and professional practice. He lived to an advanced age, and has long since been called to receive the reward of a virtuous and useful life.

This storm being happily blown over, everything went on prosperously with the new-married couple, and as their Family increased, the improving state of their affairs afforded ample means of maintaining and providing for them.

I was their fifth living child, making my entrance into this eventful world on the sixteenth of March 1754. My earliest recollections carry me to the house of my maternal Grandmother, who had taken me to relieve my Mother (who was in ill health) from the fatigue of attending to so many young children. My Grandfather had been dead some time, and his Widow carried on his extensive trade with much success; but as this kept her almost constantly employed with her people in their various working shops, the task of superintending the household concerns devolved on her Mother, who lived with her and who, though far advanced in years, was one of the nicest, neatest little women I have ever seen. She took on herself the charge of my earliest religious instruction; seated on her lap, I remember

receiving her commendations before I was four years old, for reading with fluency what she called "a hard chapter in the Bible," (the genealogy of Christ or of the Kings in the Chronicles, for instance,) or for answering with readiness the questions in the Assembly's Catechism which she thought it her duty to teach me ; and though these might perhaps have been omitted without prejudice to my future welfare, I acknowledge with gratitude that to her I am indebted for my first religious ideas, my first moral perceptions.

'Tis curious and certainly not uninteresting to trace Opinions and Ideas to their origin, and determine the period when the mind first received those impressions which have powerfully influenced its future character. I am myself persuaded, that those impressions take place very early in life, are occasioned possibly by very trifling circumstances, and that though they may be corrected by reason and experience in mature age, they nevertheless leave a strong bias, which perhaps can never be wholly counteracted. You will smile when I tell you that a present of toys sent to me about this time by my Grandmother of Bremen, consisting of household furniture &c., probably gave me my first idea of Property ; and I firmly believe that the neatness with which I was taught to arrange them, inspired that love of order and regularity in the conduct of my affairs which I have invariably retained through life. I perfectly remember the distress I felt when this little property, on which I set so high a value, was, (on my return to my Father's house,) shortly afterwards destroyed by the rude boys my Brothers, who having lost their tops laid violent hands on my tables, chairs, plates and dishes, on which they exercised their whips till they were completely

broken and battered. \* This injury, for which I could obtain no redress, gave me the first painful idea of oppression, and not Brutus himself could more indignantly spurn at it than I did ; but the law of superior strength prevailed, and after fretting and fuming awhile, I took probably my first lesson of patience and submission to irremediable evil, a lesson which I have often since been called upon to practice.

My Grandmother had at this time, besides my Mother, a Daughter and two Sons, the former of whom was shortly afterwards married to Mr. Milford,<sup>x</sup> also a merchant of Exeter, who from small beginnings acquired a large fortune and left seven children to succeed to it, five of whom are now living in very affluent circumstances. One of my Uncles died while I was living with my Grandmother, and the nursery maid to whom I was entrusted took me into his room to see him, as she said, for the last time. I was then between three and four years old, yet I have a strong recollection of her withdrawing the sheet with which his face was covered, and instead of the accustomed smile of welcome, which I expected, shewing me Death in one of its most frightful forms. The impression made by such a sight, (young as I was,) was so strong, that it frequently recurred to my recollection ; and the earliest powers of my reason were consequently often directed to a subject which could

\* I have often heard my grandmother relate this and other anecdotes of her youth for our amusement. The pranks of her brother Herman in particular used to delight our childish fancy. His abstracting a leg of mutton one day just before dinner, and being discovered seated out of doors distributing slices to a heap of poor people who were returning the most grateful smiles and curtsies for his irregular act of charity, was a favourite story. L. A. M.

The house inhabited by the family was a large red brick house, built by Mr. Katencamp behind ~~South~~ <sup>North</sup> Street in Exeter ; it was sold in 1820, and is now the Exeter Penitentiary. Some of the window panes still bear the names of the young Katencamps, scratched by them on the glass.

*x This Mr. Samuel Milford was the founder of the City Bank in Exeter, & the grandfather of Mr. John Milford of Colver who died in 1888 at the age of 96. Mr. Samuel Milford kept a meteorological register between the years 1757 & 1786 the M.S. of which is now in the possession of Mr. Herbert Peck of Dorset.*

not fail to introduce a train of serious thought, very unusual at so early an age, though without destroying that cheerfulness and gaiety of heart which commonly attend youth and health.

The next scene of my life restores me to my Father's house, whither I was brought when I was four years old, to be inoculated for the small pox with four of my Brothers and Sisters, and here I remember how much I was at first annoyed by the confusion that reigned in the nursery and the constant bustle of my noisy companions. From the manner of treating the small pox at that time, the fever often ran high, and it was thought necessary to confine us a few days to our beds, during which, while my chief amusement was derived from the little books given me, which I was never tired of reading, my Brothers in the other beds were crying at being deprived of their accustomed active plays and exercises; and as my Father's kindness led him always to rejoice in our enjoyments and to promote them as much as possible, the little Shetland Horse on which they learned to ride was brought upstairs from the stable to their bedroom in order to pacify and amuse them. I mention this circumstance merely to give an idea of the indulgence, (undoubtedly in its excess a blameable one,) with which our wishes were met and gratified by our truly kind and affectionate Father, and I can most truly affirm, that in me, (accompanied as it was by the benefit of his instruction, advice and example,) it excited a degree of love, of reverence, of the warmest filial attachment of which the human heart is capable; but I fear that in some of his children it laid the foundation of evils which can never be too much lamented! \*

\* A picture of the Katencamp family was painted at Exeter in 1762, and sent out to Mr. Katencamp's mother at Bremen. It consists of a group of

My Mother had unfortunately so much ill health, that the noise of so many active Children was too much for her, and until the evening, which brought our Father from the counting house, we were left almost entirely to the care of servants, whose business it was to make us as happy and keep us as quiet as possible. My eldest sister Elizabeth was sent to a boarding school at Bath, and in pursuance of a plan which even in their childhood my Father had formed to promote the future prosperity of his Sons, he consigned my eldest Brother John to the care of a respectable friend and correspondent at Amsterdam, by whom he was at a very early age sent to an Academy in that City.

My second Brother, Herman, was sent, as young, to Bremen under the care of his uncle Bernard, and my younger Brothers, Philip and George, to a school not far from Exeter where they were to remain till they also were old enough to be sent abroad; and as they continued there till Philip, who was two years older than myself, had attained his fourteenth year, and the vacations were always spent at home, the affectionate attentions of this dear Brother, and the pleasure he took in imparting to me some share of his literary attainments, (which considering his age were very uncommon ones,) attached me to him most strongly. Nor was this, perhaps, the most powerful tie which connected us. We were companions in early affliction, and felt relief from occasionally unburdening our

nine figures, in oils. In the centre are Herman Katencamp and his wife Ann Moor: on either side of them their four sons and three daughters. The tallest of the group is Elizabeth, afterwards Mrs. Ellard; my grandmother, Ann, is depicted as a little girl of 8 or 10, with a rose in her hand. The picture was afterwards sent back to England, and is now at Barton Place, with another picture, probably painted at Bremen about the same time, representing the old Widow Katencamp, with her second son Bernard and his wife and child.

*The first of these 2 pictures is mentioned in a letter from Herman Katencamp to his son John Frederic in Amsterdam, dated Aug. 1<sup>st</sup> 1762 - "It was not thought inconvenient to let you go to Bremen during the time, your Grandmother, there was not a little disappointed, yet must have been made her by the Family Picture which her Father painted & which I sent her the beginning of this summer -"*

hearts to each other of sorrows which we religiously kept secret from all besides. I should have told you that my eldest Sister had previous to this left the school at Bath at the age of sixteen, and lived entirely at home; and that John, having returned from Amsterdam without making the improvements my Father had hoped for, was sent out again to join Herman in Bremen.

Some circumstances of a very delicate nature, productive of much domestic affliction, had by degrees unfolded themselves to my observation and knowledge; nor had they escaped the penetration of my Brother Philip, whose feelings on the occasion were perfectly at unison with my own, and whose sympathy was an unspeakable comfort and support to me. But why should I tear off the veil which Death and Time have cast over the errors and frailties of those who were once most truly dear to me? The actors on that perturbed scene, both those who inflicted suffering, and those who endured it, have all long since been withdrawn from the present stage of Existence! They are at rest, and I alone remain to feel (as at this moment) the pang of revived most painful recollection, and to ask myself whether those early trials produced their proper effect on my mind, and in what manner they have influenced my subsequent conduct? To this question the retrospect of more than forty years which have since elapsed enables me to give a determinate and satisfactory answer. The intense sense of suffering was comparatively of no long duration, but the devotional turn of mind to which it gave birth remained with me, and in time became a settled principle from which I have derived comfort and hope amidst all the various scenes of life through which the hand of Providence has since led me. The religious ideas I had imbibed in infancy

frequently recurred in a vague and transient manner during my childhood ; but this heavy affliction, to which I was more immediately subjected from ten to twelve years of age, advanced the powers of my mind in a remarkable manner. I felt the necessity of support, and, when Philip was at school, I had no one to whom I could allow myself to utter a complaint. How natural then was my recourse to the kind Parent of all, whom I had been taught to consider as ever present to His creatures, and both able and willing to relieve and support them if they trusted in Him, and earnestly requested His divine assistance. My mind, worked up to an unusual degree of exaltation, poured out its sorrows in earnest and fervent Prayer; and this practice, which by degrees formed itself into habit, led me seriously to reflect on the Being and Attributes of God, and to form resolutions and rules of conduct by which I might render myself acceptable to Him. Most happy was it for me that religious trust and confidence was thus early and firmly established in my mind, as it carried me, some time after, safely through a trial which I shall soon have occasion to mention, and which otherwise, in all probability, would have endangered my peace in this world and my hope in a better. Let me then acknowledge, with heartfelt gratitude, that this early and severe Discipline was productive of a most invaluable Blessing; nor was this the only beneficial consequence I have derived from it, and which enables me, at this time with truth to assert that "it is good for me that I have been afflicted."

But to return to my narrative. My situation was rendered still more distressing by observing the sorrow which was silently undermining my Father's health and spirits, and which was increased by accounts received from abroad

of the wild and thoughtless conduct of my elder Brothers, who were involving him in much trouble and expense. This was a new source of grief to me, and unable as I felt myself to administer consolation, I was glad when my Father proposed sending me to school, (which I had before entreated him to do,) with my youngest Sister Wilhelmina and my Cousin Ann Moor, who was about her age, and who, in consequence of her Father's death, had been some time resident in our Family. \*

This was in the year 1766, when I had just attained my twelfth year. I felt the greater pleasure in the thought of leaving home, as my Brother Philip was soon to be sent to a counting-house in Italy. Fortunately the school chosen for us was conducted by a very respectable Lady from Switzerland, who, with great good sense and knowledge of the world, laboured to impress our minds with just ideas, without being inattentive to the more showy and ornamental parts of our education. The earnest wish I felt to soften my Father's sufferings, and be a source of consolation to him, was an all powerful motive, impelling me to make every possible advantage of the situation in which I was placed; and my assiduity and industry were in consequence

\* Miss Ann Moor lived to the age of 92, and died in the year 1847. She was a formal, antiquated, simple minded old lady, with a good deal of reading and cultivation of mind after the fashion of the former day. Her residence, as long as I remember her, was in Holloway Street, Exeter. There, sitting bolt upright in her large chair, with a pile of old letters and papers by her side, she would amuse us with some of her reminiscences of those among whom she had formerly lived, or with her simple and quaint astonishment at modern events and changes. Discussing the then rather recent introduction of steam locomotives into all parts of England, she asked one of my cousins whether highway robberies could be committed on railways. At her death she left £10 to my mother, with which four silver saltcellars were bought, as a memorial of the good old lady. Her life was not without its youthful romance. Dim echoes of family tradition relate that she was attached to her cousin, John-Frederick Katencamp, who died in consequence of his early habits of intemperance. L. A. M.



of it so remarkable that I soon became a favorite with my governess, who took pleasure in giving me all the instruction in her power.

We had been with her but a few months when my Father passed through the town in his way to London, with my two elder Brothers, who were lately returned from Germany, and my dear Philip, whom he intended soon to send off to Genoa, and who accompanied him in order to take leave of us ; as did Herman, who though so lately returned, was again to be sent off to the counting-house of a friend and correspondent in Altona. My Father appeared to me much altered ; his spirits were sunk, and he feelingly lamented the misconduct of my elder Brothers, expressing his hopes to Philip and myself that he should at least find comfort and support in us. He observed the tears which accompanied my fervent assurance that he should not be disappointed, and kindly endeavored to cheer me by pointing out the pleasures of the approaching Christmas holidays, when he would come himself to fetch us in his way from Bath, where he meant to go, (as soon as my Brothers were embarked,) for the sake of his health, which he said had lately not been so good as usual. Never shall I forget what I felt at their departure. My Father's affectionate but sorrowful look, the kind pressure of his lips, the last accent of his voice, dwelt on my recollection, and caused that bitter "*serrement de cœur*," which is indefinable, and which I afterwards regarded as the too faithful presentiment of approaching evil.

My Brothers soon after embarked as had been intended, and we heard that my Father was already in Bath, from whence, (it being now November,) we expected him soon to take us home for the holidays. Full of this hope, we had

already arranged our little plans, and begun to reckon the days that were to pass before we could execute them, when Madame Robert, with every kind precaution in her power, imparted to us the melancholy news of our Mother's death, which took place in Exeter. She had long been in an ill state of health, and this event, (though it shocked and grieved us a good deal at first,) could not at any time be wholly unexpected by us; but what a dreadful aggravation of affliction was I doomed to endure when the messenger who three days after brought us our mourning, also informed us that letters had just been received from Bath with an account of the death of my beloved, respected, almost adored Father! This was indeed a stroke, which I cannot even now think of without tears. Never was a being more desolate than I now felt myself. The loss of this best of Parents, the knowledge of the sorrow which had preyed on his existence, the disappointment of the hope I had fondly entertained of being enabled by my own conduct to assuage it, to which might be added the absence of my Brother Philip—all this together sunk deeply into my heart, and again my only resource was that which I had before found effectual, fervent prayer to God, and an earnest desire and endeavor to submit myself wholly to His Will.

The Christmas holidays, from which we had promised ourselves so much pleasure, presented to us the sad reverse of our expectations. No Guardian having been appointed for us by my Father's Will, my Grandmother undertook that office, and also engaged to carry on the business in connection with Mr. Mandrot, (who had formerly been a clerk and afterwards a partner in the House,) for the benefit of the Family, till my eldest Brother should be of age; when, according to my Father's intention, he was himself

to take the Business in partnership with Mr. Mandrot. We found this Gentleman had fixed his residence in the House, and that my Grandmother, who lived near it, spent great part of every day there, either in the counting-house or inspecting the affairs of the family. Her religious opinions, which at that time were strictly Calvinistical, and the absolute controul she had always been accustomed to exert over her numerous work-people and dependents, gave her that sort of austere authority which was sadly contrasted with the kind parental indulgence which we had hitherto experienced. Our reception was cold and formal; we were admonished to conduct ourselves properly, and threatened with the terrors of the Almighty if we were not in all respects submissive and obedient. Practices which we had never before been taught to consider as sinful, were held up to our view as objects of abhorrence. Cards were an abomination, a Play-house the high-road to perdition, &c., &c. ; and if our countenances displayed even for a moment any appearance of that gaiety which is natural to Youth, it was considered, (in our circumstances,) as highly offensive and improper. For my own part, I had little heart to smile, for in addition to my own sorrows, I had learned that poor Philip, after a tedious voyage in which he had encountered storms and narrowly escaped shipwreck, had immediately on his landing in a foreign country, (where every one he saw was a stranger to him,) received the sad news of the double loss we had sustained.

Our Family at home at this time consisted of my eldest Brother and Sister, my youngest Brother George, my Sister Wilhelmina, my Cousin Moor, and myself. Elizabeth was about eighteen years of age and unused to restraint of any sort. John about seventeen, just returned from Germany,

where he had not only acquired habits of indulgence and expense, but where he had unfortunately associated with companions who professed themselves above vulgar prejudices, and who were in fact Freethinkers both in Religion and Politics, such as the Continent has since swarmed with. I leave you to judge how his opinions harmonized with those of my Grandmother. While the former were reprobated by her, you will easily imagine the latter were as constantly a topic of ridicule with him. George, who was eleven years of age, and Wilhelmina, about ten, were in most respects as other children of their age usually are. Wilhelmina had been very weak and sickly till she went to Madame Robert's school, and had consequently been the nurseling and favorite of my Mother, who thought her too tender to be subjected to the restraints of early education, and she was therefore at this time much behind hand in the literary acquirements common to most children. Yet though her mind had received but little cultivation, she had a good and affectionate heart, and she now derived great advantage from the society and affection of our young Cousin, who was her constant playfellow and companion, and who though but little older than herself had, (with equal goodness of disposition,) made greater progress in the attainment of knowledge.

I was very glad when the time for returning to school arrived, though I carried back with me a new subject for painful reflection; my Grandmother having informed me, in a long admonitory conversation held with me a few days before, that my Father's affairs were involved in such intricacy, in consequence of his very extensive business, that foreseeing many bad debts, she greatly feared when the whole was wound up that little or nothing would re-

main to his Children. I was therefore advised to make what progress I could in the various branches of my education, as it was probable I might be obliged to resort to them for my future subsistence. This was mortifying, but it was not the first mortification of that sort which I had met with since I had been home.

We still lived indeed in the spacious and commodious house my Father had built, but the carriage in which I had been accustomed to take so many pleasant rides with him was given up. The numerous dependents occasioned by his extensive business, and their families, who were wont for his sake to pay more than common attention to his Children, now regarded us with an eye of pity indeed, but took no further notice of us. All this I was old enough to see and to feel, but when compared with the more serious evils I had to lament, they were so light, that their effect was of little more than momentary duration.

Madame Robert, to whom my Grandmother had imparted the substance of the conversation she had held with me, continued in the kindest manner to assist my endeavors at improvement, desiring me not to distress myself with uneasy apprehension, as, (having no children of her own,) I should always have the preference over every other competitor in the succession to the school she had established, which would at worst be a comfortable and creditable provision for me. With this respectable woman I continued four years, and succeeded so well in the objects of my application as to obtain her warmest approbation and esteem. I also formed friendly connections with some of my school companions which continue unimpaired to the present time, and have afforded me much satisfaction.

During this period my Brother Philip, whose dislike of a

mercantile profession every day increased, obtained leave to return to England, and having expressed a strong inclination for a sea-faring life, it was determined that a situation should be procured for him in an East India ship, to go out first as a passenger, then as mate, going on progressively till he should get the command of an East Indiaman, which was the object of his ambition.

After his arrival in England he took the first opportunity of coming to see us at school, and our meeting was indeed a most delightful one to us both. He had been absent more than three years, and was then one of the finest and most accomplished young men I had ever seen ; nor did he appear less struck and delighted with the improvements I had made. We had a thousand things to say to each other, and separated with mutual regret, though happy in the conviction that time had not impaired the affectionate friendship which had so long attached us to each other. He expected to remain some time in England, and promised soon to see me again ; but by the assiduity of a worthy friend of my Father's, (Mr. Paice,) \* to whom he had imparted his wish to go to India, his destination was already fixed, and he was directed to hasten to London that he might be in time to sail with Captain Paull in the Harcourt, which was bound to Batavia and Bencoolen. A few hours were all that was allowed us to take leave of each other, but I heard from him again before he embarked, and his

\* This Mr. Paice, who was connected in business with the Katencamp firm, and was the trusted friend and adviser of the family for many years, was the " Joseph Paice of Bread Street Hill, Merchant, and one of the Directors of the South Sea Company," immortalized by Charles Lamb in the *Essays of Elia* as "the Preux Chevalier of Age." Many of his letters, written in a diffuse style of old fashioned courtesy well accordant with the character given of him by Lamb, are among our family papers.

letter contained the kindest assurances of unalterable affection.

I soon after, (at the age of sixteen,) left the school at Dorchester to enter on a new and widely different scene of life at home ; but, before I particularize the circumstances attending my new situation, I must mention that I had received a letter from this dear Brother, dated St. Helena, with a humorous description of the place, and with an account of his health, and entire approbation of the line of life he had chosen. Soon after, Mr. Paice received another letter from him, written at sea, still expressing the satisfaction he felt in his situation, the obligation he was under to Captain Paull, who treated him in all respects as his son ; and it concluded with desiring Mr. Paice to inform his " dear sister Nancy that after the duties and fatigues of the day his greatest enjoyment was to sit on the deck to look at the watch-paper she had given him at parting, and to anticipate the happy hours he hoped again to enjoy in her society at his return."

Can it be doubted but that this was also the period to which I looked forward with the most eager and delighted expectation ? an expectation which lightened my sense of many uncomfortable circumstances that would otherwise have pressed heavily upon me. Conceive then what were my feelings when the next ship from India brought the account of his Death ! He had fallen, (at Bencoolen,) a victim to the dreadful epidemical disorder which then raged throughout the East, in consequence of the famine produced by a monopoly of rice, which had satiated the avarice of two or three unprincipled British adventurers, but had reduced a whole surrounding country to extreme suffering and desolation. Capt. Paull had lost almost all his people,

and was obliged on his return to man his ship with such natives as he found disposed to enter into his service. He always spoke of Philip in the warmest terms of affectionate regret. His uncommon talents, his knowledge in particular of various languages, and his readiness on all occasions to assist and oblige him, had greatly endeared him to this respectable man, who felt and lamented his death as if it had been really that of a son.

I cannot describe my own feelings at that melancholy period. At first they were absorbed in a sort of stupefaction which did not allow me to perceive the whole extent of my loss; and as sensibility returned, the void that was left in my heart by this sad overthrow of all my best hopes in this life rendered life itself at best so uninteresting and insipid to me, that my fancy sickened at its probable duration. Yet I accused myself of ingratitude to Heaven for this insensibility to the blessings I still possessed, and sincerely and earnestly endeavored to rouse myself from it. Time powerfully assisted my efforts, and by degrees I felt myself again restored to a capacity for action and enjoyment; though to the latest hour of my existence the remembrance of this loved Brother, his early excellences and his constant affection, will excite emotions, sorrowful indeed, but soothing and dear to my heart.

My Brother Herman had been some time returned from Germany, but his restless activity would not allow him to fix soberly to any profession. He had never been accustomed to restraint, and my Grandmother and Mr. Mandrot found their joint efforts ineffectual to guide or direct him; yet he had naturally great benevolence and kindness of heart, with much energy of character and a good and cultivated understanding, though he derived that cultivation



more from quick discernment and observation of men and manners than from books. Had his ardent spirit been early subjected to proper controul, how useful, how valuable a character might he not have possessed ! but hurried away by the impulse of passion, he sought pleasure wherever he could find it, and after dissipating great part of his fortune he procured an appointment as British consul in Sicily, and took up his residence for some years at Messina, where, at a distance from his former companions, he led a comparatively sober life, and applied himself assiduously to fulfil with credit the public duties of his situation. I felt a sincere affection for him, and have every reason to believe I held the first place in his esteem and regard, though I was then too young to acquire the slightest influence over his actions.\*

George was sent to Genoa soon after Philip's return, and occupied his place in the counting-house he had left, in the hope that he at least might be induced to pursue the plan my Father had formed, and carry on business in Italy in connection with the House in Exeter (as Herman was also to have done in Germany) ; but his dislike to business was full as great as that of his Brothers had been, and

\* Several of Herman Katencamp's letters from the Continent have been preserved. The following is curious, as a comparison between Paris and London in the year 1772. "It is a very difficult matter to decide which city is the largest, either Paris or London ; but that the former contains more inhabitants than the latter is, I think, beyond all doubt. The streets are at every place crowded with people to such a degree as I never saw before. The houses in general are very high, and most of them contain many families ; and another proof which I think carries no little weight with it is that in Paris you have 2400 *fiacres*, 100 to each letter of the alphabet, and yet you sometimes find it very difficult to get one. In London, you know, there are but 1000 . . . ." In another letter he writes :—"I was told at Genoa that Nancy was soon to be married to Mr. Merivale, a match which I hope will be attended with every success in making it a happy one. She is a very good girl, and deserves a good husband. But she is a very bad poet, and I hope will never attempt to write verses again."

without their talents, (though he had a good common understanding,) he fell into the same errors of conduct, which occasioned his recall to England a few years after, where, having purchased a commission in the Army, he hastened to join his Regiment, (the 1st Battalion of the 1st Regiment of Royal Foot Guards,) in Majorca. From this time we saw very little of him, his military duties calling him to various distant stations from whence he seldom writ, except to apprise us of his removal from one place to another. Once, indeed, he paid us a visit in Exeter, but long absence and habits of dissipation had in a considerable degree estranged his affections from his family and rendered our modes of life insipid to him. His stay with us was therefore short, and we never met again, though at that time we little imagined that we had taken our final leave of each other!

He remained in the regiment till the year 1781, (when he was twenty-six years of age,) having for some time attained the rank of 1st Lieutenant; but being still eager for promotion, he embraced an opportunity offered him of raising an independent Company at his own expense, which, besides other advantages, was to give him the title of Brevet Major. He was at great pains, and spared no expense, to complete his company with the finest men that could possibly be procured, and prided himself not a little in his success, when he received orders to embark with them for Cape Coast Castle in Africa, another independent Company commanded by a Captain Mackenzie being also directed to join them.

Considering the nature of the service and the climate, (which is almost always fatal to Europeans,) you may easily imagine what were his feelings on this occasion; but it was

useless to remonstrate, and he hastened with his men to Portsmouth, where his disappointment and mortification received no inconsiderable increase by a fresh order from the War Office, directing both him and Captain Mackenzie to leave behind them sixty men from each of their Companies, who were to be draughted into other Regiments, and to take in their stead each of them sixty convicts from the hulks in the Thames. This shewed the sense entertained by Government of the pestilential nature of the climate, and the convicts themselves were so sensible of it, that many joined in a petition to have this order changed into a sentence of death. At this time the settlement at Botany Bay had not taken place; and instead of transportation, the punishment for felony was confinement to hulks in the Thames, where the convicts were employed for a certain number of years in clearing the obstructions formed in the river. Some of them, who were at this time ordered to the coast of Africa, had already labored through half the period stipulated for their confinement, and the sentence therefore appeared to them doubly unjust. My Brother and Captain Mackenzie also petitioned in vain for a reversal of this decree. No time was allowed for further consideration or remonstrance, and they were hurried off as soon as possible.

In this unhappy situation it might have been some consolation to poor George had he found a friend or a respectable companion in the partner of his fate; but unfortunately Captain Mackenzie was nearly as unprincipled as the convicts themselves, and of a disposition so quarrelsome and arbitrary that before they arrived in Ireland, where the vessel touched, either from stress of weather or some other cause which I do not now recollect, disputes had risen so

high between them that on their landing they agreed to determine them by the sword, and a duel was fought, which for the present satisfied the mistaken sense of honor at the expense of a slight wound or two, but left no esteem or good will in the heart of either towards the companion of his perilous and unhappy destiny.

In a few days they again set sail, but conceive if you can the horrors of their situation at sea, with a set of wretches driven to desperation, and equal to any villainy which opportunity might allow them to commit. Among them was the well known Robber and pick-pocket, Patrick Madan, who had been twenty times tried at the Old Bailey for various offences, and whose daring spirit would not tamely submit to this, (as he deemed it,) illegal stretch of power. His ideas were speedily communicated and greedily imbibed by his miserable associates, and they determined rather to die at once than be compelled to drag out a wretched existence on the coast of Africa. The alternative was in their power, and they immediately determined to scuttle the Vessel, and to sink with all in her to the bottom. They had already begun their work, and the fatal purpose was nearly effected, when it was providentially discovered and frustrated. It was judged necessary to execute summary justice on the principal offenders, many of whom were immediately dragged to the yard-arm and there hung up as examples of terror to their wretched companions, who, though for the present restrained from further violence by the rod of severe discipline, were not the more reconciled to their situation; and "curses not loud but deep" accompanied their ill-fated commanders to the end of their voyage, which was no sooner completed than the climate produced its usual fatal effect, and in a fortnight or three weeks from

the time of their landing nearly two thirds of the united Companies, among whom was my unfortunate and lamented Brother, had terminated their existence. I say "lamented," because, independent of the affection we naturally felt for him, there was something peculiarly melancholy and affecting in the circumstances attending his early death; though it is more than possible that, in his unfortunate situation, protracted life would have been only protracted misery. In such a country and in such society, what comfort could he have reasonably hoped to enjoy?

Captain Mackenzie, who on his death assumed the command of the miserable remnant of both companies, seeing himself surrounded by wretches of the worst description, gave way to his natural propensities and became a harsh, unfeeling tyrant, whose principal aim was to acquire wealth at any rate, and to employ in its accumulation the power placed in his hand for very different purposes. By these practices in a very few years he amassed several thousands, but was arrested in his course of villainy by the hand of justice; for having in his unbridled rage ordered one of his soldiers to be shot from the mouth of a cannon, he was brought in chains to England, where he was tried and sentenced to death for the offence; but some circumstances attending it, (particularly a consideration of the unprincipled wretches he commanded, and the consequent necessity of more than usual severity,) induced his Majesty to respite him from time to time till he had lain near a year in Newgate, when he received a reprieve on condition of his quitting these Kingdoms and the Service "for ever"! His ill-gotten wealth was confiscated, and in poverty and wretchedness he went to Constantinople, to hide his shame from the world, and to enter on some new mode of exist-

ence ; but the same impetuous passions accompanied him in his exile, and he shortly after fell in a duel with a man whom he had probably insulted in one of the violent fits of resentment which he had so long accustomed himself to indulge.

To bring this melancholy History to a conclusion, I have anticipated the events of several succeeding years, and must therefore now return to the period of my leaving school, which was in the year 1770.

Mr. Mandrot and my eldest Brother and Sister were at that time the only settled residents at home. Philip was gone to India, George was in Genoa, my youngest Sister and Cousin still at school, and Herman was occasionally with us, but mostly in London previous to his departure for Messina.

The characters of our little family party were as various as can well be imagined, considering the number of which it consisted. My Sister Elizabeth had a good natural understanding, but she had never felt any desire to cultivate it ; she was not fond of reading, and she had no taste for the accomplishments which are now considered as indispensable in a young woman's education. She possessed however more than common talents for Music ; but the getting up a favorite song, or country dance, was all she wished for, being perfectly indifferent to the applause or admiration of others. Her principal occupation was the management of the household concerns, and her chief pleasure was derived from frequenting a little society she had formed, chiefly among those of somewhat inferior station to her own, where her opinions were considered as a law, and her condescension and affability were the theme of constant admiration. Yet let me do justice to those good

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qualities which she eminently possessed, and which in spite of her faults commanded my constant love and affection. She had not a spark of envy in her composition, and felt as much delight in setting off her Sisters to advantage and listening to their praises as a fond Mother might do in contemplating the perfections of a darling Child. Add to this she was generous and open-hearted ; and though she possessed the "love of sway" to a considerable degree, it was always tempered with much good-will and kindness towards those on whom she exerted it.

My Brother John possessed superior powers of mind, but they were mixed with a considerable portion of indolence and timidity. While Herman was with him, he was hurried by his impetuosity into a participation of his follies and extravagances ; but left to himself, his chief enjoyment and occupation consisted in forming a good Library, and in eagerly devouring the stores of knowledge it contained : and this, I think, was the only point in which he displayed any mental activity. His shyness and timidity made him avoid all company as much as he could ; he had however formed an acquaintance with a set of young merchants in Exeter, and spent two or three evenings a week at their Club ; and as they drank deep and gamed high, he was soon initiated into their practices, and contracted by degrees such a habit of the former vice, that not having energy of mind or strength of resolution to combat it, he at length fell a deplorable sacrifice to its unhappy consequences. Two or three evenings a week he spent at home ; and as my Sister was frequently engaged either with her friends or in the affairs of the house, and Mr. Mandrot scarcely ever supped with us, he usually desired me to read to him while he smoked his pipe and had his bottle before him ;

and this I esteem one of the most dangerous periods of my life.

I have before told you that he had imbibed opinions while abroad which struck at the root of all revealed Religion, and which led him to doubt, not of the existence of a God, but of His superintending Providence ; and, unfortunately, where such doubts occur there is almost always a wish to communicate them to others ; for the mind naturally seeks some point of stability to rest itself upon, and conceives that when others are brought over to the same opinions, it gathers additional sanction from the added reasonings and arguments of the new-made proselytes. More then, (I really believe,) in the hope of strengthening his own belief than with any view to injure me, his opinions were all by degrees laid before me ; and when I expressed myself shocked at the System they divulged, they were either differently modified, so as to lessen the impression they had made, or the conversation was turned with address to some different subject. He had however the ascendancy over me which superiority of age and his being at the head of the family naturally gave him ; and I was compelled by the fear of his displeasure to read to him the books he pointed out to me, which of course were such as he thought best calculated to render me a convert to his opinions.

And here I cannot be sufficiently thankful that my early habits of Devotion, with the religious trust and confidence they inspired, were a shield of proof against the darts that were levelled at me ; nay more, I have reason to bless the conflict, for though I was before firm in my religious principles, as far as the supreme Lord of all was their object, I was yet a Christian but by name. I had, like most other young people, taken revealed Religion on trust ; but this attack



gave me a spirit of enquiry, and I thank God that the result of that enquiry is a fixed and solid conviction of the truth of Christianity, and the most fervent gratitude at being allowed the benefits of it. But though I was thus mercifully enabled to escape the snare, I shudder at the recollection of my danger, and sincerely hope that a similar one will never be voluntarily incurred by others.

Mr. Mandrot is the only one of our family party that remains to be described, and he was a man of strict integrity who was attached to us with a degree of affection almost parental. He loved us for our Father's sake, with whom he had been connected in business near seventeen years, and whose memory he held in the highest respect and reverence. He had known us all from children, myself and the younger ones from birth, and our welfare was naturally and sincerely the object of his wishes and endeavors. But his ideas were extremely contracted, and he had no knowledge of the world or of books, having from his early youth been confined to the business of the counting-house, in which he was assiduous and unwearied. My Brothers John and Herman were, on the contrary, young men of real talents, having read much, (John particularly,) and possessing more extensive knowledge of the world than is perhaps desirable at so early an age. When they were together, they were either ridiculing his deficiencies, or rebelling against the restraints he sometimes injudiciously endeavored to impose on them.

My Grandmother on these occasions frequently interposed her authority, but in general it was equally unheeded; for having herself derived no advantage from education, and having spent great part of her life in the pursuits of Business, (her religious opinions being at that time also

extremely rigid and contracted,) she had little chance of making any serious impression on the minds of young men who were quick in discerning the narrowness of her ideas, and as ready in feeling and exposing the weakness of her arguments. A little more knowledge of the world, a little more indulgence for the foibles of youth and a little less strictness and severity in her religious injunctions, might, I really believe, have deterred them from the commission of many youthful follies; and all these she afterwards acquired when it was too late for them to profit by it. She had naturally a strong, though not a cultivated understanding, with great goodness of heart and rectitude of principle; and though a sense of the importance of the charge which had devolved on her by the death of my Parents and of my Uncle and Aunt Moor, which had left nine grandchildren to her superintendence and guardianship, had very possibly increased her natural seriousness, and given an appearance of more than usual severity to her manners, yet I am convinced this very circumstance by degrees produced the happiest effect on her mind and disposition; for finding the rod of authority too weak in her hand to restrain the elder branches of the family, she found it necessary to yield to them in some respects, that she might be able to carry her point in others. The conversations which she frequently held with my Brothers in the hope of correcting their errors, obliged her to listen in her turn to their mode of reasoning, and though she was frequently shocked at the freedom of it, she had discernment and candor enough to feel that they were not always in the wrong. Her ideas were thus insensibly enlarged, and having so many young people almost constantly about her, she acquired by degrees a greater cheerfulness and ease of manner, which rendered

her old age much more respectable to others, as well as more comfortable to herself, than it would otherwise have been.

This happy change of disposition had not however taken place so early as the year 1770, the time at which I left school, and the austerity of her manners was then far from inviting either affection or confidence ; and though I felt the former both for my Brother and Sister, our dispositions and habits were so dissimilar, that I was still further from opening my heart in confidential communication to them than to my Grandmother, and when my Brother Philip died, (as I have before related,) I can scarcely describe the forlorn and destitute state of my mind.

When I had a little recovered from the stupor occasioned by this afflicting stroke, I found myself naturally and almost necessarily obliged to seek a relief in books from the wearisome void that oppressed me ; and happily my Brother's library was so well furnished that I was never at a loss for an instructive and amusing companion, in my choice of which I was frequently directed by the judgement and taste of a young lady who lived a few miles from us, and who, having been at the same school with my Sister, visited us occasionally. I first became acquainted with her about this time, and though she was seven years older than myself, she soon formed so strong an attachment to me, that she invited me to an epistolary correspondence with her from which I derived many and great advantages. \*

\* Miss Marianne Bradford was the daughter of the Rev. — Bradford, Vicar of Pinhoe. She wrote an elaborate character of her friend Ann Katenkamp, beginning thus :—" If any mortal being may be said to approach so near perfection as the human state at the age of 19 is capable of approaching, it is surely Philarete. To begin with a description of her person— Though not beautiful, it is truly lovely. Her stature is rather short, her shape genteel and easy, though not exactly straight ; but the defect is bare-

Miss Bradford possessed a well-regulated heart and a highly cultivated mind, but from great delicacy of constitution, (which occasioned frequent ill-health,) and unre-mitted attention to a Mother who lived secluded in the country, she had mixed but little with Society, though the knowledge she had drawn from books was more extensive than is usually found among females, even of those who possess a superior degree of intellectual accomplishments. She had a talent for Poetry and had great facility in exercising it, which naturally induced me also to try my powers at poetical composition, and my little efforts were so kindly encouraged by her that our mutual communications gave an additional interest to our correspondence. Our friendship thus established, continued uninterrupted to the time of her death in 1787; but at this early period of our acquaintance, the difference of age, and her superior intellectual acquirements, rendered her more the object of my esteem and emulation, than of that love and affection which had been almost exclusively fixed on my Brother Philip, and which I considered as dying and extinct with him.

I was soon however convinced that those best affections of the soul were not in reality dead; they were dormant only, till an object fitted to call them again into exercise should awaken them, and this object I happily discovered in your Father, whose worth and excellence of character you know and reverence. His age, (about two years older than myself,) his fortune, his connections, were all unob-

ly discernible. Her fine light hair appears ever neat, *though* fashionably drest. Good eyes, a sweet complexion, very fine lips and teeth, compose a most agreeable face, though every other feature be not regular; while a sweetness and sensibility, diffused over her countenance, strike and please more than beauty itself . . . " The *character* continues with an enumeration of virtues and accomplishments too long for insertion here.

jectionable, and his unbounded attachment to me awakened my sincerest gratitude, with an earnest desire so to fulfil my duties as a Wife, as might most effectually promote his real welfare and happiness. My Brother, who wished to unite me to a friend of his own, (and who disliked the profession for which Mr. Merivale was destined, a Dissenting Minister,) was the only one of my friends who made any objection to our union ; and though I endured a good deal of persecution from him on this account during the three years that preceded my Marriage, yet being fully persuaded that my attachment was formed on the best and purest principles, neither his threats nor his persuasions could for a moment induce me to waver in my purpose.

I had indeed for some time been in a situation so unfavorable either to intellectual or moral improvement, that I formed delightful hopes of happiness from the prospect of entering into a new state, in which minds so congenial as I flattered myself mine and your Father's were, might mutually assist each other in the pursuit of knowledge and virtue ; and this prospect was brightened by the idea that I should also regain a Father as excellent and perhaps as affectionate as him whose loss I had never ceased to lament, in whose society my enjoyments would be heightened, and whose precepts and example would animate me in the path I so earnestly wished to pursue. Nor was this hope unfounded, for your Grandfather was eminently learned and pious, with great gentleness of manners and benevolence of heart, which was strikingly expressed in a countenance as intelligent and benignant as I have ever beheld. I was happy in perceiving that the choice his Son had made met his entire approbation, and that every interview attached him to me still more strongly. He had some years before

lost an amiable and only daughter, and in me, (he kindly said,) he foresaw the revival of his former comforts ; while my heart expanded with the hope of being able to promote the happiness of his declining years.

This hope, so fondly cherished, was however taken from me almost as soon as it was entertained ; for our plans were scarcely arranged, and I had but just learned to look up to him as a kind Friend and indulgent Parent, when he was taken ill, and a few days of suffering terminated his valuable life. He had hoped, he said, to have been a witness and partaker of our happiness in the projected union ; but since that was not permitted, he felt comfort in the thought that this happiness would be certainly ours, and that he had succeeded in removing the only obstacle to it which he could foresee, and which might, he thought, have arisen from his Brother-in-law, Mr. Shellaber's, refusing his consent ; and as his Son was heir to a considerable inheritance depending on this Uncle, whose disposition was not a little capricious and untractable, it was no small satisfaction to this kind Father to receive, on the very day preceding his death, a letter from him containing his unequivocal approbation of, and entire consent to our marriage, as soon as his Nephew should have completed the course of study which was to fit him for the Ministry.

The death of this excellent Parent could not but be deeply felt by a Son so dutiful and affectionate as your Father, and I most cordially participated in his affliction. This sympathy in distress if possible increased our attachment, and I now considered myself as bound to him by a new and sacred engagement—that of fulfilling the hope and expectation which had smoothed the passage of our late invaluable Friend to a better world. Often, when

wearied by the taunting raillery of my Brother, did this recollection reanimate me; and though I was but little more than seventeen years of age at this period, and your Father was absent, being, (by the positive order of his Uncle, who was also his Guardian,) sent to London to pursue his studies till he should attain the age of twenty-one, my resolution remained as firm and unshaken during the intermediate years as that of any boasted heroine of romance.

Soon after your Father became of age he prevailed on me to fulfil my engagement, and we were married on the 4th Nov., 1773, notwithstanding the difficulties opposed by Mr. Shellaber, who withheld his consent till Mr. Merivale had agreed that his marriage should not interfere with the completion of his theological studies; and we accordingly set off immediately for London, where we remained several months, till the object for which his Uncle was so urgent was attained; but feeling at the same time a disinclination to enter on the ministry, he asserted his right to a freedom of choice in a matter of so much importance to himself, which was opposed with much warmth and pertinacity by Mr. Shellaber, who was never known voluntarily to give up a point he had once resolved on. \*

The little jarrings consequent on this disagreement, were for the first three years almost the only drawback on our domestic comforts, which were otherwise as pure and unmixed as any perhaps which human life is capable of afford-

\* John Merivale took his bride to a lodging in London, No. 1, Fleet Bridge—"an airy, healthy situation, close to Blackfriars Bridge," as she describes it. She writes, Dec. 24, 1773:—"I have been out several mornings for the benefit of the air; at first in a Coach, (of which we have a stand just before our door,) by which means I had an opportunity of seeing something of the environs of London, which are indeed most beautiful. I discovered many sweet walks not above a mile or two from our lodging . . . We took a turn in the Park, and to my great satisfaction had the good luck to see the King carried in a chair from the Queen's House to St. James's."

ing. An union formed on the sincerest affection and esteem—an earnest desire to promote each other's happiness—a fortune equal to all our moderate wants—a small, convenient house and garden in a most delightful situation, just at such a distance from Exeter as prevented the too frequent intrusion of idle visitors, and enabled us to devote our time to the care of our two fine little girls, to the society of a few friends, and to such pursuits as were sanctioned alike by Reason and Religion—these were all ours. \* But a state so entirely congenial to our wishes, so satisfactory to our minds, could not perhaps, considering the common vicissitudes of life, be expected to prove of long duration ; and we were doomed to experience our full share of the changes which time and chance bring in their train—to see our horizon sometimes brightened by sunshine, at others dark with clouds, and not unfrequently to feel the storm bursting over our heads without hope of refuge but in Him who can alike bid the winds be still and restore peace to the afflicted human heart.

My youngest Sister and Cousin had left school some time previous to my marriage, and had formed a pleasant addition to our family party at home. The former was at this time a very fine young woman, who joined to her personal attractions many very amiable qualities of mind. She had the good fortune to attract the regards of a very sensible and very worthy man, the only son of the learned

\* This house, called Mount Pleasant, (in which John-Herman Merivale was afterwards born,) was situated on the Topsham Road, about a mile from Exeter, near the spot called Parker's Well. My grandmother thus describes it to her friend Miss Bradford :—" It appears very small from the road, and I should not be at all surprised at its having escaped your notice. 'Tis a little beyond the turnpike gate on the opposite side . . . I have the pleasure of a good garden, and consequently am much delighted with it. We are at present making hay in the little field behind our house, and I am soon to have a cow and superintend my dairy."



and respectable Archdeacon Hole, from whom he afterwards inherited a fortune, which, when added to that which she possessed, and to the income arising from his two livings of Farringdon and Inwardleigh, placed them in an easy and affluent situation. This marriage took place in October 1776, and they were scarcely settled in their temporary residence at Exmouth, receiving the joyful congratulations of their Relations, and the hearty good wishes of their Friends, when the scene was changed, and our joy was turned into mourning and mortification, by an event as unexpected as it was afflictive.

My Brother John, whose health was much impaired by the unfortunate habits he had acquired, had given up business, and had gone to London to meet George, whom he had not seen for some time, and who was then there on military duty; and immediately after Mrs. Hole's marriage my Cousin had taken up her residence entirely with my Grandmother, and to her was addressed the letter, written by my Sister Elizabeth, which was now to awaken in us feelings the most painful and oppressive. A short incoherent note requesting our attendance brought both your Father and me to my Grandmother's with all possible speed, where we found the good old Lady just recovering from a fit occasioned by the afflicting intelligence, which she was utterly unable to explain to us. The task was rendered nearly as difficult to my Cousin from the extreme agitation and distress of mind under which she evidently labored.

The letter was at length laid before us, but it was some time before I could trust the evidence of my senses, or believe it really possible that my Sister should have left her Family and Friends for ever, unless they could forgive the marriage she had made with a strolling Player, and consent

to receive him as her Husband. He, though happily not a dissolute character, was illiterate, thoughtless and extravagant, and she soon found the income of her fortune insufficient for his expenses. Alarmed at the prospect before her, and dissatisfied with her present situation, she felt a bitter but unavailing regret which poisoned every enjoyment within her reach ; and after dragging out ten years of an existence rendered thus unhappy by one fatal error, she died in the year 1787, at the age of 39, fortunately without leaving any children to the care of a Husband who was so incapable of conducting himself.

At the time of her marriage my Brother John was, as I have before mentioned, so ill in London that his life was despaired of ; but as soon as his disorder, (the consequence of habitual excesses,) had so far passed off as to enable him to travel, your Father joined me in requesting him to come to our house. He had before given up his own, with his share of the Business, to Mr. Mandrot, and had as yet fixed on no plan for future conduct, no place for future residence. Early then in the year 1777 he was brought to us from London by easy stages, being still extremely weak and his spirits as much lowered as his strength. From this melancholy state, however, he gradually recovered ; complete tranquillity, the best medical advice, pure air, regularity, and our unwearied attentions, at length produced the effect we so earnestly desired. By degrees as his strength returned his mind became more tranquil, and while your Father's truly kind and friendly attentions to him excited his gratitude and esteem, he seemed amused and soothed by the sportive enjoyments and caresses of our little girls ; our calm and rational pleasures seemed to touch his heart, and I flattered myself that, having once

broken through his pernicious habits, he would awake to a new sense of existence in the comforts of domestic life.

In this hope however I was most painfully disappointed. As soon as he had recovered strength enough to be able to walk from our house to the town without assistance, we one morning found him missing, and notwithstanding all our anxious enquiries, could not for many hours learn where he was gone. At length we were informed he had ordered a post-chaise and had set out for Exmouth. From this time he gave himself up without restraint to his fatal propensity, and towards the close of this year 1777, he sunk, in his twenty-eighth year, a self-devoted victim, to the grave.

This sad event, and the preliminary steps which led to it, (added to the shock my Sister's marriage had given me,) depressed my spirits and affected my health ; but the birth of a Son, (whom we named John Walter,) in March 1778, by giving a new turn to my thoughts, assisted the efforts of Reason, and I felt myself once more happy in the enjoyment of domestic peace and tranquillity.

But this proved a mere gleam of sunshine preceding a storm, a breathing time to prepare me for fresh struggles. In the month of June my little Boy was taken ill in a disorder which ended in the Croup, and for the first time I felt what it is to lose a Child. It is true this was only three months old, but I suckled it, and with a Mother's fondness watched its daily improvements. I endeavored however with humble submission to resign my will to that of the Almighty, and in redoubled attention to the dear Children that were left to me, to suppress the painful sense of what I had lost ; but I had scarcely recovered from this misfortune, before I experienced another and a greater, which for a time sunk very deep into my heart.

In the month of September following we were invited to join a party of friends in a little excursion of pleasure which was to last two or three days. I felt a reluctance to leave home for which I could not account, and which would have led me to decline the proposal, but as I could offer no good reason for doing so, I at length consented, and left my two dear little girls quite well, to the care of servants whom we thought worthy of the trust. The eldest, who was at this time near four years old, was remarkably intelligent for her age, and it was a most pleasing task both to your Father and myself to watch the progress of her mind, and to improve it as far as we could with the best and most useful knowledge. My little Jane was just two years and a quarter old, and one of the sweetest children both in person and disposition that I have ever beheld. She was just able to speak, and her engaging efforts to express the affectionate and kind purposes of her little mind were beyond measure delightful to me.

I left them with a heavy heart, and derived no enjoyment from my journey, or from the beautiful scenes it presented to my view; a Presentiment of some uncertain evil continually haunted me, and I rejoiced when, at the end of three days, I again found myself at the gate of our own house. The children were already asleep and I would not have them disturbed, though the youngest I was told had a slight cold and hoarseness; but with the impatience of a fond Mother I rose early the next morning to look in upon them, and was sorry to find my dear little Jane still indisposed in her cold; but it appeared trifling and she was delighted to see us. Flinging her little arms around me, she clung to my bosom and began her usual lively and engaging prattle; but it had lost its usual power of entertain-

ing me, as I perceived the hoarseness rapidly increasing, and soon found it accompanied with the peculiar sound which always attends the disorder I so much dreaded, the croup. We sent immediately for the first medical assistance, but all human help was vain—(this fatal disease was at that time new to this part of the country, and its nature and remedy equally unknown to our ablest practitioners)—and in less than forty-eight hours my little angel was translated to a state more suited to her innocence and purity; but she left her Parents involved in deep affliction, such as required all the efforts of Reason and Religion, and those assisted by the softening power of Time, to subdue.

We had now only one Child, and though her uncommon understanding and premature abilities were a source of astonishment and pleasure to me, yet the delicate frame of her body, which seemed hardly strong enough to contain the energies of her mind, kept me in continual apprehension and anxiety. She had a strictness of moral principle which at so early an age is very uncommon, a most affectionate disposition and so ardent a wish to obtain our approbation that she was indefatigable in her endeavors to acquire knowledge and to improve in every good and amiable quality either of heart or mind. Let not this account be supposed to flow from the partiality of a fond Parent. She was beloved and admired by all that knew her, and the sweetness of her disposition and the prematurity of her genius were the frequent theme of conversation among those who had opportunities of observing them.

To this dear Child I now almost entirely devoted myself; to watch and attend her in sickness and in health, and to cultivate the powers of her mind formed my constant and assiduous employment, in which your Father most gladly

assisted me ; and we were once more beginning to enjoy ourselves in domestic comfort, when in the spring of the next year, (April 1779,) our tranquillity was again disturbed by the death of Mr. Shellaber, who had about a fortnight before taken a journey to London entirely unattended, and without giving us any notice of his intention. We afterwards found that he had had a paralytic seizure at the Inn where the coach put up, and being incapable of expressing himself, no one knew who he was nor to whom he belonged. The People of the Inn were however careful and attentive, and he soon recovered his recollection sufficiently to write an incoherent note to a friend, who on the receipt of it went to him immediately, and being alarmed at his appearance, prevailed on him to accompany him to his house, where he thought he might be better accommodated and attended than in an Inn. This was no sooner agreed to than a coach was called to convey them thither, and in entering into it, he sunk down and expired without a groan.

We were a good deal shocked at this intelligence, for though we had suffered much occasional vexation from the strange perverseness of his disposition, yet I believe he had a sincere regard for us, and we could not but lament the peculiar circumstances by which, in his last illness and death, he was left so entirely to the doubtful care and kindness of Strangers.

Your Father immediately set out for London, to order and attend his Funeral, and returned after having fulfilled this last Duty, not without finding his health injured by the shock and subsequent exertion he had gone through. His nerves were considerably affected by it, but he endeavored to shake off the complaint by applying to the business in which this event necessarily involved him ; for as Mr.

Shellaber died without a Will, your Father, as Heir-at-law, inherited his property ; and for two or three months we were busily employed at his house in Bideford, and at Annery, (a beautiful Estate which he possessed on the banks of the Torridge,) in arranging his papers, which were left in extreme confusion, and in settling accounts which had been carried on without examination for more than twenty years, and which left us exposed to much uncertainty and imposition.

Having put our affairs in that neighbourhood in the best order we could, we returned to our pleasant little residence near Exeter, where you, my dear John, were born on the fifth of August following, (1779;) but my joy at your birth was embittered by a long and distressing indisposition of your Father, who then endured the first attack of that peculiar disorder which has since attended him at frequent intervals to the present hour, and which has so often excited our anxious and painful commiseration. It is a state of torpor and apathy, benumbing alike all the faculties, both of mind and body, and depressing the spirits to the most distressing degree, though without producing any alienation of Reason. It is impossible to describe my feelings under this new and severe affliction, or to express how painful it is to exert every effort which the most affectionate sympathy can suggest, without being able to communicate either relief or comfort.

Towards the Winter I had the satisfaction to see him recover, but the delicate state of my dear little girl's health occasioned me much anxiety. In the Spring of the following year, 1780, she had a violent attack of rheumatism, which contracted one of her knees, and left a considerable degree of lameness, and on our return to Bideford, (where

we spent two or three months in the Summer,) she was so dangerously ill in a fever and sore throat that we scarcely expected her recovery. Yet this also she was enabled to shake off, and at the time of our leaving that place, she had regained her usual state of health and strength, and with them the same ardor for improvement and the same facility of acquiring it, for which she had before been so remarkable ; and these were accompanied with so sweetly affectionate a disposition, with so much true goodness of heart, that they were but secondary objects of our love and admiration. Conceive then, if you can, the anguish we felt, when in the following month of October, a cold and sore throat, (which at first appeared to be very slight,) were succeeded by the Croup, and in a few hours this beloved Child, more dear to our hearts than any other earthly blessing, much more dear than I can find words to express, was taken from us, and we were left in a state nearly bordering on Despair.

Yet I bless God that even in this trying hour, religious Trust and Confidence did not forsake me ; and though I felt all the severity of this dreadful stroke, I bowed submissive to the will of Heaven, and gratefully acknowledged the support which was granted to me in the truly affectionate and kind attentions of your Father, who, though a fellow-sufferer, (and feeling perhaps, not less acutely than I did,) possessed greater firmness of mind, and displayed, both during the course and at the fatal termination of her illness, such a command of himself and such readiness and ability in discerning and pursuing every measure that was proper to be taken, as reconciled me a little to my own conduct, when I found myself now and then obliged to leave her room, either from agitation which I wished to



conceal, or timidity which made me think it impossible to stand by and see her die. But how often have I since reproached myself for giving way to any feeling which at such a time could separate me from her even for a moment ! How often have I since considered it as a weakness for which I could not have forgiven myself, had not your Father's fortitude, which was greater than mine, enabled him on this trying occasion to perform my duty as well as his own !

And now let me, for a little while, indulge the Recollections which crowd upon me, and which, though sad, are yet soothing and gratifying to my heart ! In imagination I again behold this dear Child such as she was, when at four years of age, kneeling as she was accustomed, to repeat her prayers to me, I found her hesitating, and in a moment saw the color start to her cheek, and her eyes fill with tears, while she hid her little head in my lap, and on my enquiring the reason for her confusion, heard her say "Mama ! I was speaking to God Almighty, and had forgot that I was speaking to Him ; oh, if He were to forget me, what would become of me !" At another time, with the same sweet countenance beaming with animation while tears of joy trickled down her cheek, she cried "Oh Mama, how delightful it is to be good ! I feel the pleasure of it at this moment." And once, when being unwell, a momentary sensation of ill-humor had made her speak a little harshly to her nursery maid, the sudden recollection of her fault covered her with confusion, and, bursting into tears, it was some time before I could pacify her. "I have been very angry, Mama," said she "and you have told me that bad passions when indulged become bad habits. What misery if I should grow up to be wicked !"

Her affectionate disposition was constantly displayed in the kindest attentions to her little Brother, and in the tenderness with which she endeavored to soothe and soften every kind of affliction which she witnessed. If she saw her Father or me at all indisposed, or uneasy, she would cling to us, clasping her little arms round us, and say, "I love you, what can I do for you? Oh, let me comfort you!" And while we were at Bideford the Summer before her death, when she was about five years and a half old, your Father and I having spent a day at Annery, and intending to return to the children in the evening, we were benighted, and obliged by the badness of the roads to stay at a farmhouse till the morning, I was not a little affected when we reached home, to see my dear little girl extremely agitated and alarmed at our absence, and to hear her express it in the most moving terms. "Oh Mama! I thought you had forsaken me—better for me that I had never been born!" And in her last illness, when the Physician had pronounced her irrecoverable and I knew that a very few hours must terminate her Existence, when I struggled, sometimes in vain, to hide the anguish of my feelings, with her accustomed benignant smile, she endeavored to comfort me. "Do not vex yourself on my account, dearest Mama! I am not half so ill as when I had the sore throat at Bideford. Indeed I shall soon be well again." At that time the paleness of Death had already overspread her countenance, and I could only clasp her to my bosom, and with a silent but fervent prayer commend her to the protection and favor of the Almighty in that happier state of being to which she was hastening. \*

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\* A hiatus here occurs in the M.S. from which this is copied. In the in-

In October 1783, by the birth of another fine Girl I had the comfort of finding myself again the Mother of a promising little Family, the same in number, in sex and in name with those I had lost, and I considered this blessing as a powerful counter-balance to the evils I had still to deplore in the very fluctuating state of my dear Husband's health and spirits. But in October 1785, just as this dear Child had completed her second year, the disorder which had so repeatedly proved fatal to my hopes again made its appearance, and in less than forty-eight hours she also was taken from me, and my sorrows, which time had scarcely assuaged, were again most painfully renewed.

I have omitted to mention, that when I was in the neighborhood of London in the year 1781, being separated from my dear John, then my only Child, and feeling extremely anxious for his safety, I had written to Dr. Cullen at Edinburgh for his advice on the treatment of this dreaded disorder, having been informed that it was more commonly known in Scotland and that he had adopted a method of cure which was frequently attended with success. In return he writ me two very kind letters which will be found among my papers, fully explaining the nature of his Practice, with his method both of cure and of prevention, though he candidly owned that, though sometimes successful, they were also frequently inefficacious. I immediately adopted the method of prevention, as I also did those for the cure of the disease as soon as it again made its appearance on this little girl; but all was alike unavailing, and with inexpressible anguish I saw her sinking under its violence when we were informed that Norris's fever-drops had been tried

terval, (January 1782,) was born Ann-Wilhelmina, the eldest of my grandmother's two daughters who lived to grow up.

with success in this complaint. A bottle was immediately procured, and I thought it appeared for a while to check the progress of the disorder ; but the remedy was applied too late—a few hours terminated her sufferings and left me again an afflicted Mother, full of anxiety for the fate of my surviving Children, and trembling with apprehension at the appearance of every common cold, lest it should bring with it the symptoms I had so much reason to dread.

In July 1786 my dear Fanny was born, and in October 1787 my fears were again realized—the fatal symptoms recurred, and I considered her also as lost ; but by administering the drops and emetics alternately, the former producing profuse perspiration, and the latter clearing off the loads of phlegm which accumulate rapidly in this disorder, I had the delight of perceiving towards evening that the complaint remitted. On a short cessation of the remedies it again returned, but fresh doses of the drops aided by the emetics once more relieved her, and by the morning the disorder had wholly left her.

No one, except perhaps a criminal reprieved from immediate death, can form an adequate judgement of my transport, of my gratitude at beholding this dear Child again restored to me ! How gratefully do I at this moment acknowledge the blessing then conferred on me, and that the Children reared by me with so much difficulty at the expense of so many hours of bitter anxiety, have indeed amply rewarded me for every care by their truly filial attentions and exemplary conduct in every other relation of Life.

In the year 1792 my Grandmother concluded a long and useful life with a death of all others the most desirable. She had just completed her ninety-second year, and had

for some time been in a state of gradual decay, but cheerful, kindly interested in the concerns of all the numerous branches of her Family, and diffusing her Charities as largely as her circumstances would allow among all the distressed and afflicted Poor in her neighborhood. The latter years of her life had been smoothed and cheered by the dutiful and affectionate attentions of my Cousin Moor, who constantly lived with her and was in every respect the support and comfort of her old age. Her Brother, who had been brought up in Mr. Mandrot's counting-house, had married first a Miss Pearse, by whom he had no children, and secondly Miss Abbott, the niece of our kind friend Mr. White, by whom he had a family at the time of my Grandmother's death; and consequently the care and attention due to this venerable Parent more exclusively devolved on his Sister.

Two days before the event took place I called as usual at her house, and found her in the parlor, weak indeed, but with no appearance of speedy dissolution. She talked first on indifferent subjects, and then of her approaching Change, which she said she was well aware would soon take place, and that in contemplating it one consideration alone gave her uneasiness, (i.e.) the want of being properly sensible of its awfulness and importance. "I feel no dread, no alarm; Death seems to me only a rest from toil and fatigue; but is this a right state of mind when the Soul is on the eve of so solemn an event?" My answer expressed my own strong conviction that this inward Peace, this calm and steady expectation of a change so awful could only be the result, as it was also in some measure the reward, of a well-spent and useful Life. She then gave me some directions for her Funeral, desiring me to be careful

that no coffin should be displaced to make room for hers, and informing me where she would have her body laid, if her family vault should be found full.

The next day she appeared still weaker, but quite calm and composed; and on the following morning when I called on her, I found her in bed, but so attentive even then to the concerns of others, that she reminded me of the wants of a poor woman to whom I had promised to send an article of clothing, and though too much exhausted to speak much, seemed still occupied in devising means to promote the comforts of those around her. In a few hours it was evident her end was fast approaching, and while my Sister, (Mrs. Hole,) my Cousin and myself were sitting round her bed in silent and awful expectation of the event, I never shall forget the calm serenity with which she resigned her Soul to God, appearing rather to watch the progress of dissolution than to dread its approach. The last words she uttered, after an interval of solemn silence, were to observe that life was ebbing fast. "All will soon be over," said she, "my hands are dead already." And then, closing her eyes and yielding to the stroke of Death, a few moments released her spirit from confinement, and sent it with renewed life and vigour to the enjoyments prepared in a better world for the "faithful servants of our Lord."

Though the early part of her own life was past in rather straitened and difficult circumstances, from which she had raised herself by active and virtuous Industry, she was descended from an ancient, and in some of its branches, noble family, being able to trace her ancestry up to William de Vernon, (who probably came from Normandy,) in the reign of Henry I. Sir Richard Vernon, one of the Dramatis

Personæ in Shakespeare's Play of "Henry IV," was the seventh in descent from him; and from Sir Richard's Grandson, William de Vernon of Haddon in Derbyshire, who was Constable of Normandy in the reign of Henry VI, were derived various branches of the Family, of which the eldest, terminating in Dorothea, sole heiress of George Vernon of Haddon, who married John Manners, second Son of the Earl of Rutland, gave birth to the present Dukes of that name. The Lord Vernons of Sudbury in Suffolk are descended from another branch, and a third became proprietors of the Manor of Hertingfordbury in Hertfordshire, which continued in their possession for many generations; and from this line my Grandmother derived her descent.

I have often heard her talk of her Grandfather as a man of extensive property, who was married to a Lady highly accomplished and amiable, (her name Fitzherbert,) but who by imprudent conduct in lending large sums of money without proper security, during the Civil Wars of the Stuarts, embarrassed himself and left his younger children to make their way in life as well as they could with little or no paternal Inheritance. The eldest Son, I believe, succeeded to the Estate of Hertingfordbury, as I understand it is still in possession of a Family bearing the name of Vernon; but no intercourse, (for reasons I am unacquainted with,) was ever kept up with it. The second Son went to Maryland, and married the Widow of a rich Planter. The third, (my Grandmother's Father,) being bred to the practice of Medicine, was a Surgeon to the Regiment of which his Uncle was Colonel, and when quartered in the West of England, married a young woman of low birth and no fortune, by whom he had one Son and one Daughter, who

were left very young and unprovided for when he was killed at the Siege of Vigo. His poor Widow had many difficulties to struggle with, but her late Husband's only Sister, who was then a Maid of Honor to Queen Anne, sent for my Grandmother, who was at that time quite a child, with intention to bring her up and provide for her.\* She just remembered her Aunt's appearance, and the elegance and splendour with which she was surrounded; but her stay in London was very short, for her Mother, who accompanied her, could not be prevailed on to leave her, partly from fear of the small pox, and partly from disgust at the haughty treatment she experienced. Miss Vernon was perhaps not displeased at being thus furnished with an excuse for abandoning all further solicitude about the poor Widow and her almost destitute Children, and from that time gave them up entirely to their fate.

The Uncle, who had made his fortune in Maryland, having lost his Wife and being without Children, came to England and writ to his Sister-in-law informing her of his intention to pay her a visit, and if, on being better acquainted with her and her Children, he found them deserving of the good opinion he had been led to form of them, it was his determination to take up his abode with them and adopt her Son and Daughter as his Heirs. In pursuance of this plan, he had arranged matters for his journey to Ottery, where Mrs. Vernon resided, and had fixed on the day for setting out, when he was suddenly taken ill, and by his death disappointed all her high-raised expectations. Who inherited his wealth I know not, but I believe none of it ever came to my Grandmother or her

\* This Miss Anne Vernon seems to have been Aunt, not Sister, to John Vernon who died at Vigo. I am informed by Mr. A. Milford that a very curious enamelled clock in the possession of some of the Folke family, descendants of Mr. Samuel Milford & Miss Moor, has a label attached to it stating that it was inherited from Miss Vernon, a maid of honor to Queen Caroline, wife of George 2.



Brother ; for early in life he was set up in business as a Shop-keeper in Honiton, and she married Mr. John Moor, who was a Tucker and Fuller in Exeter, partly in the employment of Mr. Baring, and partly engaged in business on his own account ; in the conduct of which my Grandmother displayed great abilities, with an uncommon degree of persevering industry, by which she essentially improved her Husband's fortune, and not only educated and provided handsomely for her own Family, but in a great measure maintained that of her Brother also, who without being addicted to any particular vice had from mere idleness and inattention become a bankrupt when she was yet a young woman. As she was born in the year 1700, I suppose his failure must have taken place between 90 and 100 years ago, since which time his six Children with their Descendants to the fourth generation have, with a very few exceptions, inherited the same careless, thoughtless disposition, spending as fast as they get, passing half their time in abject poverty, and rendering ineffectual every effort to improve their situation.

Mr. Mandrot survived my Grandmother just two years, and having been long a martyr to the Gout, his death mercifully released him from a most painful state of existence, though it deprived us of a very kind and steady Friend. He was a man of strict integrity and great goodness of heart, concealed under a very rough exterior ; and though extremely pertinacious in his opinions and singular in his manners, yet as his love of disputation was unaccompanied by ill-nature, and his singularities of manner were perfectly inoffensive, they were rather an amusement than annoyance to his friends ; nor did a long life spent in almost constant opposition to the opinions of others ever create

him an enemy. He left his fortune, (with the exception of small legacies to our family) to his Sister, who was married to a Gentleman in Switzerland, their native country, by whom she had a large family.

Mr. Hole died in May 1803, of a paralytic affection, supposed to have been brought on by extreme anxiety during a very dangerous illness of his two Daughters, who, with several Servants of the Family, narrowly escaped the fatal effects of a malignant spotted Fever. He was an indulgent Husband and kind Father, and beyond his domestic circle he was highly esteemed for his literary talents and social accomplishments, but above all for his uniform gentleness of manners and simplicity of character, which so admirably accorded with his religious profession. His loss was in every respect a very severe one to his Family, though he left them as to pecuniary circumstances very comfortably provided for.

The literary works published by your Uncle during his life-time were a poetical version of Macpherson's Fingal, a translation of Homer's Hymn to Ceres, also in verse, Prince Arthur, an epic Poem, Remarks on Sindbad's Travels in the Arabian Nights Entertainment, some detached pieces of Poetry published in a Collection of Poems by Gentlemen of Devon and Cornwall, and some prose Essays<sup>x</sup> and other minor Compositions which found their way into different miscellaneous Publications. Since his death, the surviving members of a Club to which he belonged have, at their own expense, published his Remarks on the Travels of Ulysses,<sup>x</sup> which he had some time before communicated to them at one of their meetings. \*

\* This was the "Society of Gentlemen in Exeter," which was started about the year 1790, and embraced most of the literary and scientific men ~~of that time~~<sup>x</sup> "An Essay on the Character of Ulysses as delineated by Homer," published in 1807.

Mr. Hole died in 1838.

In the month of March 1807 my last surviving Brother, Herman, whose health had for several months been declining, died, after a short but severe attack, at his house in Lansdown Crescent, Bath, where he had resided for some years. He had acquired a considerable fortune during his Consulship in Spain, and had many admirable qualities both of heart and understanding; but his comfort was impaired and his respectability lessened by the cloud which his early indiscretion had thrown over him. In the wild thoughtlessness of Youth, led astray by passions which he had never attempted to controul, he had taken with him to Messina a young woman of low extraction, whose beauty had attracted him, and whose virtue could not withstand the allurements he had set before her. With her he lived some years, and having a Daughter by her with a prospect of other children, the consideration of their welfare and of their Mother's continued good behaviour and strong attachment to him during the whole of their connection, determined him at length to do what he considered but as an act of Justice; and though in marrying her his conduct was certainly right in principle, and therefore not condemned by any of his Family, it introduced to us a character we could none of us cordially esteem.

Their Daughter, whose delicate state of health had never allowed them to send her from them for the advantages of

of the neighbourhood. Isaac Disraeli, the author of *Curiosities of Literature, &c.*, was introduced to it when residing in Exeter for his health, about the year 1795. See the Life prefixed to his Works, in the edition published in 1859, by his son. "A combination of circumstances" Lord Beaconsfield writes "had made at this time Exeter a literary metropolis . . . The heroic poems of Hölne are forgotten, but his Essay on the Arabian Nights is still a cherished volume of elegant and learned criticism. . . . It was said, and I believe truly, that the two principal, if not sole, organs of periodical criticism at that time, the 'Critical Review' and the 'Monthly Review,' were principally supported by Exeter contributions."

education, was married about the year 1799 to Mr. Frank Nicholls, in union with whom, having fallen into a deep decline, she dragged through two years of hopeless suffering, and having buried an infant of about three months old, she died soon after at Madeira, whither she went at her own request accompanied by her Mother and Husband. \*

I have now finished my portion of an undertaking which I hope will be carried on by my Children and their Descendants through many future Generations; being convinced that a Family History, written as much as possible without partiality or prejudice, may convey, not merely amusement for a few leisure hours, but much valuable information and instruction.

Among the lesser advantages to be derived from it, it is obvious that Genealogy will be exactly ascertained, and, (if the account be given at all in detail,) the Manners of the Times, the influence of Education and surrounding circumstances on the mind, and the amelioration of the human Character, which I trust is certainly though slowly taking place, may be more distinctly delineated and displayed than by any other means. The History of virtuous Ancestors may also prove a powerful incentive to Virtue in their Posterity; while the Miseries which are clearly shewn to have been the consequence of Error or Misconduct, may serve as a Beacon to warn future Navigators on the sea of Life from venturing on the same

\* Mr. Nicholls was grandson of Dr. Frank Nicholls, physician to George III, and friend of Dr. Johnson: his mother was a daughter of Bishop Gibson.

There is a monument to Mr. Katencamp, in the Abbey Church, Bath, erected by his widow, with an inscription containing a most pompous and exaggerated account of his virtues. At his death he left £1300 to my father, and the rest, for her life, to his widow, to revert to my father on her death, which took place in 1820.

*A of his fortune*

shore and making a like shipwreck of their Peace.

But above all these, I conceive that, by tracing real events through a long series of years as they have affected the various branches of single Families, "the Ways of God to Man" will be more ably and satisfactorily vindicated. Effects may be more clearly traced back to their causes, this World will more evidently appear to be a state of Trial only, where much of human misery will be found to be the natural consequence of Vice, and the commencement of that judicial punishment which will finally be completed on every hardened and incorrigible Offender, but which in this Life is most mercifully intended to awaken reflection and to produce, (before it be too late,) repentance and amendment of conduct. In this dispensation of His Providence God is truly the kind Father who wounds but to heal, who chastens His erring Children for their future unspeakable and inconceivable advantage. The remaining portion of Evil to which Mankind in this present state of being is liable, results either from physical causes, the unfavorable influence of the elements on the globe which we inhabit, the sickness and decay of our bodily frame, or the disappointment of our favorite hopes and projects, and those sorrows to which the most virtuous are the most liable, since they arise from a too tender sensibility to the errors and misfortunes of those that are dear to them. All these afflictions will be found, on a nearer attention to the effects they produce, to have been also most wisely and kindly intended to call forth and improve those virtues which in the usual state of ease and prosperity lie dormant and inefficient. Patience, Fortitude, religious Faith, and devout Submission to the Divine Will are the blessed effects of those trials which we have not by our own Vices and

Follies brought on ourselves; and these, as they fit the Soul for higher enjoyments in a more permanent and happier state of Existence, are blessings incomparably outweighing the transient evils by which they were called forth into action. Let us then bless God even for the Evils of this life, and acknowledge His paternal Goodness at the very moment when we suffer most acutely under the stroke of His Rod!

I cannot conclude this little Work without a solemn and earnest prayer that the blessing of the Almighty may rest on my dear Children and their Descendants to the latest period of Time! But may you through all your Generations remember, that Prayer will be unavailing, and that the Divine Blessing cannot be expected, unless you obey the great command "to do Justice, to love Mercy and walk humbly with your God." Determine then, all and every one of you, that "whatever others do, you and yours will be found among the faithful Servants of the most High;" and extend the blessed effects of these principles beyond your own individual practice by "commanding your Children and Household after you that they keep the way of the Lord, to do Justice and Judgement!"

## CHAPTER III.

**THE MERIVALES IN EXETER.** Letters of John Merivale and his wife. Settlement at **BARTON PLACE.** Memoir by Louisa Ann Merivale. Education and College Life of John Herman Merivale. Call to the Bar. Marriage to Louisa Heath Drury. Families of Heath and Drury. 1781—1805.

A few details may here be added of the years which my grandmother has passed over cursorily. In 1781, after recovering from a severe illness, Mr. Merivale gave up the cottage on the Topsham Road, and took a house in the "Churchyard," as the Cathedral Close in Exeter was then called. \* Having inherited his uncle's property at and near Bideford, he was frequently detained at that town by business; and during his absences from home his correspondence with his wife was as regular as that of his own parents had been. Her letters, written in a very fine, delicate hand, are full of the minutest details of her daily life. From his, which are in a bold round hand, I take the following extract, characteristic of them both, and of the style of their early days.

\* This house, which stands on the north-east side of the Cathedral Close, next door eastward to what is now the Devon and Exeter Institution, is a part of the old Cathedral property. The entrance is by a stone archway, with a paved passage beyond; on the right hand of which is a very curious old hall, with a vaulted timber roof, supposed to have been a monastic refectory.

"Bideford, April 1, 1781. I cannot bear to be worse than my promise to my dear Nancy, and it always gives me the sincerest Pleasure when it is in my power to contribute to her Satisfaction. . . . We have just finished Tea drinking *en famille*, and I joyfully give up the Pleasure of a Country Walk in the finest Weather by far that I have experienced in the course of my Journey, for the more pleasing Discharge of Duty to the best and most beloved of Wives and Women. With the most grateful Love I acknowledge the receipt of your last Letter—which I esteem as *one* of the most precious of your literary Deposits—but I must entreat that you will still add to its Value by giving me, as fully as your Memory will enable you, the Particulars of the Conversation you mention with so much Satisfaction . . . I think 'tis much to be regretted that the most interesting, the most rational and elevated Conversation is generally suffered to be lost in Oblivion and Forgetfulness, in common with the most ordinary and frivolous—and I don't know but I may on future Occasions of this kind enjoin it on you, as a Task, to bid the more refined and elegant Intercourse of Soul 'live a little longer,' that so they may afford repeated delight when the traces of Memory would be otherwise obliterated. I look forward with pleasing anticipation to the 'Feasts of Reason and the Flow of Soul' which I think we may expect the enjoyment of from the Society of the little Circle of our improving friendships—and sometimes I feel a *generous glow* at the idea that I may in time be able to exert sufficient resolution to shake off the sluggish Indolence which so generally oppresses me, and that I shall not always live to no purpose."

My grandfather was fond of country life, and as horse exercise was recommended for his health, he would frequently ride out for an expedition of some days, attended by his man Nicholas; sometimes taking a longer tour with his great friend Mr. James White—or "Counsellor" White, as he is commonly called in the correspondence. This



gentleman was a barrister, who resided and practised in Exeter, and was a man of much taste and accomplishment. \* Through Mr. White, Mr. Merivale became acquainted with an artist of some note in the West of England at that time, Mr. Francis Towne. In the Summer of 1786 the three friends visited the Lake country together. My grandfather's letters to his wife express great delight in the scenery, which had not yet been rendered fashionable by Wordsworth's poetry. After his return home he built a little cottage in imitation of some he had seen on his travels, on a narrow terrace above the weir near Cowley Bridge, which still retains the name he gave it of Weir-Cliff. Here he used to take his children occasionally for a few days of country air.

In 1792 Mrs. Merivale, who rarely left home, where she devoted herself to the education of her children, took the two elder ones, John Herman and Nancy, to pay a visit to their uncle Herman Katencamp in London. His house was No. 28, Upper Gower Street, and she thus describes the locality in a letter to her husband.

"April 29, 1792. My Brother's house is very pleasantly situated near the end of the Street, which is open to the fields, and has consequently as few of the inconveniences of a crowded City as possible. After I had despatched my letter and dined Saturday, we took a walk in them and the neighbouring Streets and Squares, leaving the Children to rest after their fatigue, and returned to tea at 8 o'clock. We do not dine till 5, and I am not yet reconciled to

\* Mr. White's house was in a retired garden behind North Street, and he laid out some pretty grounds and plantations with ponds, arbours, &c., in the taste of the day, at Fordland, in the parish of Ide near Exeter. In his correspondence with my grandfather, frequent reference occurs to the assistance he received from Mr. Merivale in his landscape gardening.

this new mode of living, though I acknowledge the convenience of doing in this respect as others do."

In another letter she describes the sight she and the children witnessed in Westminster Hall, on one of the days of Warren Hastings's trial:—

"I had the satisfaction of hearing both Fox and Burke speak, and of judging something of their *manner*, though their *matter* was to me sufficiently uninteresting. Lord Stanhope spoke also, but I was particularly pleased and gratified by Lord Thurlow's speeches, which displayed so much clearness of perception and strength of argument that I only wished for an opportunity of hearing him again . . . On the whole we came home highly pleased with our morning's entertainment, though waiting from eleven till one for the entrance of the Peers was nearly as tiresome to me as it was to the Children."

"May 11. I entreat you not to be at all apprehensive of our entering too deeply in the career of Pleasure . . . We shall have been here but a fortnight tomorrow, and the Children have been but to one Play—I have been but twice, and to no other *evening* amusement till last Wednesday, when my Brother proposed taking us to Sadler's Wells with Mr. J. Milford, who dined with us . . . Nancy remained at home with her Cousin, but John, who went with us, was more delighted than I think I have ever seen him . . . Tippoo Saib, or the Siege of Bangalore, is the entertainment this season."

The Merivales occupied the house in the "Churchyard" from 1781 to 1797; and there were born Ann Wilhelmina, (Nancy,) in 1782; Jane, (who lived but two years,) in 1783; and Frances, (Fanny,) the youngest of the family, in 1786. Wishing himself for a country residence, and his wife being unwilling to settle in the North of Devon at so great a

distance from her many Exeter friends, my grandfather resolved at length to sell Annery and purchase an estate nearer Exeter.\* The property of Barton Place, consisting of about 140 acres, at a distance of two miles to the north of Exeter, on the road to Crediton, was selected. There was at the time no residence on the estate, except a small farm house near the river; this was pulled down, and the materials were partly used in the construction of the present house, which stands on a higher elevation, commanding the lovely view of the valleys of Exe and Creedy, not at that time disfigured by turnpike road or railway. The lawn in front sloped without interruption down to the brink of the cliff which overhung the stream. †

In the summer of 1797 my grandfather entered on his residence at Barton Place, with his wife and two daughters. He took great delight in laying out the place, and it was by him that the present woods, as well as the groves round the house, were chiefly planted. For several years he kept the land in his own hands, with the assistance of a bailiff named Wreford, who afterwards rented the farm, and whose son remained there as tenant till his death in 1879, and was held in high respect by the family.

From this point the family story will be carried on by a memoir written by my sister Louisa Anne Merivale in continuation of that of our grandmother. I have added to it a few facts omitted by her, as well as copious extracts

\* Annery was sold in 1796 to Mr. William Bickford Jackson. The little property at Weir-Cliff was sold soon afterwards.

† The place was sometimes called Cowley Barton, but Barton Place, the name by which it is mentioned in deeds *temp.* Q. Eliz., was that finally adopted. No record exists of the planning and building of the house. It was entrusted to a builder named Coffin, who had married a Merivale of Middleton Cheney, second cousin of my grandfather.

from letters, and later on from my father's journals.

Barton Place, June 1856.

[ Nearly fifty years have passed away since the foregoing L A M  
 memorials of her family and of her own career were compiled by my excellent grandmother, Ann Merivale. In attempting to contribute some share towards the fulfilment of her wish that the family history should be continued by her descendants, I feel that the most appropriate commencement of such an undertaking would be to give a slight sketch of my grandmother herself and of the concluding period of her life.

She was a woman of considerable powers of mind, which had been strengthened by reading and reflection. Her own memoir will have shown how early and how deeply her mind was imbued with religious feeling. This continued throughout life to be her guide, her support and her consolation in the serious difficulties and sorrows that fell to her lot. A more thoroughly pious, humble, earnest Christian woman never, I believe, existed; and yet her doctrinal opinions were such as are often supposed to be allied with something of presumptuous self-reliance and coldness of devotional feeling. She was a Unitarian.<sup>X</sup> How she became one, I am at some loss to infer, as the stock from which she descended both on her father's and mother's side seem to have been strict Calvinists. But Dissent was very common at that time in Exeter among the class of gentry, and I should rather imagine that her father, Mr. Katencamp, joined the Socinian body after he settled there. Her marriage with a Dissenting Minister's son would naturally strengthen the connexion, but from various circumstances I imagine it did not originate it. My grandmother's

delight was in serious reading and composition. She left behind her a M.S. volume on Scriptural subjects, which after her death was printed for private circulation among her friends as a characteristic memorial of her. The apprehension of pecuniary embarrassments to which she alludes in her memoir, had led her while at school to contemplate the probability of being reduced to support herself by her own exertions. Accordingly she applied herself when there with redoubled energy to her several branches of study, and acquired in particular a superior knowledge of the French language and of the higher branches of arithmetic. She learned at a later time to excel in flower painting, so much in fashion at the time. Her handwriting was remarkably neat and clear. I have heard that the late Mr. John Marriott, Sir Walter Scott's accomplished friend, who professed to judge of characters by caligraphy, gave once a very accurate sketch of the leading features of Mrs. Merivale's mind after examining a strip of paper cut lengthwise from one of her letters. I believe she possessed a knowledge also of Italian.

Her temper was gentle and even; her judgment of others mild and indulgent almost to excess. In her estimate of herself she was very humble; so much so that those around her who knew her superiority would rally her for her unreasonable diffidence. Her spirits were not buoyant, and it was frequently only by resolute exertion, based on religious principle, that she was enabled to rise above the trials of life, and maintain the chastened serenity of her deportment.

Her appearance was agreeable and prepossessing, and in her youth I believe she was decidedly pretty. Her figure indeed was defective. She was short, and had a

slight, almost imperceptible elevation of one shoulder. Her complexion was fair and florid. Her freshness of colour she retained to the last ; and the blood would mount to her cheeks with all the ingenuousness of youth when any emotion surprised her. I have a distinct recollection of her in her latter days—the kind and benevolent manner, somewhat shy to comparative strangers, with a slightly formal and old-fashioned “abond”—the neat white ruffle round her throat—her cap with sober ribbons, and the short curls of light artificial hair, (so generally worn by old ladies of that day,) descending from under it—her eyes somewhat screwed up from shortness of sight. Her kindness and attention to us little ones I shall never forget. We were frequently at Hampstead, (where she lived latterly,) two or three of us at a time under her care. She would attend to our lessons, amuse us with stories, make little dolls for us which she called “poppets,” and inform and instruct our minds with unwearied assiduity. In short my earliest recollections of the old red house on Windmill Hill were, as later recollections of it continued to be, among the happiest of my childhood.

When my grandmother wrote her memoir, in 1809, the regular inmates of Barton Place were herself and my grandfather, with their two daughters, Nancy and Fanny. My Father, John Herman Merivale, had then been married four years, and his young and constantly increasing family was a source of the greatest interest to his parents and sisters. Every summer he with his wife and children used to come down into Devonshire, and spend the “Long Vacation” of the Chancery lawyers, partly at Barton Place and partly at Cockwood, where my mother’s parents resided. The family correspondence, as time passed on, records many

interesting traits of the extraordinary precocity of my brother Herman, the sturdiness and originality of Charles, the playful and engaging qualities of the volatile Reginald, and the early thoughtfulness of Alexander. Nothing could exceed the care and affection bestowed by my aunts and grandparents on these boys, some of whom were occasionally left behind to spend months at Barton Place when their mother's state of health and the confined space of the house in London made their absence from home desirable.

It was outwardly a tranquil and unvaried life that was led by the family circle at Barton Place. My grandfather was the most kind-hearted and benevolent of men, rigidly simple in his habits, hating anything like show and pretence, constantly occupying himself when in health with the welfare of the poor around him. A small circle of friends in and near Exeter, and the frequent intercourse with Dr. and Mrs. Drury at Cockwood, were the chief sources of amusement beyond what the daily occupations of grounds or garden or works of charity afforded. \* Not

\* The names of some of these friends should be here recorded.

At Cowley house, on the opposite side of the valley, a house built a few years before that at Barton Place by Jackson, the well known organist of Exeter Cathedral and musical composer, lived his son, whose wife, a daughter of Mr. Baring of Mount Radford, was a valued friend of our family. One of her sisters was the beautiful Lady Northcote of Pynes, (grandmother of the present Baronet,) with whose family the Merivales were on neighbourly terms. The small old-fashioned house in the hamlet known as Cowley Cottage was for a few years occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Antony Gibbs, whose daughter Harriet, (afterwards Mrs. George Gibbs,) was my aunt Fanny's life-long friend. In a letter describing a hay-making day with this friend in 1804, my aunt mentions among the party "the beautiful little Anne Gibbs, with her brother William, a very good-natured boy." To him, so widely known and respected in later years as Mr. William Gibbs of Tyntesfield, the hamlet of Cowley owes the pretty little chapel of St. Antony, built by him in memory of his parents in 1868. Four years later the old friendship between the families was cemented by the marriage of his son Antony Gibbs to Janet Louisa Merivale. Another friendship which has been carried down to the present generation was with the family of Mr. Snow, who with his wife and three daughters, contemporaries of Nancy and Fanny Merivale,

only were the luxuries of railroads unknown in those days, and for many a year after, but even the convenience of hack flies and cabs was unfamiliar to the Exeter of the early part of this century. The roads too were very different from those to which we are accustomed. There was but one entrance into the city on the North side, that by St. David's Hill, which was not then, as it has since been, levelled to a great extent and bridged over by the iron arches of North Street. The hill with its unmitigated steep was there, and by that hill our ancestors used to trudge into Exeter for their week days' shopping or their Sunday Meeting—"George's meeting" in South Street—Church was of course not attended by a Unitarian family—unless on those rare occasions when they chose to have a carriage and pair of post horses out from the city. \* There was one intermediate resource indeed—the tedious sedan-chair. Mrs. Merivale would now and then return by this conveyance after a visiting or shopping expedition. Very rarely are these machines seen at the present day; but they were common fifty or even thirty years ago. Still more completely has another method of locomotion gone out of fashion of which country gentry at the beginning of this century used to avail themselves. A lady would mount on horseback and ride "double," as it was called, on a pillion, behind the gentleman, (or servant, as the case might be,) who held the bridle and managed the horse, keeping herself firm in her seat by grasping a leathern belt which

lived at Cleve near Exeter; whilst his eldest daughter, the wife of Captain, afterwards Admiral Bond, living at Starcross, had frequent intercourse with Dr. and Mrs. Drury at Cockwood, their elder children being playfellows with my brothers.

\* This was after they had from motives of economy given up the carriage which they had at one time kept.



was fastened round her companion's waist. In this way my grandfather used sometimes to trot leisurely down to Cockwood, with his daughter Fanny behind him.

Peaceful and uneventful, was the outward tenor of life at Barton Place; but it had its vivid alternations of joy and sorrow, of rest and anxiety; and these were mainly occasioned by the uncertain health of my grandfather, who, as the preceding memoir has stated, was subject to frequently recurring attacks of depression and lethargy, which would last for weeks, or even months. At such times his temper which when well was apt to be irritable and impetuous, was gentle and docile. The sound of his voice in the early morning calling to his daughters to rise was frequently the first notice to his family that the cloud had passed away.

When in good health, or when seeking to rouse himself by exertion, his favourite amusement consisted in solitary expeditions on horseback over the country. He delighted in variety of scenery, and in observing the characters and humours of men, with which this desultory way of travel brought him acquainted. He was personally very popular with the poorer classes, and could enter into their feelings with a true and genial sympathy which few possessed to a greater degree. His hatred of ostentation shewed itself in whimsical ways. Sometimes he would threaten his daughters with a serious intention of "descending into a lower walk of life;" of giving up his house at Barton Place to a son and building a humble cottage for himself and his wife and daughters on another part of the estate. His tall figure, large black bushy eyebrows and rough complexion were not set off by any advantages of dress. His habiliments were slovenly and his general

appearance uncouth ; but he was a thorough gentleman in feeling and demeanour. He was a sturdy conscientious Dissenter of the old school ; combining with his dissent an absolute horror of Radicalism and disloyalty, as some of the old " Church and State " Dissenters did in those days. When Mr. Timothy Kenrick, the Unitarian Minister at Exeter, preached a sermon after the death of Louis XVI<sup>x</sup> favourable to Jacobinism, Mr. Merivale indignantly withdrew for a time from his connexion with the meeting, and held a family conventicle in his own house. His piety and integrity were sincere and uncompromising. A most engaging part of his character was his love for little children. He delighted in opening the minds of his grandsons and sharing their amusements ; though his eager and fanciful plans for their education and management were frequently a source of some trouble to their parents.\*

My two aunts were both at this time unmarried, and lived at home. Nancy, the elder, had suffered all her life from delicate health. She was short in person, plain, and very slightly deformed. But she was gifted with considerable talents. Her liveliness and wit were the delight of

\* One of these grandsons, Charles Merivale, thus describes his dress from personal recollection. " Dark brown bobwig and pigtail, (I think,) ruddy brown coat, (cut away with standing collar,) and waistcoat with shirt frill, black smallclothes, and dark worsted stockings, and buckled shoes (indoors) ; hessian boots for walking and driving ; no stick, still less an umbrella ; hat low and rather broad brimmed. I still remember the very aged horse on which he used to ride, (circ. 1814,) and on which I was often taken uneasily *en croupe*, which bore originally the name of *Lightfoot*, afterwards changed to *Sprightly*, out of tenderness to the fame of the great Biblical commentator. In 1793 he was resident in Exeter, but I remember his quitting George's Meeting, for a season, much later—about the time of the Peace, I suppose ; when I was just old enough to be put up to read the 'Scripture' at the piano-forte in the breakfast room, where my grandfather read prayers with a sermon from Amory, Butcher, Clarke, and sometimes also from *Barrow*, to the assembled family, with window shutters half closed, which made a great impression on me. C. M."

<sup>x</sup> used expression in public worship in K  
year 1792

her friends. She wrote with ease in prose and verse. Her sister Fanny, younger by four years, loved her with the most devoted affection. Fanny was pretty, fresh coloured, and full of simplicity and ingenuousness. Her open heart, her quick and ardent feelings, her active unselfish benevolence, endeared her alike to rich and poor. She was less clever than her sister ; but she had a good sound understanding, and that vivid and instinctive sympathy which in some cases seems almost to supply the place of imagination. She was a constant visitor among the poor of her neighbourhood, and her ready invention was always at hand to supply a thousand devices for their comfort which hardly any one but herself would have thought of. This dear aunt I loved and valued in after life. I shall have frequent occasion to mention her again. She carried her virtues into another condition of life, and was as excellent in the relations of wife and mother as she had been in those of daughter and sister.

My father John Herman Merivale was older than either of his sisters. He received his first " schooling " from the Rev. Joseph Bretland, a Dissenting minister in Exeter, and at the age of thirteen was sent to Chudleigh to be educated by the Rev. Gilbert Burrington, Vicar of that place. He remained there two years only, and did not make much progress in classical lore ; but his passion for reading had very early developed itself, and was fostered and directed into useful channels by his mother, so that before he went to college at the age of seventeen he had acquired a considerable knowledge of English history, poetry, &c. He learned Italian too in the interval which he spent at home after leaving Chudleigh, and this pursuit and that of drawing, which he learned at the same time from Mr. Towne,

contributed more than almost anything else to determine the prevailing tastes of his after life.

St. John's College, Cambridge, was the place selected for the completion of his education, and in October 1796 he took up his residence there. Here he formed a most intimate friendship with Mr. Denman, afterwards Lord Denman and Lord Chief Justice of England.

Several other of his familiar associates attained subsequently considerable distinction in their different professions. Among them were Shadwell, (afterwards Vice Chancellor of England,) Tatham, (afterwards Master of St. John's,) Tennyson, (afterwards Dr. Tennyson, father of the poet,) Boteler, Walford, Remmett, and Harry and Ben Drury, the sons of Dr. Drury, Headmaster of Harrow. Mr. Pepys, afterwards Lord Chancellor Cottenham, who was at Trinity, was another but less intimate acquaintance. In the second year of his residence at Cambridge my father determined on relinquishing the study of mathematics, for which he had an insuperable aversion—a course in which he was kept in countenance by Mr. Denman. Henceforth he devoted himself to the classical courses, but still more perhaps to the desultory historical reading in which his chief delight consisted. He wrote some poetical pieces also from time to time; and an interchange of their performances of this kind, with many animated discussions on subjects of classical and general literature were carried on between himself and his friend Denman, whose ardent temperament, distinguished talents, and generous independent spirit excited the warmest attachment and admiration on the part of my father, an attachment and admiration which continued unabated to the end of his days.

My father's first letter to his mother is dated :—

] ALM

" Oct. 18th, 1796,

*From my own rooms, St. John's.*

Dear and honoured Madam,

Here I am at last, a *Johnian Hog*. (That is the name given to the inhabitants of St. John's. So those of Trinity are *Bulldogs* and of Kings, *Gentlemen*.) . . . This is an old College, large but *not very ornamental*. I am going to surprise you, and I daresay agreeably. I have 3 Rooms in the first Court ; the sitting room light, airy, as long tho' not so wide as our Parlour at home. It is neatly papered and painted, and contains 5 tables, 8 chairs, 2 sets of shelves, a Bureau, a carpet, 3 cupboards, and a very comfortable fireplace. My sleeping and dressing rooms are small but convenient, and look into the 2nd Court."

In his first examination at Christmas, Merivale came out first class with thirteen others, among whom were Denman, Shadwell, Tennyson, Tatham, and Horner, another familiar friend. \* He writes, March 10, 1797 :—

" A great part of the University have entered into a resolution to learn the Manual Exercise, that they may render themselves more useful should their assistance be ever required ; and as I thought the Institution seemed a very proper one at the present juncture, and that it could be no interruption to Study, one hour a day being the time we are required to attend, I have subscribed my name. † . . . I have now a Request to ask of you, which is occasioned by my finding myself nearly singular in cropping.

\* Mr. Smith, Tutor at St. John's, writes to Mr. Merivale, Dec. 22, 1796 : " It would be matter of much satisfaction to me, if I could write on this subject to every Parent in the same language which I can with great truth address to you. No one could have been more exemplary than [your Son] has been, in a strict attention to the Discipline and Studies of the Place since he has resided amongst us : and he has given very decisive proofs of this by distinguishing himself as much as any of his contemporaries in the subjects to which his attention has been directed."

† This scheme was however knocked on the head by the disapproval of the Vice Chancellor.

Most of those who did not wear powder last year, have by degrees let their tails grow, and powdered as soon as they were liable. But if you think me still too much of a Boy, or otherwise wish me to continue as I am, I will very contentedly resist the current of Mode."

"May 1st, 1797. I heard Mr. Simeon of King's preach at St. Mary's yesterday. He is said to be more than half a Methodist. He seems from his sermons to be very fond of fulminating his excommunications against sinners, and I cannot help thinking presumes rather too much 'to deal damnation round the land.' But his discourses are certainly very energetic and striking, and much superior to any of Heckford's or Brown's, or indeed of any I ever yet heard preach in Cambridge. In his censures he spares neither the University nor the People, the Heads of Colleges nor the Undergraduates, the Court nor the Country."

"Nov. 3rd, 1797. Had my hair cropped short again, finding it much more convenient here at College than to be always waiting for a Hairdresser when I wish to be otherwise employed.

"Dec. 25, 1797. I am very sorry that I must inform you of my being, though still in the first class, only sixth instead of third in rank in it. But this falling off only serves to inflame me with greater zeal to distinguish myself next summer, and tho' I feel the loss of my place very sensibly, yet the hopes of regaining it, (for more I almost despair of doing with such men as Tatham and Shadwell above me,) keeps up my spirits. . . . Tatham is now our first man, Shadwell second, 3rd Hamilton, 4th Denman and Tennyson, and Williams 5th; all of whom are above me, but who are all so clever that it is no disgrace to be below them, only I cannot forget that I was once above them."

"Feb. 12, 1798. Tomorrow I take a long walk with Denman to a cottage about five miles from Ely, in order to give the produce of the fines we have imposed on each other for the three last weeks for missing Chapel, to a poor family that lives there."

"Feb. 13. Today at twelve o'clock, after going through our usual Lectures, Denman and I set off on our walk, and were joined

in it by Lord Lovaine, who was a schoolfellow and intimate acquaintance of Denman's. Our route lay through the most miserable country that can be imagined. After going through Chesterton, which is a tolerable village for Cambridgeshire, and Milton, a wretched situation, where a Gentleman of large fortune has, to the wonder of everyone, built a large handsome house, with a barren Fen for its Lawn and some stunted trees for a Shrubbery, we got about the nine milestone to a Bridge over the Ouse which marks the entrance to the Isle of Ely. Here the Country assumes a different, tho' not a more alluring aspect, there being instead of the dry Fens round Cambridge, tracts of Country apparently some miles in extent at different places entirely covered with water. At a great distance, on rather a rising ground, Ely Cathedral a little diversified the otherwise uniform scene. About a mile and half beyond the Bridge stands the little Hut to which we were bound . . . We did not stay there five minutes, and without sitting down turned our faces homewards and got back to St. John's by half after five, which was pretty well, considering that our walk was upwards of twenty miles. We had very fine weather, which together with pleasant conversation made our little Expedition very agreeable. Within 2 or 3 miles of Cambridge we began to grow tired, and to beguile the way had recourse to the old school amusement of capping verses, in which Denman beat both Lord Lovaine and myself all to pieces. He seems to have a remarkably good memory, and I believe there are few things he meets with in Poetry, either Greek, Latin, English, Italian or French, if they please him, but what he makes a point of being able to repeat. I do not know how long my shallow Brain would be in acquiring and retaining so much, but I think it an excellent plan, and as far as I am able, will adopt it."

"Gower Street, April 8, 1798. I have already written Harry James an account of my walk from Cambridge. . . . As for my walking companions, Denman had taken the same walk once before, so that it was nothing at all to him . . . he got home in the midst of a grand Rout at his house, in which he joined with

great alacrity. Shadwell too was become too much of a Pedestrian to be at all fatigued, and I found no inconvenience during a walk with my Cousin and Nancy thro' Pall Mall, &c., and in the evening to the Theatre, and Dibdin's the next day. Nield did not hold out quite to Chelsea, the place of his destination . . . I am sorry that poor little Weircliff has brought so low a price, and sincerely hope it will fall into good hands. I felt a little pang at the idea of its being gone for ever, and wished I could have enjoyed as my Mother did the melancholy Pleasure of a farewell visit."

Finding from an unsuccessful effort of his friend Disney, who like himself was prevented by religious scruples from subscribing to the Articles, that this precluded him not only from taking a Degree, but from going into the Senate House for the final examination, the young scholar now obtained his father's sanction for giving up the study of mathematics, and applied himself more vigorously to his favourite study of history.

"March 8, 1799. I am the more satisfied with my present studies, in observing that they are nearly the same as those adopted by Denman and Disney, who have both left off mathematics, and are both designed for the bar. The former, particularly, employs his time much as I do, and the frequent communications we have with one another on the subject of our respective labours, are very pleasant, and, I believe, not unimproving to each of us; tho' the advantage there is much on my side, from the great abilities and strong understanding he possesses. . . . His superiority to me in classical attainments is another source of that advantage." \*

\* Extract from a long letter of March, 1799, describing a walking tour through Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex with Tennyson. "We left Ipswich after an hour's ramble about its streets, and passed over a country, in general pleasing, to the village of Stratford. This place is situated in one of the most delicious vales I have ever seen, on the borders of Suffolk and Essex.



At Christmas 1799 my father left Cambridge, and soon after settled in London to the study of the law. For the first year he shared with his friend Mr. Denman a lodging in Featherstone Buildings, in the house of Mr. Hope, chief clerk to Mr. Charles Butler the well known conveyancer; in 1801 he removed to chambers at No. 4, Old Square, *not far from* Lincoln's Inn, ~~close to~~ the chambers of Mr. Shadwell, (his friend's father,) with whom he was reading. He afterwards read with Mr. Bell, a Chancery barrister of high repute, and was called to the Chancery Bar in 1804. In his first year he went the Western Circuit, but he afterwards practised at the Chancery Bar only.

During my father's residence in London he was introduced into the circle of Mr. Denman's family, and among other friendships formed one which proved very firm and lasting, with Joanna Baillie, the authoress of the "Plays on the Passions;" which had then been just published. \*

"Dec. 27, 1802. I spent my Christmas Day at Dr. Baillie's, where all Dr. Denman's and Mr. Croft's families, the Brodies and Halls's formed a very large and very merry party. Dr. B. has changed his dismal situation in Windmill Street for a very pleasant and handsome house in Grosvenor Street. . . . We began the evening with dancing, and afterwards had a variety of Christmas games, and among others, one peculiarly adapted to a drawing room, the only excuse for which was that Mr. Croft himself was

Another village called Dedham is near it, and is a beautiful object from Stratford, besides being, we were told, in itself still more delightful. Manningtree is in the same valley, but beyond our view. Tho' this was the finest part of our walk, yet the remainder was calculated to give us no mean opinion of Essex, which, (in this part at least,) is a charming country. But the banks of the Teign, the Dart, and the Exe must be forgotten by me before I can thoroughly relish its beauties. It was dark when we reached Colchester, but it seemed a good town."

\* Mr. Denman's two sisters were married, one to Dr. Baillie, the brother of the authoress, the other to Dr., afterwards Sir Richard Croft.

the principal promoter, *baiting the Bear* ; which however, as it of course excluded the Ladies, did not last very long—but I do not believe the hall of a Somersetshire Squire could have held more noise and mirth than this elegant London drawing room did for the time it lasted. We were readily forgiven, and finished the evening with Cross Questions and Consequences. I had the honour in the earlier part of the evening of dancing with Miss Joanna Baillie."

In 1800 the two friends paid a visit together at Winter-slow in Wiltshire, the residence of Mr. Denman's uncle, Mr. Brodie ; and here among the family circle my father notices the eldest son, a youth of 18. "I saw more of him" he says "than of any of the others, and found him a very agreeable young man. He is intended for a surgeon." This youth afterwards rose to be the head of his profession, as the eminent Sir Benjamin Brodie.

My father's college friendship with Harry Drury took him frequently to Harrow, where he was always most kindly received by Dr. and Mrs. Drury, and by Mrs. Drury's sister Mrs. Bromley, whose husband was one of the masters. On one of these visits he "had the honour of hearing Lord Byron read his lesson in the Latin grammar" to him.

"Jan. 25, 1802. I spent three days very pleasantly at Harrow with Dr. Drury, who upon acquaintance improves greatly in my Esteem and Regard. . . . The Doctor talked with me a long while about my pursuits and on other subjects, and in the kindest manner said that he should be happy to do me any service in the law by means of his connexions, and that he should certainly talk about me to Justice Heath, \* and communicate to him the good opinion he has of me. This is very flattering.

"April 12, 1802. Thank Dr. Drury for me for his very kind

\* Mr. Justice Heath was first cousin to Mrs. Drury, and son of Alderman Thomas Heath of Exeter.

intention in the honour he proposes doing me by his Recommendation to Mr. Percival, which I hope I shall prove myself grateful for, and not wholly unworthy of. I should be very sorry if I thought there was anything like *ungraciousness* in the manner of my receiving his former offer of a similar act of kindness, and yet, knowing the unfortunate innate *ungainliness* (to use a very expressive description of yours) of manner to which I am perpetually liable, I will not venture to contradict your surmise, though not aware of any particular circumstance in my behaviour that would have given ground for it. I condole with poor Nancy extremely on her dismal misfortunes at the Assize ball; but if she knew half the mortification I am eternally experiencing from this same awkwardness of mine wherever I am, all her petty troubles would vanish into nothing on the comparison; and I have some thoughts of seriously asking her advice whether I had not better retreat from the *great world* at once and live 'like hermit poor, in pensive place retired.' . . . When I indulge in the day-dreams of future fame which I have vanity enough sometimes to do, I generally imagine myself a celebrated Historian, and it is certainly a pursuit very far from being incompatible with the main object of my exertions. Denman and I have lately chosen our separate paths to Immortality, and D. has fixed upon Oratory."

Amidst his legal and historical studies, my father did not abandon the equally congenial one of poetry; he wrote many little pieces at this time, some of which he collected long afterwards for publication. One was a continuation of Beattie's *Minstrel*, a work which he had begun at Cambridge; he carried it through one book of 55 stanzas in the original metre, but stopped short after a few more stanzas. "The Abbot of Dol" and "The Dead Men of Pesth" were thrown off at this time. \* He writes:—

\* The Dead Men of Pesth, a hobgoblin vampire story in the style of Ger-

"April, 1802. I had the honour at Mr. Baillie's to be introduced on the ground of the *Abbot of Dol* to Mrs. Hunter, the widow of the celebrated Anatomist, and herself a lady of great celebrity for her literary abilities. She was so polite as to say that she had particularly desired the introduction, and asked me to make one whenever I feel inclined at a musical party which she gives every week."

In July 1802 my father gave some umbrage to the steady conservative politicians of his family, his father and his uncle Hole in particular, by joining in the Radical demonstration in favour of Sir Francis Burdett, for whom he and Mr. Denman went down to Brentford to give their votes at the Middlesex Election. Warm as his feelings were in the cause, however, he by no means approved of the extremes to which some of the baronet's party went, or of the character of some of his chief supporters. He writes to his father :—

"July 17, 1802. After your kind letter had left no scruples in my mind, I found my Patriotism or Jacobinism, (call it which you please,) strong enough to carry me on Tuesday in company with Dr. Denman to the hustings to give our votes in the cause of liberty for Byng and Burdett. Denman had joined the cavalcade early in the morning, but, being in want of knightly accoutrements, I was obliged to submit to a humbler conveyance in one of the Baronet's five hundred coaches. The day passed off with very little disturbance, all circumstances considered ; but the true blue, (Sir F.'s colour,) was much the favourite with the mob. . . . But though the hearts of the people were all evidently and strongly on our side, the voices of the voters were not quite so favourable, and

man diablerie introduced by Walter Scott, "Monk" Lewis and Southey, well deserves a place in our permanent literature. C. M.

I was among a vast number of disappointed men at seeing Sir Francis at the close of the poll four hundred below his antagonist. . . . I came over the next evening to Harrow, where our friends have been so kind as to harbour me ever since, and will hardly let me go, being determined as they say to cure me of my heretical principles before I go into Devonshire."

[ I have already spoken of the intimacy that existed between Dr. Drury's family and that of Mr. Merivale. It originated in the circumstance of Dr. Drury having sent his only daughter to a school in Exeter, kept by a Miss Bretland, a dissenting lady, and sister of my father's earliest tutor. This was in the year 1795, when Louisa Drury was but eight years old. The Merivale family were then living in Exeter, but two years after removed to Barton Place. Mrs. Bromley, the sister of Mrs. Drury, was well acquainted with Mrs. Merivale, and recommended her niece to her occasional notice. A great friendship soon sprang up between the little schoolgirl and Mrs. Merivale's daughters, and the former used to spend many a holiday either in the house in the Cathedral Close, playing in the ancient hall which was their favourite resort for amusement, or, afterwards, in their new home, where the charms of beautiful scenery, garden and grove, afforded never failing interest.\*

\* Some letters from Mrs. Drury to Mrs. Merivale during this period mark the growing intimacy between their young people.

"Cockwood, July, 1798. Tell Fanny the babyhouse is in high order, and its little mistress very impatient to welcome her to it. I will not attempt, my dear Madam, to express the obligations we feel ourselves under to you for all your kindness to our little girl." "August, 1798. If your son will pass some days with us, it will make his brother Cantab. very happy. It would be particularly pleasing to us that our young men should form an intimacy together, as Mr. Outram gives us such a high character of yours that we are anxious to introduce ours to his acquaintance; and I have maternal vanity enough about me to think that the advantages would be mutual." "Feb., 1803. I sincerely hope that the friendship between my girl and Fanny will last undiminished through life . . . It seems absolutely com-

Young John Merivale himself took the warmest delight in his family's new residence. When absent he was always thinking of and looking forward to the time of his return with eager anticipation. How long it was mainly his affection for his own family, or that intense love of beautiful scenery which his taste as a poet and an artist had early fostered in him that influenced his feelings, I leave to be judged by events. In June 1803 I find him writing to his mother :—

“ Louisa Drury is still in town, having lengthened her visit at the Admiral's from a week to a fortnight, which I hear from Miss Caldwell, not having seen Louisa herself. She is wonderfully improved since she left school, and I really think her one of the sweetest girls I have ever seen. Will you tell me what your own opinion of her is ?

Not long afterwards, being then sixteen years old, my mother was again an inmate at Barton Place, and the young student returning there for his vacation no longer delayed making his proposals. He interrupted her one day while she was practising her music, to declare his affection. She received the unexpected communication with more pain than pleasure, for having so lately finished her school education she was looking forward to a life of freedom at home, and had no wish so soon to enter on the cares of matrimony. Her parents, too, though greatly attached to the young suitor himself as well as to all his

posed of *Armenian glue*, nor do I believe it in the power of any worldly circumstances to shake it ; unless hereafter that most mischief working of all Nature's productions, a *Lover*, should step in between them, to undermine the goodly fabric and blow it to atoms.” The *lover* was perhaps nearer than either of the parents then suspected ; but his intervention only cemented the bond of affection between the girl friends.

family, and desiring no more satisfactory alliance for their daughter, would not hear of her marrying at so early an age, nor of her binding herself implicitly to a distant engagement. Then followed a period of alternating anxiety, hope, despair and confidence for the ardent lover, and many a tender and touching love-poem. The young lady, after spending the vacation with her parents, was allowed to return to Barton Place, her mother writing to Mrs. Merivale :—

“There is no one in the Universe whose judgment in the article of *Propriety* I should place so much confidence in as your own, and therefore to your reasonings both Dr. Drury and myself most implicitly submit ; and we will leave our little *dangerous Helen* in your hands when we leave this place without seeking any intermediate dwelling for her—insisting at the same time that John does not shorten his stay at home on her account. We shall both be perfectly easy about her under your eye, and having now all the same object in view, I sincerely hope that John's *silent attentions* may procure him all the comfort and pleasure he has looked forward to.

His constancy and assiduity finally won the day, and the engagement was ratified in the spring of 1804. The young pair studied Italian and Poetry together when they met at Barton Place or at Harrow, and a frequent correspondence was carried on between them when the barrister's professional duties detained him in London. On the 10th of July 1805 the marriage took placé, my father having then almost completed the 26th year of his age, my mother being in the 19th of hers. The wedding was celebrated in Dawlish Church, and the manner in which the whole arrangements were conducted is something so strange to the

notions of the present day, that some description of it deserves to be given.

Nancy Merivale wrote thus to her cousin Mrs. Jenkins: \*—

"I take the first opportunity of giving you an account of the long talked of wedding, which was celebrated yesterday at Dawlish Church—for John's *illness* was so very speedily removed by *Devonshire air* that at his first appearance at Cockwood all the party were of opinion that he never looked better in his life, and he certainly *talked* with such effect that Dr. Drury was soon brought to give his opinion that 'the sooner the Comedy was concluded the better;' and accordingly Wednesday the 10th was fixed on but a few days before: and you may suppose we were all in some degree of hurry and bustle during the interval. I now intend, you must know, to be as much like *Lady G.* giving an account of *Miss Harriet Byron*, as a lady without *the least Wit* can be in giving an account of a lady without *the least Affectation*—so that in fact I believe the resemblance will only consist in the minuteness of the detail, for certainly no two weddings could be more completely unlike—we had neither *faintings* nor *flower girls*, nor *fine speeches* nor *revere- rend awe*. 'Some natural tears we dropt, but wip'd them soon'—but you shall hear all about it. Monday Papa, Mama, Fanny and I went down in the morning to Cockwood. Tuesday Harry James came to dinner, and part of the afternoon was devoted to signing settlements, &c. † . . . Wednesday morning we all rose earlier than usual, as we were to breakfast at eight before we proceeded

\* Mrs. Jenkins was Wilhelmina, daughter of the Rev. Richard Hole and his wife, Wilhelmina Katencamp. She was married to a Captain Jenkins, and had four children, only two of whom, an unmarried daughter Laura and a son Alfred, who married and left a family, survived her. She died at a very advanced age in 1864.

† Mr. Harry James was the young lawyer of the family circle, nephew of the Merivales' old friends, the Misses Williams. His brother Mr. John James was the medical attendant at Barton Place for many years in later life; he was a dapper, military looking man, very like the Duke of Wellington, and his face and figure served us to realize the victory he had helped in gaining, as a surgeon to the army at Waterloo. C. M.



to the Church, and after the ceremony was concluded it was agreed that we were to proceed to Chudleigh—see Ugbrooke, Chudleigh, Rock, &c., and take a *late* dinner at the Clifford Arms. You shall see how far this well concerted plan was adopted—but to proceed in proper order. The *Bride's dress* was a thick mull muslin Gown, with a rich satin work pattern on thinner muslin let down the front; a large straw bonnet, with a Veil of Mama's netting, almost twice as deep and ten times as beautiful as ours, and an elegant cambric Habitshirt which was not a little admired by me, it being my own work. The Bride-maids' Gowns like the Bride's—Habitshirts and veils inferior, though elegant, and Hats instead of the Bonnet. The Gentlemen happened, (tho' undesignedly,) to have coats all three alike of dark blue, which was I think proper enough, that colour denoting Constancy and Loyalty and all that is good. Now you shall see the order of procession, as 'Earl Marshal Drury' directed it. First Papa, mounted on Sprightly, in a suit of true blue. Second, Charles, \* on a fine black steed, likewise in true blue. Dr. Drury driving Fanny in his Chair. First chaise—the Bride, Mrs. Drury, the Bridegroom. Second chaise—Mrs. Merivale, Miss Merivale. Two livery servants behind. . . . The weather was truly delightful when we set off, and we had a pleasant drive through the pretty lanes between Cockwood and Dawlish. . . . When we came to Dawlish we passed through the back of the town to the Church. . . . Louisa, *weeping a little* and trembling a great deal, was led into the church by Dr. Drury. Mr. Ralfe was there at the same time, and the ceremony took place immediately. Mrs. Drury and Mama were very much affected, and Dr. Drury I believe felt *a little nervous*, for he made a little mistake in giving the wrong hand. John behaved with great firmness and propriety, and dear Louisa was perfectly distinct in all she had to say, not excepting the word *obey*, about which Dr. Drury had before declared he would keep a very sharp look out."

\* Charles Drury, the bride's youngest brother, then aged seventeen.

The writer proceeds to detail the events of the rest of the day, which was spent by the whole party together, bride and bridegroom included, at the inn at Chudleigh; the weather turning out so bad that they were unable to lionize the neighbourhood as they had intended, and were obliged to content themselves with a festive dinner, and the amusement of watching their neighbours in the opposite houses. She continues :—

“ At about seven we took leave, Dr. and Mrs. Drury and the Bride and Bridegroom returning to Cockwood, and Charles proceeding with us to Barton Place; and we all agreed in parting that our wedding day was something like that recorded by the Vicar of Wakefield, in which he says ‘ if there was not much wit, there was a great deal of laughing.’ ”

Mrs. Merivale adds in a postscript :—

“ Never I believe was a marriage contracted with a fairer or more well grounded prospect of future comfort, since excepting a few rubs and difficulties which will perhaps arise from straitened income till he gets a little into business, every other circumstance is as promising as can possibly be wished. The young couple will divide their time between this place and Cockwood till their return to Town in October, and as a succession of visitants is expected at the latter place for the summer, I suppose they will be rather more gaily situated than perhaps at present they could wish.” \*

\* The bride thus describes, in a letter to her cousin Angel Heath, the first day she spent tête-à-tête with her husband :—“ Barton Place, July, 1805. The *Great Day* you know was of a Wednesday, and John and I remained at Cockwood till the Monday week following, when we drove up here. We took some very pleasant drives the last week we were there, particularly the anniversary of our wedding day, (if you will allow the same day in the next week to be so styled,) which we spent at Chudleigh, and were more fortunate than formerly in respect of the weather. We took a walk, I daresay, of nearly ten miles, all over Chudleigh Rock, which is a most beautiful spot, and afterwards in Ugbrooke Park, Lord Clifford's place; and returned to

Having thus brought down the narrative of events to the period of my father's marriage, let me here introduce into the family history some account of my mother's ancestors and relatives.

At the time the Katencamps were living in Exeter, there was another family residing in the same city, also connected with the mercantile interest; carrying on at that period a separate stream of existence, yet destined eventually to mingle some of its waters with theirs. During the flourishing days of the woollen trade in the West of England, the merchant fullers of Exeter were a wealthy and industrious class. To this class belonged Mr. Benjamin Heath, whose birth and death, (1672-1728,) are recorded on the family tombstone in the church of St. Leonard's, Exeter.

His eldest son, also Benjamin Heath, did not however himself, like many of his family, follow this occupation. He was educated for the bar though never called, living on his own means, and stood once as a candidate for the representation of his native city in Parliament. The pecuniary loss he suffered in this unsuccessful attempt, added to the claims of a large and increasing family, induced him to accept the office of Town Clerk, generally held by men of a lower grade in the legal profession. In this office he acquired great popularity in consequence of his successful exertions in procuring the repeal of the hated cider-tax, laid on by the Duke of Bedford, then minister, in the year 1763. Great tumults had followed the announcement of this tax in the West of England, and on one occasion the

the Inn, where we found our dinner, (which we had ordered before we set out on our pedestrian exploits,) waiting, and I for the first time performed the honours of a *tête-à-tête* dinner. After having passed a most delightful day, we returned to Cockwood in the evening."

Duke of Bedford, happening to be in Exeter, was mobbed and forced to take refuge for his life within the precincts of the Cathedral. Mr. Heath's portrait at full length was painted and hung up in the Guildhall of Exeter as a memorial of the gratitude of his fellow citizens. He was a man of much literary taste and research, and collected a valuable library. He published a well known "Critical Revisal of the Text of Shakespeare," and also "Remarks on some of the Greek Tragic Poets," which had considerable repute in their day. It was in acknowledgment of these classical comments that Mr. Heath received the honorary degree of D.C.L. at Oxford in 1752.

When a young man he had travelled abroad, and at Geneva made the acquaintance of a young lady who soon afterwards became his wife. This was Rose Marie Michelet, the daughter of a respectable Genevese citizen.\* She was but fourteen years old at the time of their union. Of their numerous family they lost, I have heard, the first four, and Mrs. Heath in after life used to say that she believed her extreme youth and inexperience was the cause of these repeated calamities. Eight, however, lived to grow up ;

\* Tradition says that Rose Michelet was first attracted to the young English traveller by his declining to play cards on a Sunday, as was the common practice of the time. Her father, "Jean Michelet, lived to be 96, and at the age of 94 came over from Geneva to see his daughter. . . . His wife was a Mlle. Tessier, daughter of a Huguenot merchant residing at Nismes, who fled from France to Geneva at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. On account of the elegance and urbanity of his manners, he was called *Tessier le poli*."—From Angel Heath's Memoir quoted in "Heathiana," a history of the Heath family printed for private circulation by the late Baron Robert Amadeus Heath in 1881.

Portraits of M. Michelet, with white flowing hair and black gown, and of his wife, stiff and upright, with a black ribbon round her neck, are still in the family ; as well as those of the elder Benjamin Heath and his wife, and of their sons Benjamin the Town Clerk and Thomas the Alderman, father of Judge Heath. L. A. M.

five sons and three daughters. The entire care of them devolved early upon Mrs. Heath, for her husband did not survive his 63rd year, dying suddenly one night, (Sept. 13, 1766,) in bed by her side. Mr. Heath's residence in Exeter was part of an old building, formerly an ecclesiastical house, which had become the property of the Russell family at the dissolution of the monasteries, and went by the name of "Bedford." \* It was pulled down in the year 1773, and the Bedford Circus now stands on its site.

Benjamin and George Heath, the two eldest sons, took orders, and became respectively Head Masters of Harrow and Eton schools. The first never married. On quitting Harrow, (in 1785,) he retired to his living of Walkerne in Hertfordshire, and there, or in his fellow's lodgings at Eton, resided, with his mother and his eldest sister, who also remained single. † Mrs. Heath lived to the advanced age of ninety-two, but her mind was latterly much weakened. She was a woman of a very strong will, and of an intellect vigorous by nature, but little cultivated, blunt and austere in manner, and with few of the graces acquired by mixing in good society; for she did not share her husband's more refined tastes, and the few town gossips with whom she

\* In this house the Princess Henrietta Anne, Duchess of Orleans, daughter of Charles I, was born, Queen Henrietta Maria having taken temporary refuge there during the Great Rebellion.

† Dr. Benjamin Heath was a great book collector, and built at his rectory a library, 70 feet in length with an addition 30 feet long at one end in the form of a T, for the reception of his books. Towards the close of his life at Walkerne he resolved to sell this library, which he did for the sum of £6000; and pulled down the larger part of the room, feeling it would be useless to his successor. The sale by auction in 1810 of this library by the purchaser was an event of great interest at the time in literary circles. Dr. Heath owed the nucleus of his library to his father, the Exeter Town Clerk, of whom Dr. Dibdin writes in his *Bibliographical Decameron* that Benjamin Heath commenced "the glorious career of Bibliomania" at the age of thirteen. Dibdin gives an account in his "Bibliomania" of the sale of this "Bibliotheca Heathiana."

consorted in Exeter were not calculated to enlarge or elevate her mind.

Dr. George Heath married, and had a large family. He accumulated an amount of clerical preferments which gave occasion to some good-humoured criticism, even in those days of pluralities.

William Heath, the third son, entered the navy and rose eventually to the rank of Admiral. He quitted active service early in life, married an Irish lady, and settled as a country gentleman at Fahan, in the county of Derry. John and Charles Heath, the remaining two sons, were merchants. John lived for some years at Genoa, and was twice married to ladies of that city. He afterwards came to London, where he carried on his business, dwelling in the handsome corner house, No. 22, Queen Square, Bloomsbury. Charles Heath likewise married a foreigner, and settled entirely at Genoa.

Of Mrs. Heath's three daughters, the eldest, Elizabeth, as I have said, remained single. Rose Mary, the second, married the Rev. Thomas Bromley, Assistant Master at Harrow; and the third, Louisa, was my grandmother. She was on a visit to her brother, Dr. Heath, at Harrow, when she first met my grandfather, then, like Mr. Bromley, an Assistant Master at the school. The wedding of the two sisters was celebrated in Harrow Church on the same day, August 5, 1777.

My grandfather, Dr. Joseph Drury, belonged to a family of great antiquity, and once of no little consideration, in this kingdom. The name of Drury stands inscribed among those of the Conqueror's warriors and earliest followers from the Norman shore, and it occurs again on more than

one occasion in the annals of History. \* But the branch from which my grandfather was descended had fallen into obscurity, and his father followed the business of a gold-wire drawer, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch. † Joseph was his eldest son, and was born in 1750. I believe in his childhood he sang as a chorister in Westminster Abbey, and that his good conduct there procured him a nomination to the school. He certainly received his education there, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge. The circumstances of his family forced him early to leave college and enter upon the active business of life, and for this an opening was made him which proved the foundation of his future fortunes. Dr. Sumner, at that time Head Master of Harrow, applied to Dr. Watson, Professor at Cambridge, (afterwards Bishop of Llandaff,) for some young man of talent and scholarship to fill the office of Assistant Master at his school. Mr. Drury, then only nineteen years of age, was recommended and engaged. ‡

\* It occurs in the Battle Abbey roll, as settled at Thurston, near Bury St. Edmunds. Branches of the family established themselves in different parts of Suffolk and Norfolk. Our branch is supposed to be derived from Sir Robert Drury, of Rougham in Suffolk, who died in 1622.

† This Thomas Drury is described in the Memoir of Dr. Drury, contributed by his son Charles to the "Annual Biography and Obituary for 1834," as "a man of amiable manners, with a good deal of the old Jacobite predilection about him, and fond of discoursing on subjects of divinity. John Wesley used occasionally to join him at his supper table." Thomas Drury died in 1805, at the age of 87. His wife's name was Elizabeth Hilton.

‡ On this passage Charles Merivale writes:—"I happened to meet Mr. Knight Watson, at that time Secretary to the Antiquarian Society in London, when there was much talk on the contested question of Dr. Hayman's qualifications for the Mastership of Rugby School. Mr. Watson made the common remark that such qualifications are not always to be judged from men's previous course at college. 'For instance' he said 'my grandfather (Bishop Watson of Llandaff) as I have heard him say, once recommended a very young man to Sumner of Harrow for an assistant. 'Why' said Sumner 'this Mr. Drury has not even taken a degree yet.' 'Never mind that' the Doctor replied, 'I know him: depend upon it he is a better man for

With half a guinea in his pocket, and a large and needy family dependent mainly upon him, Joseph Drury entered upon his career of tuition with a zeal, ability and self-denial which did not fail soon to bring their reward. Whatever he had over and above his own wants, he applied to the service of his family, helping his father materially, and giving a university education to his younger brother Mark, who ultimately came to Harrow and held a mastership there for many years. Dr. Sumner died in 1771, and was succeeded by Dr. Benjamin Heath, after a contest with Dr. Parr. In 1785, Dr. Heath retired from the Head Mastership, and was succeeded by Mr. Drury, who had become his brother-in-law, and was then in his 36th year.

The period of Dr. Drury's government of Harrow school was distinguished in the annals of that institution by the great increase in the number of scholars, many of them of rank, and by the popularity and personal influence of the Head Master himself. Among his more eminent pupils were Mr. Spencer Perceval, Lord Goderich, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, who all became in turn Prime Ministers ; (to whom may be added Lord Althorp, the mainstay of Lord Grey's administration :)—probably an unique distinction in the scholastic profession. Contemporary with Peel in the school was Lord Byron, who through life remembered his ancient tutor with affection and veneration, of which he has left a touching record in a note to *Childe Harold*. \*

the post than any you have now with you.'—So the event sufficiently proved. I was aware that my grandfather always maintained a warm regard for Bishop Watson in later years, when much was said against him ; but I did not know before how deeply he was indebted to him. I have indeed little doubt that Watson assisted in supporting him during the short time he remained at the University. C. M. 1880."

\* " My preceptor, the Rev. Joseph Drury, was the best and worthiest



During the twenty years of his head-mastership, Dr. Drury invested a considerable part of his savings in the purchase of land in Devonshire, with a view to ultimately retiring there. With the exception of a farm at Ottery, named Knightstone, this property was all situated in the parish of Dawlish. The residence he fixed on was Cockwood, where he added to a cottage which he found on the estate until he had formed a handsome mansion. It looked immediately over the broad estuary of the Exe, the waters of which were only kept out at high tide by a low stone wall which fenced in a carriage drive and a small plot of grass before the windows. Occasionally indeed, when the sea and river rose to an unusual pitch, the tide would force its way into the house. This was the case in the winter of 1824, when in a violent storm the sea broke through the sand banks of the Warren and devastated the shore. The lower rooms at Cockwood were then deluged with water, and the inhabitants were obliged to live upstairs till it had subsided. Behind the house rose the hill, which is now covered with the woods planted by Dr. Drury, and forms a marked feature in the noble view from the Beacon hill at Exmouth.

My grandmother was a very remarkable person. She was gifted with great powers of wit and humour, and with eminent facility for exhibiting them in poetical composition. She had a strong, energetic will; was prompt to decide, vigorous to execute, and brave to endure physical pain, of which no ordinary share fell to her lot. The middle part

friend I ever possessed: whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late, when I have erred; and whose counsels I have but followed when I have done well or wisely." (Note to Canto IV. Stanza 75.) My mother used to relate how her mother (Mrs. Drury) once pointed out to her a boy who was lounging in the street at Harrow, with the words:—"There goes Byron, like a ship in a storm, without rudder or compass."

of her life was clouded by a most distressing malady, which destroyed the sight of one eye, causing her for several years intense suffering. \* Before none would she utter a groan or a complaint. Words and looks of sympathy she shrank from, nor durst any of her family venture the natural enquiry after her health and feelings. She found solace and amusement, when not overpowered by pain, in writing verses, descriptive and satirical ; but some of her pieces contain a concise, half-ironical pathos, the more forcible from her habitual dislike of indulgence in any expression of the softer sentiments. Strong sense and observation characterized her conversation ; but she rarely gave vent to tender or serious emotion. Pain and grief she would fight off with a resolute will and an elastic mind ; but the contest was too severe, and in her latter years her nerves were much shattered. She died Nov. 5th, 1837, in her 85th year, having survived her husband, whose death took place at the same age, Jan. 9th, 1834. † ]

\* Mrs. Drury wore a green shade over the injured eye for the last forty years of her life. A story is told of Theodore Hook being urged, the first evening of his arrival at Harrow School, by the big bully Lord Byron, to throw a stone at Mrs. Drury's bedroom window. He did so, and broke the glass. The next morning, when Mrs. Drury appeared with her green shade—"There," said Byron, "you'll catch it ; you have knocked out her eye."

† No portrait exists of Dr. Drury. A memorial to him was put up in Harrow Church, in executing which the sculptor I believe partly copied my mother's features, which resembled his, for the profile on the medallion. One of his pupils writing to Charles Drury while the proposed monument was under discussion says:—"I trust that it will have in basso relièvo his full length sculptured ; for he had an amenity and mild dignity of expression corresponding with his real temper and urbanity of manners—independent of his features, which an artist would pronounce of the highest order—the intelligence of a sage, with the goodness and tenderness of a parent—preserving well a due gravity and reserve in the midst of frequent occasional facetiousness. I have always identified him, in my mind's eye, with Plato, whom no man ever knew to be in a passion. Dr. Drury, too, could harangue with great effect in a popular manner, yet in periods classical, terse, and sententious, not without a most harmonious voice. He should be represented with his natural locks gracing his majestic forehead and temples. Why was he not made a bishop ?"

With the exception of an infant who died early, my mother, Louisa Heath Drury, born at Harrow-on-the-Hill, May 12, 1787, was the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Drury. C M [ They had three sons ; \* of these the eldest, Henry Joseph Thomas, commonly known as Henry, and more familiarly and tenderly as Harry Drury, was born in the year 1778. x He was entered first at a very early age at Harrow school, but was afterwards admitted into the College of Eton. From thence he proceeded in due course to King's College, Cambridge, where he took his degrees of B.A. and M.A. He was thereupon appointed an Assistant Master at Harrow, where he soon succeeded to the Boarding House of his uncle Mr. Bromley ; † and there he continued to reside some forty years, to the time of his death in 1841, having been promoted some years before to the Under Master-ship. During that long period Harry Drury filled far the largest space of all his colleagues in the eyes of the Harrow men. Both in the school and generally throughout academic society he was acknowledged as a man of high classical attainments, of refined taste and critical judgment, as far as such qualities could be exercised in the functions of a teacher of boys. But he was still more eminent in his capacity for directing and influencing his pupils, in imparting to them his own love for the subjects of his teaching, and exciting them to follow his lead and imbibe a portion of his spirit. His house was always crowded, even overcrowded, with boarders, and beyond his own house he attracted numerous pupils from others, till his pupil- or

\* The greater part of the following account of our three uncles has been drawn up by Charles Merivale.

† This little house, standing immediately opposite that of the Head Master, after being much altered and enlarged by H. Drury, has been almost rebuilt by Mr. Holmes, the present occupant, who has given it the name of "Druries."

preparation-room was attended sometimes by as many as ninety boys.

When he sallied thence to hear the lessons of his school-form, he conducted for several years the Upper and the Lower Shell combined together, to the number of sixty or more, in the long garret at the top of the old School-house, pacing it from end to end with his eye upon all, and making every one apprehend that his own turn to be "called up" was next impending; while his sonorous tones of praise or rebuke caused every ear to tingle, and the rolling waves of his declamation made an impression not soon to be forgotten. The success which attended his tuition was remarkable, and his pupils almost uniformly took the lead in the competitions for prizes and scholarships. His supremacy in this respect was generously admitted by the Head Master and by all his associates, while his force of character and promptness in action gave him high authority in the general government of the institution.

Nevertheless Harry Drury was not a fortunate man. His was the sore mischance of having been put too early into an easy position beneath his abilities. He never had a chance of shewing the extent to which his genius might have expanded under harder trials. Among other indiscretions he unhappily yielded to a taste for the collecting of books which developed into a genuine bibliomania. As a member of the Roxburghe Club he allowed himself to vie with the great lords who figure as the heroes of Dibdin's Memorials, and amassed a library large in the number of volumes, magnificent in their bindings, and singularly rich in the rarest Codices and Principes. Such extravagant indulgence could not fail to hamper his fortunes, and prevent him from making provision for his declining years

and the legitimate claims of his family. He was compelled at last to dispose of all these treasures, and to relinquish the reversion of the Cockwood estate, which was sold after the death of his parents. Great as he was among his contemporaries in the scholastic profession, he never rose above the position of an Under Master, and this he retained to the last, dying at Harrow much broken in health and spirits at the age of 62.

Henry Drury married in 1808 Ann Caroline, daughter of Archdale Tayler Esq., of Boreham Wood, Herts. \* Their eldest son, Henry, Archdeacon of Wilts and Chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons (at that time Mr. Evelyn Denison) died in 1863 in the full career of professional advancements at the comparatively early age of 50.

Benjamin Heath, the second son of Dr. Drury, was born in the year 1782. He was educated at Eton and King's College Cambridge, where he obtained distinction as a University prizeman, and from whence he was very early admitted to an assistant mastership at Eton school. He obtained the admiration and regard of his pupils and colleagues, and also of a large circle of general acquaintance. He attracted notice not only by his talents and acquirements, but even more notably by the elegance of his manners, his handsome countenance and very noble presence. It used to be said that when a courtier at

\* Writing home to his family, my father thus described Caroline Tayler shortly before her marriage:—"Harry Drury will, with God's permission, present to the families of Cockwood and Barton Place the most beautiful woman, without exception, that I have ever beheld; and one who, from her unaffected modesty and gentleness of manner, is likely to conciliate affection at least as much as she inspires admiration." Mrs. H. Drury survived her husband many years, and retained the traces of her remarkable beauty to the last.

Windsor asked George III. which tutor he should choose for his boy at Eton, his majesty would promptly reply—"Send him to Drury, send him to Drury—Drury is the man." But unfortunately his discretion was not equal to his abilities, and he profited little by his great advantages. He quitted his post at Eton in middle life, and removed to Guernsey, where he died in retirement in the year 1835.

Benjamin H. Drury was twice married. By his first wife, Anna Hollamby, he left a son Henry John, who died in 1870, vicar of Westdown in North Devon; and a daughter Anna Louisa, who died unmarried in 1871. By his second wife, Catherine Bean, who survived him many years, he had a numerous family.

Charles Drury, the youngest of the three brothers, was born April 20, 1788, not quite a year after his sister. He was educated at Harrow, and at Oriel College, Oxford, obtaining a Michel fellowship at Queen's. He was subsequently for fourteen years private tutor in the family of Mr. Denison of Ossington in Nottinghamshire. The eldest son, Mr. Evelyn Denison, (afterwards Speaker to the House of Commons, and finally Lord Ossington,) was not his pupil; but he retained through life the affection and respect with which the family tutor had inspired him as well as his brothers—feelings which are put on record in the Autobiography of the present Archdeacon of Taunton, George Anthony Denison, who was a great favourite with him. \*

\* "We had the advantage at Eton and at home, 1809 to 1823, of the preparing for, supplementing, and improving our school education, by a man of a very rare combination of great qualities. The absolute authority over us of Charles Drury, always tempering itself, never broken or impaired, his high principle, his cogent discipline, his exact and refined scholarship, his great teaching power, his wit and humour, in my experience unequalled; his genial companionship, so full of all manner of amusement and pleasant memories; our affection, respect and love, with the abiding sense of great

In 1824 Charles Drury accepted the college living of the second portion of Pontesbury, near Shrewsbury, where he resided for 44 years, dying in January 1869. This large parish was, unfortunately, ruled over by three co-rectors, who took duty alternately in the only church it contained, and, as might perhaps be expected, did not always work harmoniously together. My uncle succeeded in getting the parish divided into three separate districts, and at Cruckton in his own district, which was three or four miles distant from his rectory house, he built a chapel, where, until age and infirmity prevented him, he performed service except when his turn came at the parish church. He was a vigorous preacher, with an impressive and commanding delivery; the decision of his convictions and of his whole character appeared in all his words and actions. Though a good classical scholar, he never wrote much, and only published one or two short pamphlets on church matters, in which, as an assiduous parish priest, he took keen interest. A strong old-fashioned Tory in politics, he had a very trenchant way of expressing his opinions—especially when animadverting on such political “bêtes-noires” as Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone. He possessed a vast fund of wit and humour, and in his prime of life at Pontesbury was well known in all the country round as the most genial of neighbours, with a hospitable house, open especially to all the shy young curates near him. In his youth he must have been a handsome man, (the handsomest, he used to contend, of the family;) but in spite of his long continued habits of vigorous exercise he early

benefits received, the natural fruits of all relations between us; all these are principal parts of a great inheritance . . . I was four years under Mr. Drury; it is to those years that I owe such success in life as I have been able to obtain.” (“Notes of My Life,” by George Anthony Denison; p. 1.)

grew, like other members of the Drury family, exceedingly stout, and in his latter years became quite infirm and confined to his chair. He never married, and his companion at Pontesbury for the last 30 years of his life was his niece Anna Louisa Drury, the daughter of his brother Benjamin. His rectory among the Welsh border hills was ever open to all his nephews and nieces, and was a favourite place of resort to them. The small estate of Knightstone near Ottery, which he inherited from his father, ~~he left to~~ Archdeacon Drury, the eldest son of his own <sup>settled upon the representation of</sup> eldest brother. \*

<sup>(1804)</sup> \* It is now the property of Archdeacon Drury's son, Francis Saxham Drury, <sup>(who however sold it in 1887 to Mr. Ellis)</sup>



## CHAPTER IV.

MEMOIR BY LOUISA ANNE MERIVALE, continued. Correspondence. East Street. Births of Children. Illness in 1811. Literary schemes. Death of Nancy Merivale. Removal to Woburn Place. Marriage of Fanny Merivale to John Lewis Mallet. Illness. 1805-1819.

[ I return to the period of my father and mother's marriage, in the year 1805. Their income at the outset of their career amounted to scarcely more than £400 a year, rising to £500 within a short period. 21

A year after their marriage they took a house in East Street, (No. 14,) near Red Lion Square—a dull and dingy locality, which no young barrister starting in life would now think of choosing. The house was very small, and the rapid increase of their family soon made the confined space very inconvenient. Here for ten years and more they continued to reside, and contrived frequently to make room for a sister or a parent. My father's profession at this time yielded him very little income, and he was at times sorely discouraged by his prospects. He added to his means, however, by writing, and was in particular a very constant contributor to the *Critical Review*, then conducted by Mr. Griffiths. His friends Denman, Bland,

Hodgson, Henry and Charles Drury, and others also wrote in this periodical. \*

In conjunction with Robert Bland he published in 1806 a volume of "Translations from the Greek Anthology," but without allowing his name to appear on the title page, lest his literary pursuits being known should interfere with his professional advancement. A continuation of Beattie's "Minstrel," written in Beattie's metre and manner, and a romance in four volumes called "The Ring and the Well," published in 1808, were among his earliest literary ventures.

The following letter to his mother records his literary activity at this time.

"Jan. 11, 1808. My connexion with the Critical is really a source of great amusement, and, (if not too much divulged,) I am confident, of advantage to me also. It keeps me very actively employed, prevents me from growing melancholy on occasional deficiencies of business, gives me a vast deal of useful information, and habituates me to a freedom and ease of expression. It has become more pleasant to me of late from the circumstance that Denman has also engaged in it, and pursues it with great spirit. He formed his first connexion with the *Monthly*, and still writes occasionally for that Review also; but of late Mr. Fellows has introduced himself to my acquaintance, complained of the deficiency of good writers and of the low estate to which Hunt's very impru-

\* Francis Hodgson, subsequently Archdeacon of Derby, and finally Provost of Eton, was through life a most dear friend of my father. Their congeniality of taste in literature and poetry drew them together in early life, their friendship having begun at Cambridge, where however Mr. Hodgson was more than two years the junior. Many letters from my father to him are published in the Memoir of Provost Hodgson written by his son. He was married first to Matilda Tayler, a sister of Mrs. Henry Drury and of Mrs. Robert Bland: and secondly to Lord Denman's daughter Elizabeth.

dent management has brought the Review, urged me in the most flattering manner to contribute as much as my leisure will allow, loaded me with articles both English and Foreign, and pressed me to engage others on whom dependence can be placed in the service. Through me and Bland he attacked Denman, who has in consequence engaged to furnish all *Political articles*. . . I have undertaken myself the departments of Modern History, Romance, and occasional Antiquarian Researches and Belles Lettres; and we are both very zealous in our hopes of reviving, by our joint efforts, the fallen honours of the Review. . . If our connexion proves a prosperous one, it will really make a very considerable addition to my income. In the two months that I have been in Town, I have already written enough to produce very near £30, and this with so much ease to myself, that even if I had had an influx of business besides, it would in no instance have interfered with my execution of it. I dined on Thursday at Longman's, where I met Hodgson, Malkin, Dr. Pett, Dr. Henley, and a large literary party, and had a very agreeable afternoon. Malkin and I are become great friends . . . He has promised to make me acquainted with Johnes of Hafod. I am to furbish up for his Biographical work a few Lives of Lords Chancellors and other lawyers, which will be a fair *Salvo* for the two or three other articles which I meditate, consisting of Edward the First, the Black Prince, and a Crusader or two. Denman is also to set at work giving his assistance. Were it not for these avocations, the vacancy of business would sit very heavy on me." \*

One of the topics on which my father was at this time writing in the Critical Review was that of the Penal Laws, the amelioration of which was the subject of a Bill intro-

\* Dr. Malkin was Head Master of the Grammar School at Bury St. Edmunds. His mother was a first cousin of Mrs. Drury, having been a Miss Heath of Exeter. He was the father of three distinguished Cambridge scholars, Benjamin Heath Malkin, who held an East Indian Judgeship, Thomas, and Arthur, both of them known in literature. C. M.  
Frederick,

duced in Parliament by Sir Samuel Romilly in 1808. My father took up the subject warmly, and became a subscriber to a fund for the publication of pamphlets, &c., in the cause. This led to his friendship with Mr. Basil Montagu. He writes to his father, March 23, 1810:—

“Basil Montagu, who is the Chairman and principal Promoter, is well known to the profession by a good book upon the Bankrupt Laws and Practices in the Court of Chancery. I had known him hitherto only as a *bowing acquaintance*, but have since introduced myself by the enquiries I have made of him, and am desired to meet the other subscribers at his chambers. He is, I believe, considered as rather an eccentric character; but his eccentricities, as far as I learn, are those of a very benevolent, though perhaps an enthusiastic mind. On this however I can yet speak only from report. He is highly complimented by Dr. Parr in the notes to his ‘Characters of Fox.’ . . . The slave trade Clarkson is one of the members. Tell Mr. White that last Wednesday I was introduced, (as a guest, by H. Drury, who is a newly elected Member,) to a Club called the ‘Eumelian,’ which is the most agreeable meeting of the sort that I was ever present at; and my *fortune* placed me by the side of Martin Archer Shee, whose conversation is fully equal to the promise afforded by his book. Among several other very pleasant men, Davy the Chemist was there, who to the exterior of a boy of eighteen adds a vivacity and enthusiasm of manner which render him highly interesting.”

“July 13, 1810. I went according to appointment with Montagu to our friend William Allen’s—a man whom, from his evidently superior talents, extreme simplicity, and unaffected gentleness and good humour, it is impossible not to like greatly. The appearance and manners of Clarkson, who was of the party, and whom, though seated next him, I could not succeed in drawing out to anything like agreeable or instructive conversation, are on the contrary much against him. . . . A few evenings before I had been at Mon-

tagu's, talking over some publications of Bentham's on the subject of Transportation and the Penitentiary system, which I had offered, and am now about, to digest and analyse for one of his Society books, when I met another *celebrated personage*, Joseph Lancaster, 'a fat, round, oily man of God' as ever was seen, but entertaining for once in a way at least from his perpetual and egoistical chit-chat." \*

My grandfather, always ambitious for his son's advancement, whether in his profession or in general fame, seems to have urged on him to take the opportunity of Sir S. Romilly's bill to push himself into notice. My father, after giving reasons why this was not the time to do so, continues :—

"All this, I flatter myself, will be sufficient to convince you that I have not given up a pursuit which you have so strongly encouraged ; but it makes my heart fail me in any pursuit to find my friends so bent upon its prosecution as to urge me to exertions which I, (being engaged in it,) know to be impracticable or unadvisable, and forming expectations of results which I perceive to be absolutely out of the question. As for pushing myself forward into Romilly's notice, I should most unquestionably only meet with such checks and rebuffs in the first attempt as would wound your pride as much as my own ; and very properly, because he *does not want* my assistance ; and of the number of persons who have

\* In Bain's Life of James Mill, (p. 83.) I find my father's name on the financial Committee of the National Society for the Education of the Poor, which was started in 1810. William Allen was one of the Trustees : among the other names on the Committee were those of Brougham, Clarkson, Horner, Fry, Gurney, Sir Samuel Romilly, &c.

Writing to his mother in May 1811, my father says :—"I am so disgusted with Lancaster's *unquakerlike* ostentation and all the flummery which passes between him and his *very noble and Ryal* friends, the Dukes, Lords and Marquesses, and above all with the extraordinary pushing and bustling that is going forward on his account, that I heartily wish I had never had the honour of standing on the Committee."

plagued and pestered him with letters of advice and opinions and statements of immaterial or contradictory facts, I verily believe that he wishes half at least, not *hanged*, because that would be contrary to his principles ; but condemned to solitary imprisonment and hard labour for life."

My father eventually published, (in 1811,) a pamphlet on the subject, at the urgent request of Basil Montagu, and writes to his mother :—

" Romilly, to whom I sent a copy with a short note, has thanked me in a very flattering manner, expressing his great pleasure at my having published, and his belief that, at this juncture, it is calculated to produce a good effect. He says that as soon as he had read it, he sent it to Lord Lauderdale, who is expected to take a part in the debate ; and adds that he can find no fault with it except that it is too complimentary to himself. I hope the same objection has not occurred to others ; but it was impossible to abstain altogether on such a subject from expressions of eulogy, and I do not believe there is anything that can be interpreted into undue adulation."

The bill was finally carried in the Commons, but thrown out by the Lords, in May 1811. My father writes :—

" You have seen the deplorable issue of Friday's contest in the House of Lords. I was there during the whole of the debate, and during part of it was exposed to a *hot personal fire*, the more galling as I had no power of presenting my pop-gun to answer it. Lord Ellenborough \* did me the honour of considering my pamphlet worthy of all the weight of his resentment. He visited it sometimes with the appellation of *mischievous*, at other times with that of *foolish* ; but, besides the incongruity of these two charges,

\* The Lord Chief Justice.

it was not easy to feel much mortified at the latter, since, *foolish* as it was, it was thought deserving of such particular notice in such a place. . . . The poor pamphlet thus unmercifully attacked by Lord Ellenborough was handsomely commended by Lord Lansdowne. Lord Holland said not a word about it, but made his speech, (by the bye a miserably bad one,) almost entirely upon it. The Chancellor, \* though an opponent, and though his arguments appeared to me to be most particularly weak and futile, spoke, as he always does, like a gentleman, and without specifying anybody, attributed in general terms the most honourable and disinterested motives to *all* who had brought the question forward either in debate or publication. . . . The day after the debate Sir S. Romilly told me in Court, with a smile, that he found I had got into the same scrape as himself, and hoped that I could be as cool under an attack of the sort as he felt himself to be. †

[ My father's review of Mr. Johnes's translation of Froissart L A M  
in the Critical was the occasion of his forming an intimate and lasting friendship with that accomplished and high-minded gentleman, whom he subsequently visited on two occasions at his princely estate of Hafod in Cardiganshire. It was when staying there in the autumn of the year 1811 that he was first seized with an illness that nearly proved fatal to his life. Feeling the symptoms of serious malady

\* Lord Eldon.

† The pamphlet was read and approved by the admiring families at Cockwood and Barton Place; but they criticized the introduction in it of an allusion to Southey's "Curse of Kehama," then a recent publication. Mrs. Merivale writes:—"I could not help hoping that the graver part of your readers were precisely those who were least likely to know anything about Kehama; and I was confirmed in my hope on hearing Miss Moor, who had been admiring it in general as a publication, ask 'in what part of the Old Testament Kehama was mentioned?' I have a notion that she had somehow or other confounded *the curse of Kehama* with *the curse of Balaam*, and I suppose others may have been led into a like error—so laughable a one as this will never do any one harm, and therefore it may be left uncorrected."

coming on, he resolved to shorten his visit, and make all haste to rejoin his wife, who was now making her annual sojourn at Cockwood. His hostess perceiving at once that he was in no fit state for travelling, urged him to alter his determination, promising most kindly that he should be carefully nursed and tended at Hafod. But he was not to be persuaded. His longing for the accompaniments of home was irresistible. He therefore hired a Welsh pony and rode southwards with all speed. At the end of his second day's journey he felt so ill that he sent for the medical man of the small town where he was putting up for the night. The village Æsculapius however was absent: had he been on the spot it is probable my father would at once have been detained where he was, and subjected to the rigorous measures which his case called for. As it was, he was just able to push on the next day; and having reached Swansea, he there embarked on board the packet bound for the coast of Devonshire, and then by the speediest conveyances made his way to Barton Place.

Here his father and mother, shocked at his wretched appearance, did all they could to detain him, but in vain. The next day he hired a chaise and reached Cockwood, where he arrived unexpectedly, his wife imagining that he was still staying at Hafod. The whole party were horrified at beholding the state in which he was. The excitement which had hitherto kept him up, and the fatigue he had undergone, no doubt greatly aggravated the severity of the illness which now burst forth in full strength. It was typhus fever of the most violent description. My mother and grandmother nursed him devotedly through it, and Mr. Goss of Dawlish attended him with a skill which left a deep impression on those who witnessed his treatment. As he



got better, my mother, overwrought by nursing and anxiety, was taken ill of a fever on the nerves; and when my father, weak and emaciated, was able to crawl into her room to see her, the spectacle of the two was most touching to behold. Their return to London this year was deferred for many months. \*

The little society that was accustomed to meet at my father's house in East Street contained some members who afterwards rose to distinction, especially in the legal profession. To those who have been already mentioned as among his habitual associates, may be added Mr. Gifford, afterwards Lord Gifford and Master of the Rolls, Lonsdale, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, Tindal, afterwards Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and other lawyers and literary men.

But my father and mother's chief interest consisted in the training and education of their promising boys, five of whom were born before they quitted East Street. † Herman, the eldest, was a prodigy from the earliest days of childhood. At four years old he had read through his Latin Accidence with his grandfather Drury, and his progress in every other respect was equally surprising. The thoughtfulness displayed in his childish remarks was such as quite to alarm casual observers, who are always ready to adopt the common notion that extraordinary precocity

\* The oil painting of my father, which is so long familiar to us, was taken by Mr. Halls, (a friend,) soon after this illness; and the symptoms of languor and even feebleness which it exhibits are attributable to the unfavourable circumstances under which the likeness was attempted. (C. M.) The portrait of my mother by the same artist was taken not long afterwards, and represents her in the front of false curls which she wore after her hair had been shaved during this illness.

† Herman was born at Cockwood, Nov. 8, 1806; Charles, (March 8, 1808,) Reginald, (Oct. 22, 1810,) Alexander Frederick, (April 15, 1814,) and John Lewis, (Nov. 12, 1815,) were all born in East Street.

and early death or mental exhaustion must go together ; and perhaps the more as his conscientiousness and docility were no less remarkable than the powers of his mind. My father cultivated both in him and his next brother Charles a strong taste for historical and chivalrous lore. The game of imaginary countries was the great delight of their boyhood, and when scarcely able to speak they would play at personating the characters in Ariosto's Orlando. "The four sons of Aymon" was the title by which Mr. Johnes, himself so great an enthusiast in similar tastes, used to designate my four brothers, Herman, Charles, Reginald and Alexander. 1

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My father's studies at this time turned much upon Italian literature. He entertained a scheme for translating Sismondi's History of Literature, in which the family at Barton Place were to assist him ; but Murray was not encouraging, and the plan was given up. The result however of his study of the Italian poets was the production of "Orlando in Roncesvalles," a poem in five cantos, after the manner of the romantic poets of the Cinque Cento. The publication was not pecuniarily successful, but the poem met with much applause from the author's literary friends. Lord Byron writes, after perusing it in manuscript, Jan., 1814:—

"My dear Merivale, I have redde Roncesvaux with very great pleasure, and, (if I were so disposed,) see very little room for criticism." (Here follow some critical suggestions.) . . . "only if you wish to have all the success you deserve, *never listen to friends*—and, as I am not the least troublesome of the number—least of all to me. I hope you will be out soon. *March*, Sir, *March* is the month—the teeming time for the *trade*, and they

must be considered. You have written a very noble poem, and nothing but the detestable taste of the day can do you harm—but I think you will beat it—your measure is uncommonly well chosen and wielded.”

The great public events of 1814 fill a considerable space in the family correspondence of that spring and summer. To the child born a fortnight after Napoleon's abdication at Fontainebleau were given the well-sounding names of the allied conquerors—Alexander Frederick—in disregard of the more modest suggestion of his grandfather that he should be called Alfred. My father wrote and published a very spirited “Ode on the Deliverance of Europe,” of which he writes to his mother:—

“April 26, 1814. I am delighted to find that I have given you pleasure by my Ode. It was composed, as you conjecture, upon the spur of the moment, and in emulation of Lord Byron, whom I found one morning in the midst of *his* Ode to Napoleon, and then promised that I would endeavour to accompany him, at however humble a distance. But I should hardly have kept my promise had not Mrs. Drury urged me on. As it is, it did not take me more than three or four hours the writing; and, as everything depended on losing no time about it, I bestowed very little pains on the revision, but put it at once into Murray's hands to do what he pleased with . . . I am sorry that my Father *abominates* the metre, which I on the contrary selected as one (to my ears) of the noblest and most sonorous ever used in the form of a regular lyric, being that which Milton adopted for his grand Hymn on the Nativity. I must have most egregiously failed in my management of it, therefore, to render it *abominable*. \* Tell my ever loving

\* Mr. Merivale had written “I join with your Mother and ‘*ever loving*’ sister F. in general Approbation of your nervous (I suppose extemporaneous) Effusion, tho’ I abominate the Metre.” Fanny had written in more unlimited admiration, adding that of her friend Juliana Snow, to whom she had shewn the Ode.

sister that *her* commendations are also most balmy to me, and that I think her and Juliana the best models of true poetical taste and feeling extant. I have almost ambition enough, after the praises I have already received, to profit by your kind encouragement, and attempt something more original than I have yet ventured—but I must wait the hour of *Inspiration* for a subject to my mind; and I must also see what sort of effect the Reviews will have upon my reputation—for which I shall soon begin to look with anxious trepidation. I fear too that *Profit* must make its appearance, as well as *Praise*, before I can again embark on any serious undertaking of this nature. And, *Praise thirsty* as I am, such are the sordid feelings of a Father with four sons, that Praise itself kicks the beam when weighed with solid pudding. On this part of the subject, I find that Orlando has sold sufficiently to pay his expenses or thereabouts—and this is, perhaps, as much as any reasonable man could hope for within the time."

My mother's letters at this time give a vivid picture of the state of excitement into which London was thrown by the arrival of the Allied Sovereigns after the Peace of Paris had been signed. Though quite sharing the excitement herself, she had such a horror of crowds that she would not willingly put herself in the way of one; but Sir Thomas Lawrence the painter lived not far from East Street, in Russell Square, and twice she was on his doorstep in time to witness the celebrities who came to sit to him for their portraits. One, she writes, was

"Hetmann Platoff, whom we immediately knew by his Cossack dress—a full cloth trouser, fastened in at the ancles, his neck hung out with orders and crosses, his head bare as he walked up the steps. . . . I curtsied, John took off his hat, and he returned our salutation with a bow. I ought to have offered my cheek, or

at least my hand, according to the present fashion, but an *antique*, *out of date* modesty withheld me, and confined me to the limits of a *broad stare*, in which I indulged *sans ceremonie*; and for which I had a glorious opportunity, as the General after he had entered the house, (doubtless liking to be looked at,) came out upon the steps, and stood three or four minutes giving orders to the attendant Cossack in his own language. . . . Platoff is an old weather beaten soldier, short and small, with nothing of nobility in his person and appearance."

On another Sunday my mother was again on the steps of Sir T. Lawrence's house, looking out for Marshal Blucher, who was within; but this time an immense crowd assembled, and she, having not her husband but her sister-in-law Mrs. Henry Drury with her, was too thoroughly frightened at the numbers who pressed round them to enjoy the sight of the great man. She writes to Nancy Merivale in July :—

"I sit down with the intent of giving you some idea of London at this present time, but it would require a much abler pen than mine to pourtray the truly *holiday, gala*, and almost *mad* appearance of the whole town; nothing is heard of or talked about of less degree than Emperors, Kings, Marshals, Grand Duchesses and Cossacks; in the streets you are constantly meeting foreigners of every rank—in short, every one says 'Well, I wish they were all gone, for while they remain, there certainly is nothing to be done.' . . . I think illuminations are always to be imagined, but *persons* are not, and it has been my anxious wish to see as many of the heroes as possible, though as yet I have only hit upon Marshal Blucher, who seems to be the prime darling of the people, and whom I shall reckon fortunate if he return to his home in a sound skin, for he is literally besieged wherever he appears."

The two elder boys were at Barton Place at this

exciting time, and my father wrote to Herman :—

“ I cannot help sometimes regretting that you are not now in London, that you might see a little of the grand bustle that is going on here, and which, at your age, would make an impression never to be forgotten. There has never before been a time, and it is hardly likely that there ever will again during the lives of any that are now living, when two of the greatest Sovereigns, and several of the greatest Warriors in the world, are assembled together in the metropolis of the British Empire to celebrate a general and triumphant Peace, brought about principally by the noble perseverance of this Country which we are proud to call our own. I think you understand enough of History and of the state of the world at present, to be able if you were here to enter into the pleasure which we ought all to feel on so great and solemn an occasion ; and though I should not have ventured to bustle with you through any of the mighty crowds of people that throng together to get a sight of this grand company of Emperors and Kings, Princes, Dukes and Marshals, yet so various are their movements, and so great their curiosity to see everything and be in all places, that you would be very unfortunate indeed if even you missed them entirely. . . . Sunday I went into the Park, and you never saw or could imagine a more glorious sight. The day was beautiful, and the crowds of people all in their Sunday dresses, of horses and of carriages, quite immense. The whole park seemed to be covered, and all in motion. Then came a general huzza, and hats in the air. Who is that, riding so gallantly by on horseback, in a blue uniform with such a profusion of gold lace, stars, ribbons, &c. ? Oh ! that's *only* the Prince Royal of Prussia. By and bye another hubbub-boo. Who is in that royal carriage ? Oh ! only *one of ourselves*, the Princess Charlotte—and so the Princess Charlotte passed by, gracefully bowing and waving her hands. What beautiful lady is that ? Oh ! that's an Ambassador's wife. Then a greater dust than ever. Huzza ! Prince Platoff, attended by two

Cossack generals on horseback, with their long lances. By this time, I saw at some distance from me about twenty or thirty dancing plumes of white feathers, high above the heads of all the multitude round, and immediately ran, with some thousands of companions, to the spot. I was sufficiently among the foremost to get up to the cavalcade, and saw distinctly among the crowd of horsemen of all descriptions the Emperor in the dress of an English General Officer, and the King of Prussia in his own proper uniform. They rode very slowly and majestically, and now and then stopped their horses to return the shouts of the spectators by very gracious bows. . . . And now I should be glad if they would all go quietly home again, for this great town is kept in a perfect fever by their presence, and the holiday has been so long that it seems to be high time for people to sit quietly down to their lessons again."

Very different was the public excitement of the following year, on the news first of Bonaparte's escape from Elba, and then of his rapid re-establishment at Paris. My father writes:—

"March 27, 1815. My dear Mother, I cannot help answering your letter immediately, though literally I have had no spirits for any epistolary communications since the arrival of these disastrous tidings; and I have now little further to allege in support of our earnest hope that my Father and you will not deprive yourselves and us of the happiness we expected, than that the *immediate* renewal of the property tax is perhaps hardly to be apprehended. \* It seems more probable that some other great financial measure will be had recourse to in the first instance; and in times of such awfully sudden change, a single hour *may* disperse the black clouds which seem now to threaten years of renewed toil and tempest.

\* Mr. and Mrs. Merivale had talked of giving up, from motives of economy, a proposed visit to East Street.

The blow was not so sudden to us inhabitants of this centre of news as it appears to have been to you. Of the best informed of those that I conversed with, there were few who did not appear to apprehend a similar result from the first intelligence of Bonaparte's landing—and we were rather incredulous as to all the favourable reports that were spread to beguile us, than sanguine in the hopes, (which could not but be entertained,) of a contrary result. Still, comparatively prepared as I felt myself for the shock, it was a terrible one—and I may literally say, I hardly thought myself capable of being so much affected by public occurrences as I have been by this. I feel myself totally unable to reason on the event in any way to my own satisfaction." \*

The following letter gives some idea of my father's occupations and schemes at this time.

"Dec. 18, 1814. My dear Father, That I have not written to you more at length, according to your desire and my own real intentions, and that I am now only beginning a letter which I *must* leave Loui to finish, let me say a few words by way of excuse. It may sound like affectation in me, who have hitherto had so little occasion to talk of the weight of professional business, to plead that as my apology; and yet it is with the strictest truth that I assure you, for this fortnight past I have been visited with so large a proportion of this species of occupation as to have left me no time for any of my other ordinary pursuits, and that for the last week, more especially, the accidental accumulation has been so great as literally to seize hold on every minute of every day with the exception of a couple of hours for meals. I do not flatter myself so egregiously

\* I find no letters during the exciting month of June 1815, but my mother often has told us how she was at Drury Lane Theatre when the news arrived of the Battle of Waterloo—how the performance stopped at once, the manager came forward and read out the bulletin. "God save the King" was sung by the actors, and the audience then dispersed, not to their homes, but to walk about the streets and hear all they could about the grand news of the day.



as to suppose that this occasional press, or anything like it, is to be perpetual ; but then you must consider in what situation a fortnight so circumstanced places me with respect to other engagements. Here is *Charlemagne* lying on my bookcase, and, with the greatest avidity to read it, I have snatched at short intervals two or three cantos only out of twenty. There is *Don Roderick* similarly situated. There is Wordsworth's interminable poem, only just entered upon—here is a review of Salt positively promised by a day appointed and yet unfinished. There is an equally positive promise to Gifford to take up some new subject for him, and I have not yet had time even to think what the subject shall be ; \* and added to all this and more of necessary occupation, there is the ordinary intercourse with society that I should be sorry altogether to resign. I am now in treaty for, and have determined I think to undertake, a different species of engagement, the only objection to which is that it must necessarily abridge if not entirely put a stop to my literary *profits*, while it substitutes no other *immediate* emolument in their room. But the general increase of my business, which I consider as certainly more progressive at this time than at any former period, encourages me to venture on an enterprise which must tend to forward my progress—that of composing a Treatise on the Practice of our Chancery Court relative to Writs of Injunction. I do not, however, wish to have this design at present mentioned beyond our family circle, as, if I should by any circumstances be induced to abandon it, I shall be accused of vacillation and indecision. This plan, when carried into execution, will of course be far from tending to give me an accession of leisure. But another consequence arises from continual occupation at chambers, equally hostile to letter-writing with the occupation itself. It leaves me nothing to write about ; for the business of the Court and drawing bills and answers, very seldom indeed afford any materials whatever

\* Mr. Gifford was the well known Editor of the *Quarterly Review*, to which my father contributed some articles about this period, chiefly on subjects of foreign literature.

for correspondence even where I am quite sure, as in your case, of any communication being confidential that I wish to make so. You ask me whether I have had any opportunity of calling forth my *latent powers*; but you have so often assured me that I have no *legal genius* that I am in duty bound to believe the fact. But the most ordinary humdrum routine of business, in a Court of Equity, may secure a man of no very unbounded ambition a very competent income; and this is the utmost limit that my present views extend to. I have indeed been called upon more than once to argue points of minor importance and not involving any questions of vital interest, and think that I feel myself less embarrassed than my natural want of confidence seems to warrant the expectation of, though I have by no means attained any very enviable degree of self-possession. I should be laughed at by the more active and fortunate members of the profession, for talking in this very moderate style of my boasted progress after an eleven years' apprenticeship; but everything must have a beginning, and I feel myself tolerably secure of having made that beginning *at last*. After what I have said concerning press of business it is hardly necessary to add, that Albemarle Street has been as far removed from me as Barton Place, and that I have no news whatever to give from that quarter. But it is my intention to see Murray before we make our promised Christmas visit to Harrow, and if a new edition \* is yet to be thought of, I mean to occupy what time I can command, while there, in preparing the materials for it. I *must* now abandon the pen to Loui, who will on her part explain how thoroughly every minute of her own time is filled up with the performance of the most indispensable duties. It is, I do assure you, the entire wish of us both to be most open and unreserved upon all possible subjects, and if we do not write so often or so much at large as you require, it is only because our time will absolutely not hold out for dwelling on unimportant communications."

\* Of the Orlando in Roncesvalles.

The Treatise here mentioned was not proceeded with, but towards the close of the year 1815 my father undertook the publication of Reports in Chancery, which he continued to bring out during three years.

A letter from my mother to her cousin Angel Heath, written in May 1815, gives the following description of the young family at this time :—

“ We have particular reason to be grateful. To be sure, in *world's wealth*, we are still mightily deficient, and have the mortification of seeing all our neighbours better off and better appointed than ourselves ; but in the article of children we have most reason to be truly thankful. In the first place, they are all strong and very healthy ; in the second, the three of whom we can form any judgment are good, tractable, and *perfectly* obedient. Herman and Charles are both very unpolished, very rude and full of play, but yet in complete management, to the surprise of most of our acquaintance, who are sending their boys at a younger age to school, as having outgrown all home restraint. Their hours of study are regular ; at their hours of play I trust them out, in certain bounds which no temptation would cause them to infringe. I fear when they go to Harrow, (which H. is to do at *ten* years old,) their punctual ideas of obedience will get terribly laughed at. Herman gets on very fast in his studies, but when lessons are over, never now thinks of anything but play. I am therefore surprised at the quantity of information he seems to have on every subject, as I cannot make out when he can acquire it. His ideas of right and wrong are so correct, and apparently so steady, that I look forward with hope and delight to the example his brothers will have in him. Charles is really quite as good in intention, though he cannot give the *solid* reasons for his conduct that Herman can, and never goes to bed without most innocently saying “ Mama, have I been a good boy to-day ? ”—which I am generally able to answer as he wishes. As for deceit or shuffling behaviour, I have never seen the slightest

symptoms of it in either ; the moment a mischief is done, they directly come and tell, and never make any excuse beyond what is strictly true. Reginald," (who was at this time at Barton Place, where he was an especial favourite with his grandfather,) "is, I hear, of quite a different kind of disposition from them, but equally good and tractable. He has a polite, ingratiating manner, which they stand much in need of, and is a favourite both in parlour and kitchen. He is very observant to passing objects and events, to neither of which they pay the slightest attention ; Herman indeed scarcely ever knows any one, and looks *absence* itself. But Reginald shews no taste for literature ; he goes on regularly every day with indefatigable Aunt Fanny : the progress though, they tell me, is but slow. He is almost too lively and skittish to apply. Alexander's blue eyes and fair skin form a striking contrast to his brown brothers in person ; \* as to his temper, it resembles that of most healthy babies, very good when not teased, and very passionate when he is. Herman has a great taste for *authorship*, a true 'chip of the old block ;' writing plays is at present all the rage."

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In the year 1815, about the time that my fifth brother L.A.M. John Lewis was born, a melancholy event came to disturb the tranquillity of the family. My eldest Aunt, Nancy, who had had very delicate health all her life and was now in her 34th year, went in the autumn, with her sister, to Dawlish, hoping that a temporary residence by the sea-side might be beneficial to her. Here she bathed, having extorted Mr. Goss's consent to what seemed a hazardous step at so late a period of the year, and caught a typhus fever, of which she died after a very short illness, on November 22, her devoted sister attending her to the last. Often has my Aunt Fanny described to me the anguish of her mind

\* Alexander was the only blue-eyed, fair-haired boy in the family, as, later, Elizabeth was the only blue-eyed girl.

during this trying time : her sickening sorrow as the conviction of her beloved companion's hopeless state became evident to her, her misery in witnessing the delirium and unconsciousness which robbed her of her treasure even before the death stroke had fallen, her earnest endeavour to be resigned to God's will and to surrender to Him uncomplainingly this her most precious earthly possession, her miserable loneliness afterwards. She strove to devote herself to her domestic duties ; but her home had become a desert to her. The affection of her parents and friends could not replace the loss of the sister she had so entirely idolized. It was upwards of a year before she could bring herself to take any interest in the concerns of life.

Nancy Merivale's death caused a great blank not only in her own family, but in that residing at Cockwood also. Since Louisa Drury's marriage, she and her sister had been constant visitors there, and were treated with all the tenderness and affection that are due to daughters. Nancy's musical talents and her wit captivated Dr. Drury, and Fanny with her warm-hearted simplicity was scarcely less a favourite. After her sister's death, Fanny met there Dr. Allott, Dean of Raphoe, and his accomplished family, and formed an intimacy with the daughters. Glorious were the strains of harmony that resounded through the halls of Cockwood during the visits of these first-rate vocalists.

Fanny Merivale's long depression and apathy alarmed her parents. They took her to London, tried to amuse her with society, and in every way they could think of to rouse and cheer her mind. The amendment came slowly. At last, however, a new source of interest was opened to her, and life resumed its value in her eyes. Among her intimate friends were some of the Baring family, daughters

of Mr. Charles Baring of Exeter. One of these, Lucy, had been married to John Lewis Mallet, son of Mr. Mallet du Pan, the distinguished foreign journalist and writer on French politics, who on account of his attachment to the cause of Louis XVI. had been forced to take refuge in England during the stormy days of the Revolution. Young Mallet had been taken up by some of the leading Whigs of the day, and a situation in the Audit Office had been procured for him, first I believe a clerkship, afterwards the Secretaryship. His wife died after they had been married seven years, leaving no children. He was visiting, as a disconsolate widower, at Pynes, the seat of Sir Stafford Northcote, who had married another of the Miss Barings, when he became acquainted with Fanny Merivale, then also in depressed spirits on account of the loss of her sister. The Baring family strongly urged his following up his acquaintance to more serious results. Fanny, on her part, was attracted by his sorrow, his intellectual cultivation and his refined manners; but she did not know that she had excited any interest in his mind, nor would she have thought her country simplicity likely to suit his fastidious taste.

When shortly afterwards she went to stay with her brother in London, he and his wife strongly pressed upon her the desirableness of encouraging the addresses of a friend of theirs, a worthy and talented barrister, who was also a widower, and wished much to make her his second wife. She replied that though highly esteeming Mr. H. she felt unable to return his affection; but they, anxious chiefly on her own account that she should form new ties, and confident that in Mr. H. she would find a kind and excellent husband, persisted in endeavouring to gain her consent;

and it is probable that their importunities would in the end have succeeded but for the intervention of other circumstances. One day they happened to be dining out, and Fanny was sitting at home, meditating in no very happy state of mind on the answer she was to return, the very next day, I believe, to Mr. H. Suddenly a note was brought to her. She opened it, and to her surprise and exceeding joy, found that it contained an offer of marriage from Mr. Mallet. His proposal was modest—an “invalid of forty-two,” he said, could have little right to ask her to link her fortunes with his. Not for a moment did she hesitate what answer to give him. When my father and mother returned, anxious to know the result of her meditations, they were scarcely less surprised than she had been, but certainly not equally pleased, to hear the result of the evening. They knew but comparatively little of Mr. Mallet, and were sorry to give up the hope of having their old friend for a brother-in-law. The wisdom of my aunt’s choice was fully justified. A better husband, a kinder friend, a more refined, generous and high-minded gentleman than Mr. Mallet never existed. \*

A.M.

I interrupt the narrative here, to return to the year 1816, when at the death of the old family friend Mr. Towne the artist, my father found himself, quite unexpectedly, heir to his small property, amounting eventually, I believe, to about £3000, as well as to a large collection of his oil paintings and water-colour sketches. It was not till the

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\* My aunt Mrs. Mallet died in October 1851 ; her husband survived her more than nine years, and died in February 1861, at the age of 84, leaving three sons.

death of Mr. White, (to whom the life interest was left,) which took place several years later, that the whole bequest came into my father's possession ; but with the assistance of a part of it, which was advanced by Mr. White, he was enabled to move his family into a more suitable home than the little house in East Street ; and in March 1817 he took possession of No. 15, Woburn Place, Russell Square. This house was the family home for a period of twenty-six years, during which it witnessed the births of six daughters and one more son. \*

Besides his Reports in Chancery, I find only one literary venture of my father's at this period. This was a compilation from the three parts of Shakespeare's Henry VI., which he produced as a play in five acts, called "Richard, Duke of York, or the Contention between the Houses of York and Lancaster." The play was acted at Drury Lane Theatre, Edmund Kean performing the principal part, and ran nine nights, which in those days was considered a fair success. † It was afterwards published.

The first appearance of the play had been delayed by

\* Louisa Anne, born Jan. 9, 1819; Frances Angel, May 29, 1820; Elizabeth Heath, June 21, 1822; Rose Mary, Oct. 27, 1823; Caroline, Feb. 1, 1826; Joseph Francis, Feb. 17, 1827; and Anna Wilhelmina, Jan. 13, 1829.

† This celebrated actor, Edmund Kean, had been brought into notice before the London public principally through the intervention of Dr. Drury, who was a great lover of the drama, and who had been very much struck by the then unknown player's performances in the little theatres at Exeter and Teignmouth. Chancing in the year 1813 to meet Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, (one of the Managers of Drury Lane Theatre,) at the house of a mutual friend in Devonshire, Dr. Drury mentioned to him the remarkable genius of the young actor, and the offer of an engagement at Drury Lane was the result. Both Dr. Drury and my father took a lively interest in Kean's further career; and after his conduct had made it impossible to continue on friendly terms with him, my father and mother shewed all kindness to his wife and his young son Charles, for whom, with his talented and excellent wife, first known as Miss Ellen Tree, my mother always had a sincere regard.



the unexpected death of the Princess Charlotte, of which my father writes :—

"Nov. 13, 1817. The grief and consternation which the late event in the Royal Family is calculated to produce seems to have been more nearly *universal* than upon any public event I can remember, and there is no person with the ordinary feelings of human nature, however little he may be affected by events of a mere political description, but must participate in this as if it were a private calamity. As is usual, especially in this sulky nation, all manner of ill-natured things are said at every corner—but though conscious to myself of partaking too much, on many occasions, of the predominant disposition to arraign and find fault with the great and mighty of the land, I feel a sincere and undisguised abhorrence at the indulgence of any such propensity upon such a subject as this, thinking that there never was an instance in which the utter futility of all human precautions, skill and foresight, when placed in opposition to supreme power and wisdom, has been more plainly demonstrated. One cannot presume to lift the veil of State mystery, and even to guess at the feelings of our earthly Deities who are removed to such a distance from the humble sphere in which we move—but I will not judge so uncharitably of human nature as not to believe that those who were most nearly connected with the deceased feel pretty much as we ourselves should do under similar circumstances ; and, for my own part, I should not be at all obliged to any person who should undertake to prove to me the contrary." x

[ In January 1817 Herman, being then only ten years old, LAA  
was sent to Harrow school. \* He was placed in the house

\* My father had two years before this time begun to make his arrangements with H. Drury, and wrote, Jan. 7, 1815;—"Since we have been at Harrow, I have had several most free and pleasant communications with H. Drury on the subject of our children's future education. His offers were, as I knew they would be, of the most generous nature, and it is at present ar-

x My mother had a strong personal regard for the Princess's  
*accoucheur*, Sir Richard Croft, who had attended her also in  
the same capacity - her letters on the sad history of his death  
will be read with interest.

of his uncle Harry Drury, of whom he became a favourite pupil, and was much employed out of school hours in his library. At his first arrival at school he took so high a place that he never was a fag ; and his studious tastes and wonderful precocity of mind rendered his progress very rapid. But his spirits and nerve soon began to fail him, and it was not till a year later, when Charles with his more daring and robust nature came to give him his support and countenance, that he was able to rise superior to the annoyances to which his sensitiveness and reserve exposed him. From this time the two boys went on with almost unbroken success, until before he had completed his 16th year Herman became Captain of the school.

My aunt's marriage took place in May 1818, when she was in her 32nd year. This event, depriving them of their last domestic companion, induced my grandparents to leave Barton Place and seek some less secluded home. They lived for a while at Exmouth and in Exeter, but finally, in the year 1823, took up their residence at Hampstead, in a small house on Windmill Hill, next to that inhabited by Miss Joanna Baillie and her sister. Here they were able to enjoy the constant society of their son and daughter. Mr. Mallet's health rendering London an undesirable resi-

anged between us that Herman shall adjourn to Harrow and take up his residence under his uncle's roof in about two years from the present time, supposing nothing to occur that may alter our views in the meanwhile ; and he is to be there on such a footing as to receive all the advantages of the school at the expense only of his board and the necessary school charges. He underwent an examination by Harry, who told me that his powers of understanding and quickness of comprehension far exceeded anything he had expected to find after all he had heard of him, and has promised that he will every now and then keep an eye on my progress with him, so that he may lose no time by continuing subject to our domestic tuition till the period agreed upon between us. Charles is not yet sufficiently advanced to become the subject of examination ; but his uncle assures us that he sees enough of *his* abilities to be quite confident that they exceed those of a considerable majority of boys of his age."

dence for him, he and his wife left Gower Street, (where they had spent the first few years of their married life,) and settled also at Hampstead about the same time, and my aunt had the satisfaction of attending her parents assiduously during the remainder of their lives.

Barton Place was let to Admiral Peard, who continued to reside there till his death in 1833. The abandonment of the family home, however desirable under the circumstances, was a great grief to my father. Indeed he suffered it to dwell upon his mind with a degree of morbid sensitiveness which betokened too plainly that some constitutional evil was brooding in his system. In the month of March, 1819, he was taken ill with an attack of typhus fever, which, though not so severe as that from which he had suffered eight years before, was sufficiently so to cause his friends much anxiety. His illness was renewed, after he had apparently recovered from the fever, by an attack of inflammation of the bowels brought on by some imprudence; and at one time his life was in considerable danger. Dr. Roget and Dr. Baillie were both called in. Their measures proved effectual; but it was some time before my father recovered his bodily strength or the steadiness of his nerves. During his illness his mind had been much occupied with subjects of religious meditation. His dissatisfaction with the Unitarian system in which he had been brought up, which the intolerance of some of its advocates had already partially excited, was now enhanced by thoughtfully comparing its doctrines with the teaching of Scripture; but it was not till after three years of doubt and examination that he finally abjured all personal connexion with the Dissenting interest and became a member of the Church of England.

He had a great notion about this time of relinquishing his profession and giving himself up to the trade of authorship. His progress at the Bar had been extremely slow and unsatisfactory, and his was a nature peculiarly liable to sink with the pressure of discouraging circumstances. Indeed this was through life the great bugbear he had to contend with. He was by nature ambitious; at least he possessed that desire of distinction which few young men of ardent temperament are wholly without, and which the requirements of a large and increasing family rendered in his case more than a matter of mere personal vanity. But unfortunately his ambition was accompanied by an excessive modesty and diffidence, as well as by the constitutional liability to depression of which I have spoken. He never succeeded in those displays of readiness of utterance and facility of argument which are a barrister's most useful recommendations. Whether in company, or in the exercise of the public duties of his profession, he was incurably shy, hesitating and self-conscious; and he was himself painfully aware of many failures from this cause, which tended to create in him a great distrust of his own chances of preferment. Yet in many points of view he felt that his claims were respectable; and the expectations he would sometimes allow himself to build upon them, with his alternations of sanguine hope and bitter disappointment, fill up many a page in the Journal which, during the greater portion of his life after 1818, he made it his constant practice to keep. At times he would reproach himself severely for the indulgence of morbid dissatisfaction when he was surrounded by so many subjects for gratitude in his domestic circumstances. But it was in great measure an affair of physical temperament, and not altogether under his own control.

It fastened sometimes on his professional, sometimes on his literary prospects, and never wholly deserted him, though the latter years of his life were much less clouded by it than the earlier portion. After his illness in 1819, as I have said, he entertained a serious notion of giving up the law and London, and making literature the business of his life, a History of Devonshire being the design he then had immediately in view ; but his wife and mother urgently dissuaded him from a measure which could not fail to prove detrimental to the prospects of his children, as whether he might ever succeed in realizing a large income by the law or not, it was at all events desirable to keep up those connexions which might prove useful to them hereafter. J

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AAA From this time forward the events in my father's life are recorded in the pages of the Diary above mentioned, which he kept with more or less regularity during the last twenty-five years of his life, sometimes allowing an interval of some months or even years to intervene without making any entry in it, but slightly filling up the hiatus afterwards. This Diary, contained in thirteen small, closely written volumes, affords a lively picture of the writer's mind as well as of his outward history ; his deep and genuine piety, the growth of his religious opinions, the morbid feelings of disappointment and dejection which he freely records and as freely reproaches himself for, his extreme but well justified paternal pride in the progress of his sons, his literary projects, the course of his reading, and his social life among his friends and acquaintances, many of them men of note in the legal or literary world, with free remarks on their characters as they appeared to him—all these

subjects render the Diary, as he intended it should be, full of interest to his descendants. He was in the habit of looking it over from time to time, and either cutting out or carefully obliterating such passages as on maturer reflection he regretted.

From this Diary I proceed to make extracts.

## CHAPTER V.

DIARY OF JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE. Reflections on Illness. Gradual change of religious opinion. Literary projects. Sons at Harrow. Letters on the Trial and Death of Queen Caroline. 1819—1821.

“Jan. 1, 1819. I begin this Diary in the midst of a large family circle; consisting of my Father and Mother, my Wife, and five boys—all in good health, except my Wife, who, expecting her confinement shortly, has suffered from a cough, which is however now much better. God grant we may all assemble under auspices no less favourable on the first of January, 1820.

We must all have our crosses to bear. Those which most immediately affect my happiness at present are, the want of advancement in business, and the consequent straitness and temporary embarrassment of my finances, obliging me to anticipate future resources; and, secondly, the separation from *Barton Place*, which is let for one year from next Lady-Day, but I fear with no present inclination, or the slightest intention, on the part of my Father and Mother to return to it at the end of that period. Whether *I* shall ever be enabled by circumstances to return to a place so beloved, and call it my own for the purposes of habitation and enjoyment, the future pages of this diary, (if I continue to keep it, as is my present intention, through life,) will discover.”

"Jan. 13. This day my dear boys Herman and Charles returned to Harrow school after the holidays. May God bless them, and preserve them in health of body and mind, giving them Fortitude, Patience, Diligence, the spirit of Emulation, the sense of Honour, and a pure and enlightened Religious Feeling! If it is lawful to make such a prayer, may they be more successful in the objects of worldly Interest and Ambition than their Father has been, or is likely to become! But this is what I doubt if we have any right to ask. Rather let me pray, May they deserve to be so! They are both good and excellent boys, for which they have their dear Mother's watchfulness and precepts more to thank, than any efforts of mine. And yet I trust I have not been wanting to them. Some may be disposed to blame me for placing myself too much on a level with them, as their companion and playfellow. But Instruction, and Example also, come, (as I think,) with double force from a *friend*, and there can be no friendship without equality. The system may not, perhaps, universally apply, but I flatter myself it cannot be wrong in this instance—and if I am wrong, the error is so delicious to my feelings that I cannot persuade myself it is one. For a Father to be beloved as I am by such a Son as Herman at present is, surely it is the highest blessing that Providence can bestow on our mortal state!"

"Jan. 20. Dined at Dr. Baillie's. . . . Dr. Baillie says of the King, he is in the best health—bids as fair for life as any man can do at the age of eighty—and is happier than any man in his dominions. I asked whether there is any intellectual enjoyment? That of the *most joyous* imagination. Is he conscious of his rank? Does he know that he is a sovereign? Implied affirmation, but must ask no more questions."

"March 24." [Written on recovering from the attack of typhus fever above mentioned.] "One of the advantages of illness is the test it affords of the affection and zealous friendship of our connexions. Fanny's and Mr. Mallet's have been most conspicuous: next to whom I must place the Montagus, whose kindness in having



Reginald to their house, notwithstanding their own very great timidity, (generally speaking,) on the score of infection, has impressed itself on my heart, I trust, indelibly. Mrs. Denman's extreme anxiety on my account, though carried perhaps to an extreme of groundless apprehension, has also convinced me of her sincere regard. Ben Drury's midnight visit on Sunday was also a strong manifestation of the deep interest he feels in our concerns: and Harry's and Caroline's conduct the same. Reginald's affectionate behaviour has pleased and affected me greatly. But my dear Wife's unremitting assiduity and attention, her excessive anxiety and deep affection, so admirably concealed and kept under while in the sick room as not to give even the momentary impression of the alarm and sorrow she suffered, even though at the time distracted by the illness of little John, and her necessary attendance on and fears for the infant—if all this does not make me love and value her, (if possible,) more than ever, that is to say, as much as it is possible to love and value any human being—I am the most ungrateful of God's creatures."

After the more dangerous attack of illness which followed in April, the diary continues :—

"April 21. I am now, by the blessing of a most merciful Providence, restored to life and to the prospect of health and happiness in life, after a second attack of illness, of a very serious and alarming nature, though short in duration. I most sincerely and devoutly thank the supreme Disposer of events for this dispensation, which, if He gives me grace rightly to improve the good thoughts and resolutions that have been awakened within me, will prove the first and greatest of the many blessings He has bestowed upon me. O Almighty Father, grant of Thine infinite goodness that this may come to pass !"

Among renewed expressions of gratitude to various friends occurs the following :—

"I owe to my most excellent friend—or let me call him Brother—Denman, all that could be done by the most zealous affection, to share in and relieve the anxieties and troubles of my afflicted Wife, and I believe that he was of the greatest and most essential service to her."

I will add here a letter written a few weeks later by my mother to Angel Heath.

"May 2, 1819. I have never before gone through such an ordeal as this last illness of his. I now think I have had all the sensations of witnessing a *death-bed*, for such I firmly believed it to be for some hours; and you cannot think how earnestly I prayed to be given strength to support him in his last struggles, and the horror with which the possibility of my not having that power struck me. I was quite alone, and sadly doubted how far my spirit might enable me to go through the task that might be allotted me. . . . A sudden sense of his danger seemed to come across him, and with tears he said to me 'Oh, I want philosophy to quit this world, and all that are so dear to me.' 'Oh, my love,' replied I, 'it is not to philosophy we must look, it is to religion!' Of this he was fully sensible, and it delighted my heart to see how rightly his mind was turned, and that death was only horrible as a separation from so many beloved objects, and no object of terror in itself. But do imagine my agony of heart, firmly believing it would end sadly, (for one always fears the worst,) yet endeavouring to keep up his spirits by assurances that Dr. Roget had not thought him in positive or actual danger at his last visit; at the same time I by no means wished to banish serious thought, and endeavoured to talk as calmly as possible, receiving his instructions as to what he wished in case of his death, and assuring him I would abide by them. To say I could quite restrain my tears would not be the fact, yet I kept them tolerably under, and only gave free vent to them as he dozed. After talking with me for some time, he said

‘Now I should be amused with your reading to me.’ Had he been in a less composed state, and his mind less seriously imbued, I *could not* at such a moment have read a *novel*—as it was, I entertained no scruples, conceiving that anything amusing might calm his spirits; but you may guess the *trial*, the absolute *rack*, of reading Florence Macarthy out loud for two or three hours! I now wonder how I could possibly do it. . . . Our boys were all with me in the house the whole time, yet so good that they gave me no trouble or anxiety. Poor Herman was excessively affected by his father’s danger, and the seeing them all around me was very melancholy, though certainly a comfort. This has been a severe discipline, yet I trust we are both much the better for it, for as the Quakers express it, it is a very *teaching lesson*; and no doubt we at times stand in need of such remembrancers.”

Many pages of my father’s diary are occupied by his religious sentiments during his tedious convalescence from this illness, and his gradually increasing dissatisfaction with the Unitarian sect, which he had not yet made up his mind finally to abandon. He writes:—

“April 25. I am disgusted with the Presumption, Bigotry and Intolerance of *all Sects* of Dissenters. Although a Dissenter, I am not a *Sectarian*. I abhor most especially the slavish and most narrow minded Superstition which would affix to the followers of a different creed from my own the indiscriminate appellation of Hypocrites or Idolaters. . . . If I am to listen to the tenets of Dogmatism, I had rather it should be a Dogmatism which has some shadow of support and excuse derived from the reverence attached to Antiquity, even in error; and I cannot bear that obstinate, self-willed, and puritanical Dogmatism, which comes cloaked under the semblance of Religious Liberty, and has the Freedom of Conscience perpetually in its mouth, while it breathes only a spirit of the most rancorous intolerance from its

heart. I infinitely prefer a Church Bigot to a Sectarian Bigot."

"May 2. Charles's talent for Latin verse making almost seems to mark him for the post of an Instructor in after life, and I shall not be surprised, nor very sorry, if circumstances hereafter point to Harrow or Eton, &c., as affording him a suitable berth. He amused himself during the few days of our unfortunate rustication, when we left him behind us, in commencing a *Tinchor Epic*, in which he composed full 200 lines. \* This at a time of life by some years previous to my *Theban War*, which I now forget whether I embarked in previous to or after my being at Mr. Burrington's—but I think not till after. Herman's persevering fondness for *Dante*, in which he completed the reading of the *Inferno* these holidays, is one of the most extraordinary things I ever heard of, and the pertinency of his observations upon what he has read is still more so—observations perfectly original. He has really acquired an acute critical knowledge of the history of the man and of the times he lived in. While unable to read, from the wound in his eye, he translated 50 or 60 lines from memory, in the *tersa rima*, and has considerably augmented the number since. He was, as was natural to suppose, excessively affected by my illness, and, on going back, said that returning to school would be nothing but for leaving me and his mother in so poor a state of health, (though we were then both recovering.) This was partly an excuse to hide his home-sickness, which, I am sorry to observe, still prevails to a greater extent than can be wished. † . . . To-day

\* My father and mother were spending a few days at Harrow when his second attack of illness came on. The *Tinchor Epic* refers to the game of imaginary countries, which my father had begun with the boys in their early childhood, and which they carried on for years; some of their gravest letters from college contain additions to their imaginary histories.

† An extract has been kept from a letter written early in 1819 to a friend by Mrs. Trollope the novelist, (the mother of Anthony Trollope,) who at that time was very slightly acquainted with our family, though there was some intimacy in later years. Writing of Herman Merivale, then not much over 12 years old, she says:—"He is by far the most wonderful child I ever saw. His enthusiastic love of Poetry exceeds that of any person I ever met with, and the correctness of his style equals it. He is familiar with the best

I went to church with my Wife and Reginald in Queen Square, and think I never was so much affected by any external impression in religious matters as by the performance of the Morning Hymn. It seemed to bring all the circumstances of my illness and most merciful preservation with irresistible force upon my mind, and filled me with indescribable emotions of love and gratitude to my Heavenly Father. It did me more good than all the most argumentative metaphysical sermons that Belsham ever preached.\* I do not say however that there may not be somewhat of enthusiasm in this, and sober Reason may instruct me otherwise. I will not be hasty or premature in any resolution I may come to."

"May 5. Went to Murray's and met Milman, (the elder,) son of Sir Francis Milman, and his brother the Poet. The former I had not seen for years, but he recognized me and we renewed our acquaintance. He introduced me also to his brother—asked me if I had any thoughts of Ariosto, which he says is abandoned by Rose—but I don't find my stomach quite so strong to such a task as I fancied it while recovering from my last illness; besides that

Latin, French and Italian poets in the original, and from his darling Dante, in particular, poured forth long quotations, with a spirit and correctness equally astonishing and delightful. But his reading has by no means been confined to poetry. He is a deep historian, and has read all the best histories in the original, and compares them with a comprehension of intellect, grasping them, as it were, at one view, and drawing inferences so acute and so original as shews a mind perfectly stupendous at his age—and all this with the most easy vivacity, and not the slightest tincture of pedantry or conceit. Several other schoolboys dined with us, and in the evening they played Commerce, in which he joined with perfect goodhumour. In making the hands of my young neighbours I speedily became defunct, and then he cried 'May I throw up my lives?'—which being permitted, he established himself by me at the fireside, and by degrees we collected round us Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, and Spenser, and it was beautiful to see the rapid glance of his young eye from page to page—pausing at his favourite passages, always well chosen, but never hackneyed. These he read aloud, (or rather *sotto voce*,) with so much grace and so much feeling, that I have seldom if ever enjoyed literary conversation more. He is perfectly awake to every species of Beauty. Speaking of Dante, he said 'How he kindles at the name of Beatrice!' What will this creature be at five-and-twenty? I should not omit that he talked of the Greek poets with Trollope, and quoted from them with equal facility and judgment."

\* The minister of the Unitarian Chapel in Essex Street.

I have other more serious professional plans in contemplation . . . Our conversation taking this turn, I spoke to them of Ricciardetto and shewed them my first canto which I had brought to introduce it to Murray. And they tickled my vanity not a little by the laughter with which they accompanied the perusal of it. I left it afterwards with Murray, to be the subject of future consideration. \* I have since asked the elder Milman and Murray to dine with me next week. D'Israeli also introduced himself to me—talked about my uncle Hole and the Exeter Society, of which he was once a member, and suggested that the Exmoor Courtship would probably answer as a separate publication. † . . . A most excellent letter from Herman, containing criticisms on Dante and Tasso, singularly just and evincing a most pure and correct taste in matters of Poetry."

"May 15. Went to Murray's, full of my Ariosto project, but met not a very pressing reception on that side, though an extremely eager one as to Ricciardetto—but not a word to be extracted from him on the score of money. I wish I were not so mealy-mouthed and such a martyr to *mauvaise honte*—but it is my nature, and I fear I shall never surmount it. Was introduced to Foscolo, who took me aside to talk to me about a novel of his, which he wishes I would undertake to translate, engaging that I shall have a fourth of the profits. His looks are full of genius, his manners of affectation. ‡ . . . When he was gone, Wilkie the painter came in,

\* "Richardetto" was a humorous poem my father amused his recovery with composing, partly free translation, partly imitation of the Italian poem of Fortiguerra; he however went no further than two cantos, which were published by Murray in 1820.

† This was a humorous dialogue in the Devonshire dialect, professing to be an old drama, translated and modernised by Mr. Hole. My father published it in Blackwood's Magazine for February 1819, and in the following April produced in the same journal a Memoir of Mr. Hole, written by a member of the Exeter Society.

‡ Ugo Foscolo was an Italian poet and political refugee; he retired to England, "where he resided from 1816 till his death, (1827,) chiefly occupied with his learned and valuable studies on Dante. His erudition was profound, and his literary industry enormous; but his eccentric temper and

whom I recognized as having formerly met at Dr. Baillie's. He looks miserably ill indeed. . . Afterwards Hookham Frere, to whom I had also the honour of introduction, and found him one of the most agreeable men I have ever found so on a first introduction. Spoke most freely of Whistlecraft, (to which I led,) and humorously regretted the taste of the age and nation, which cannot be persuaded to understand Humour unaccompanied by personal satire; and, not finding the latter where they confidently look for it, throw aside the book in disgust. He is a true enthusiast in Romance."

"May 28. On Friday last I dined at Longman's. Present, Sir James Mackintosh, Sir James Smith, (the Linnæan,) Colonel Wilks, Tom Moore, Bowles, (the Poet,) Dr. Roget, and some others. Mackintosh a fund of good humour and anecdote. Tom Moore introduced a few here and there—the rest of the company mutes, with the exception of Jemmy Boswell, whom I forgot to mention. Lord Dunboyne represented by the Dublin Evening Post as having renounced the errors of the Church of Rome and embraced those of the Church of England. The French traveller in England who condemns us as a most unfeeling nation, making our sport of everything sacred. '*Ici l'on joue les funérailles*' . . . Talk of Shakspeare, Milton, Burke, Sheridan. Boswell's absurd commentatorial discoveries of plagiarism from Lord Sterline, Greene, &c., very well turned to ridicule, and in a most good-humoured gentlemanly way, by Mackintosh."

"June 1, we went for a week's holiday to Harrow. June 3 was the Speech day—and the first stone laid of the new school. The following day, (King's birthday,) I enjoyed with my boys, sauntering through the fields deep in Leucanian Wars, and commenced a third Canto of Richardetto by an address to Drury under the name of Piscator. Drury speaks most highly of Oriel as the first

ill-regulated passions prevented his enjoying all the respect and independence which his talents would otherwise have commanded." L. A. Merivale, *Modern Italian Poets*.

College, under Copleston, at either University—particularly of the Harrow boys, (his pupils,) who have lately distinguished themselves there. . . . I cannot quite brook the idea of submitting Herman's genius to the drudgery of an attorney's office, though it is represented as the surest road to practice and opulence in the profession—and think he *must* have the chance of the more liberal education of an University. If so, and Oriel keeps up its present reputation, the inducements will be very strong to send him there in preference to Cambridge."

"June 15. An unexpected visit from my Harrow boys. Very much pleased with the look and behaviour of both. Charles had a black eye from fighting with a boy of his own age and standing called Batten—like himself a Master's nephew. I read some of Charles's voluntary compositions in verse, which I think quite extraordinary: his 'Actiacum Bellum,' written in the Easter holidays, and English translation of part of the 2nd book of Ovid's Metamorphoses. I incline to think that he has more of poetical genius than Herman, at least more of spontaneous poetical expression, and a remarkably good ear for metre."

"June 17. The want of business since my illness, and thoroughly gloomy and discouraging aspect of pecuniary affairs, set me thinking at a very early hour this morning, and have inspired me with more serious ideas of abandoning for ever this ungrateful profession than I have ever yet entertained. My spirits are depressed beyond conception, and the sight of Court and Chambers most irksome. Any tolerably certain and reputable literary engagement that offered itself would, I think, determine me. The History of Devonshire flatters my imagination greatly, but I doubt much whether any booksellers would engage in it on such terms as are quite indispensable to my undertaking it. To-day I called on D'Israeli and had a most civil and flattering reception from him, but very little encouragement to do anything with my Uncle's papers. . . . D'Israeli lives in a magnificent house, (for an Author,) in Blooms-



bury Square, \* surrounded with books and new publications. Much versed in Italian literature."

The diary continues, (June 20,) with detailed reasons against the absolute abandonment of the law, especially for the sake of his boys hereafter ; "but," he concludes : —

"I will sacrifice no more to that which is now so hopeless of return, the other blessings and benefits of existence—I will boldly embark upon the ocean of enterprise which Literature in its most extended sense affords me ; and, while I pay due regard to the worthy hope of lasting Fame and Character I will omit no fair means that offer themselves of deriving from it the means of present support and enjoyment for myself and my family. As the first fruit of these reflections and resolutions, I called at Longman's on Friday, and opened to Rees and Orme my project of a History of Devonshire, to which they hold out, though not any extravagant hope of advantage, yet sufficient encouragement to induce me to persevere, and to make the best of the approaching vacation in the collection of materials from the spot. . . . This morning I called on Foscolo to thank him for his communication on the subject of Fortiguerra. Not very encouraging as to the probable success of Richardetto—any more than the note I received from D'Israeli in returning it. It is not only, he says, that it will not suit the English taste, but it will not suit the taste of the age—that a new Morgante, or a new Ricciardetto, even twenty times better than the original, would not now succeed even in Italy. Mere amusement will not suffice. The taste requires excitement—passion and interest. But he advises me, (as D'I. also does,) to launch what I have already written. Much of himself and his pursuits. Says he would give up literature if he could not make it produce him £100 per month. . . . He is as much wrapped up in himself as Wordsworth. . . . There is a frankness and gene-

\* No. 6.

rosity of manner about him with all his egotism and spirit of a trader in Literature. The latter, I am convinced, is the true spirit in which Literature ought to be undertaken—and the more open the better. Nevertheless, from inveterate habit, I could not talk of guineas per sheet as Foscolo does, and do not even now understand what compensation I am to receive for what I have undertaken to do. I can't say much for Foscolo's taste in furnishing a room, which, (nevertheless,) he is very proud of. Crimson carpet, orange chair and sofa furniture, and orange paper for the room, green and white window-curtains. This can't be called a chaste and severe style. At parting I asked him to dine with me, which he said he should be very happy to do *little-à-little*—but not to-day. Sundays he is always engaged in a family party—walks with young ladies in Portman Square in the evening, then returns, and the eldest reads prayers, and a bad sermon afterwards. 'So you see,' he adds, putting his hand to his breast, '*c'est une affaire de cœur.*'"

"July 9. Wrote more full details of my plan to Exeter and Cockwood. Copied pedigrees at the Museum. Most persons would think this dull work, and I should be ashamed of it as an amusement if it led to nothing else; and yet I find an extraordinary and inexplicable source of amusement in it for its own sake. I suppose I was born a genealogist: and for the sake of the aristocratical part of our constitution it is well that there are tastes which relish the pursuit so generally scouted."

"July 12. Heard from H. James and from my father. The former states all the difficulties in the way of my project, and, what is much more to the purpose, asks whether I do not make a sacrifice of the useful to the pleasant. My inclination prompts me to say No—but does the answer completely satisfy my conscience? I am rather afraid it does not. And yet I persuade myself that in my present situation there is more good than bad in the scheme. My father sees nothing but on one side, and holds out the bait of Barton Place to my entire abandonment of business. Here my Wife interposes—may I hope as my better angel—points out all

the disadvantages of the plan of retirement, and the duty I owe my children of continuing as long as possible on the theatre of active life. And here, at least, the path of duty is so plain before me that I must coincide with her, and resolve that nothing shall seduce me from the course that may appear to my cool judgment most beneficial with a view to their advancement in life. . . . It is in the view of the advantage that may result to them from the extension of my connexions in the County that my favourite scheme is most reconcilable with my conscience, and assumes to my judgment of it by far the strongest likeness of wisdom and expediency."

"Aug 1. I begin this second volume of my Diary in somewhat better spirits as to professional prospects than those with which I closed the last. I have been engaged in one considerable argument, and appeared in another cause of importance from the rank of my client, (the Duke of Somerset,) which in the result—the over-ruling of a demurrer—has been in some degree beneficial to my reputation, at the same time that the Vice-Chancellor's general observations have given sanction and credit to my first and constant opinion on the merits. I have been consulted on a motion about to be made by the Bishop of Ely against Lord King, on the part of the latter, which is likely to make some noise; and I have received a brief to appear on a petition to supersede a Commission of Lunacy which involves a history of a most interesting though melancholy nature, and, if it comes to a public hearing, must excite very general attention. All these crowding together at the moment of my greatest despondency—which I note for the benefit of my children in case they should any of them, (as they probably will,) be similarly situated in any part of their respective careers."

The vacation of 1819 was spent as usual in Devonshire, and the journal notes down many rides about the country collecting materials for the History of the County, though the dissuasions of his wife and friends, especially Dr. Drury, combined with the increase in his professional business,

made my father delay his scheme of really devoting himself to the undertaking.

The diary after his return to London in November is much taken up with remarks on the books he was reading—two chapters daily of study of the Greek Testament, Barrow's Sermons—"having a very strong predilection for old divinity over new"—Lingard's History, and the two first cantos of Don Juan, which were then published, and excited a violent clamour against their author which my father thought exaggerated.

"Upon the whole," he writes after some review of the poem, "I am perfectly satisfied that the outcry raised against the book is not justified by the design or tendency of the work—that it was first excited by private hostility and revenge, encouraged by the absurd air of mystery in which it was enveloped before its publication—by the apparent plea of 'Guilty' made by the publisher in concealing his name—and by the prevailing and ever increasing disposition of the age to the vice of *exaggeration* in all things. This last, in more matters than one, and in things of much more serious importance than the present, I cannot help considering as one of the worst signs of the times, and have some thoughts of turning my mind to an Essay on that very subject. . . . As to his satire, where it is personal it can excite but one sentiment of disapprobation, and when levelled at one injured individual, of disgust and indignation. But where it is general, it is often as well directed as it is keen and irresistible. . . . The mischief of Don Juan, Mallet says, lies in the general nature and tendency of the Poem—more thoroughly *French*, or rather *Parisian*, in its tone than any work of nearly the same celebrity that has ever appeared in this country; especially, threatened as we are with a continuation, in the same style and spirit as the beginning, of ten more Cantos. This, I think, is correct; but the stir that has been made about it

strongly reminds me of the whole history of *Beaumarchais* and the *Mariage de Figaro* in Grimm's Correspondence."

Reference has been made above to my father's gradual change of opinion from the religious tenets in which he had been brought up; the pages of his diary, in which he faithfully recorded his thoughts as they occurred to him, contain very copious expressions of them, from which a few extracts have been taken.

"Nov. 28. I have finished St. Mark's Gospel, and read a good deal in Baxter's Paraphrase, which seems to me in the main very sensible and judicious. . . . I have also referred, but with a good deal of disgust, to Belsham's book on the Character of Christ. My opinions on that subject have undergone a great degree of revolution for some months past, and I consider in a very different light many circumstances which I used to think almost conclusive arguments in favour of the Unitarian Hypothesis. Of this I am fully satisfied—that it is not by taking and commenting upon detached passages that the sense of Scripture is to be ascertained, but by a general and comprehensive view of the whole System; and most of all, that it is necessary to bear constantly in mind what were the impressions made on the Jewish Nation by the prophetic writings, in order to form any reasonable conjecture of the spirit in which the Evangelists and Apostles wrote. The Unitarian System, (at least according to Belsham's mode of treating it,) seems to shut out altogether this view of the subject. No part of the Gospel history has struck me so forcibly, (during my present perusal,) as the account of the Transfiguration. Nothing is expressed of astonishment at so stupendous a Vision. It is described with the calmness of persons who feel that they are relating what is perfectly accordant with the expectations and feelings of those to whom their discourse is addressed: what would have been amazing indeed had Christ been a mere Man, but excites no surprise in such

as know that he is of a superior—of an angelic—perhaps of a divine nature. I suspect that, duly considered, the whole tenor of the sacred writings is of a piece with this.”

The following remarks occur a few weeks later :—

“ Jan. 2, 1820. To-day I finished reading St. John's Gospel. I know not how the 16th and 17th chapters can be fairly surmounted by those who contend for Christ's simple humanity . . . I think no honest and unprejudiced reader can doubt the impression which the Evangelist designed to convey and which he himself entertained ; and no way is left to get out of it but by denying the inspiration, or the authenticity, of the Gospel. I am disposed to think the *Paraclete* another very awkward stumbling block in the way of Unitarianism. He is clearly spoken of as a distinct person, and that in an address the most solemn and impressive, the least tinctured with a figurative style and spirit that our Saviour ever pronounced.”

“ March 12. If we admit Christ to be in Heaven, why is He not a proper object both of adoration and prayer ? If He is there, does it not follow that, (unless He is a mere cipher,) He must be personally exercising His influence over the concerns of the world ? The more I reflect on this mysterious subject, the more I am persuaded that the Trinitarian controversy is little else but a dispute about words. The fault of Athanasian Christianity is that it attempts to define what is undefinable. But I think that not a sufficient cause for Dissent.”

To return to the close of 1819 :—

“ Dec. 9. Tuesday our dear boys came home for the holidays, and I was so much better as to be able to derive enjoyment from that which is among the first of all my worldly blessings—their society ; especially Herman's, which is every time I see him more and more wonderful. An accidental turning over the leaves of

Lingard's History drew from him a most pertinent observation as to the trial of Sir John Oldcastle and the Lollards, and the origin of the writ *de Hær. comburendo*, which discovered to me that he has been reading deeply in the State Trials for his amusement, while employed in the business of his Uncle's library. His power of retention and arrangement are quite as extraordinary as his higher gifts of intellect and imagination. I am sorry to add (what I fear *must* be the case) that his habits of reflection cast an appearance of abstraction over his air and countenance which is calculated to prejudice him in the opinion of those who judge only at first sight, and much overcloud his natural cheerfulness. I have begun to read with him Hallam's chapters on the English Constitution, which I find a delightful exercise."

"Jan. 3, 1820. Dined at Mawman's the Bookseller, where were Conversation Sharpe, Denman, Butler the conveyancer, Frend, Ray (the Prothonotary), Pollock, and two young men, in all ten of us—a great deal of anecdote and very pleasant. Sharpe told of Burke, that being at the Eumelian in company with himself (Sharpe), Wyndham, Greathead, and one or two more, and Wyndham praising the early events of the French Revolution, the taking of the Bastille, &c., shortly after that event had taken place, Burke all the while he was speaking took long and hasty strides across the room—at length came up to him with his hands extended and with vast emphasis of accent and gesture, and asked if he really thought as he said: Wyndham assented, upon which Burke, with still greater vehemence, asked whether he would wish the same scenes to be acted in England under similar circumstances; and, Wyndham still assenting, he assumed a prophetic voice and attitude, and exclaimed 'Then I see a spirit raised which will not again be laid,' &c., describing the anticipated horrors of the Revolution in the most glowing language and with the most vivid powers of oratory. Pollock happened to fall foul of the Unitarians, asserting (as a matter past contradiction) that they have no pretension to be ranked as

Christians; which gave occasion to Frend (a coarse vulgar Jacobin of the old school) to avow his Unitarianism, and I felt at the moment that it would be declining the honours of confessorship not to make the same avowal. This gave occasion to a pleasant story of Sharpe's from some French Book, of a country in which it is supposed to be necessary, in order to attain the chief offices in the State, to look through a certain telescope at the sun and assert that its form is triangular. An honest would-be Minister being condemned to take this test in the presence of the Archbishop, could not be prevailed upon to declare that the figure was any other than round, upon which he was pronounced to be unfit for office; but being left alone with the Archbishop he afterwards asked him in a familiar way what he himself really thought of the matter, upon which the Archbishop said that he must own it had always appeared to him that it was a very round looking triangle. . . . Sharpe says that the House of Commons is at present, (setting aside Pitt and Fox,) more eloquent than he ever remembers it; and there never was a time when eloquence in Parliament had more success attending it—not immediately, but progressively, and by the force of public opinion. . . . Sydney Smith has sent up the Draft of a Bill for abolishing all female children within the age of three—especially Brougham's daughter. Walter Scott has received, or is to receive, £9000 for his two new novels, to raise a corps of Yeomanry cavalry therewith for the defence of the South of Scotland against the Radicals. Query, if Authorship is not the best trade going. Walter Scott says he was born to be a soldier, and he is determined to die one."

"Jan. 31. Proclamation of George the fourth. This Reign is new only in name, but may it prove auspicious!"

"Feb. 15. The reports of the day are of a sufficiently extraordinary nature. A more violent proceeding can hardly be imagined than the omission of the Queen's name in the altered Liturgy. This it is said was insisted on by the King in opposition to the determination of his Cabinet, and that, upon this, they are all to



go out, and a new ministry formed who are to undertake to carry his Majesty through. Report says the Duke of Wellington is to form this new ministry. Mr. Murdoch, who called at Murray's when I was there, says *the Whigs*—but this is manifestly impossible. What then are we to have? A Military Government—backed by all the powers of the Holy Alliance? We are certainly not ripe for such a Revolution, and the whole proceeding seems pregnant with the overthrow of the Brunswick Dynasty. Time will shew. If the present ministry go out on such a question, the popular sense will be entirely with them, and will most unquestionably prevail over the bayonets. The Chancellor, it seems, has actually sent in his resignation. If so, we must all sign our *adhesion* to the ex-ministers. What a time for the sacrifice of all petty differences and jealousies to a question which involves our honour and character as a nation as well as our national Rights and Liberties! I pray to God it may be so—and then will good indeed be produced from evil.”

“March 5. I have written another ‘Liberal Whig’ Letter to Blackwood, which I do not much like—but think almost anything written in the unusual language of moderation and conciliation better than silence.” \*

“March 21. Sunday morning my Father and Mother, with Alex and Reginald, † set off on their journey westward, after having been more than five months inmates of our household, during which my Father and Mother have done their utmost to accommodate themselves to our habits and feelings, while I am sure that Loui, and trust that I myself have not been wanting to meet them by a corresponding disposition to please and be pleased on our parts. Our little political squabbles are hardly to be mentioned as variations of the general tranquillity.”

\* My father published three letters in Blackwood with this title, signed “Metrodorus.”

† Reginald was on this occasion sent to school at Tavistock.

"April 10. Had a very pleasant party at home, consisting of Harry Drury and Caroline, the Uttersons, Rogerses and Dibdin, (the Bibliomane). Walter Scott (now Sir Walter)'s daughter is going to be married to Lockhart, (Editor of Blackwood's Magazine and Author of Peter's Letters,) and not choosing that it should take place in the *unlucky* month of May, he hastens back after a very short visit to Town, in order to conclude it before April is expired. Petrie (the dancing master) is a man made on purpose for the office of Keeper of the Records, to which I was mad enough to aspire during my desponding fit of last summer. He is likely to do great things for the preservation of these venerable and important antiquities, and perhaps for their production in a shape fit for general use. Lyson's brother is going to continue the *Magna Britannia*. On Wednesday I walked to Murray's . . . While there Crabbe came in, and looked over Westall's drawings for his poems with great delight. Hallam also—and both spoke with great admiration of Milman's 'Fall of Jerusalem,' which I took home with me and read in the evening. It is undoubtedly a splendid composition, but does not, I think, shew much knowledge of character and human nature. . . . Sir Walter says, if the Author of *Waverley* does not take care he will write himself down."

"April 21. Dined at Rogers's with the Uttersons, Barclays, &c., and went in the evening to a party at Mrs. Baillie's, where I was to have met the great Lion, Sir Walter, but arrived too late. Was introduced to Lady Byron, (whom I do not think very attractive,)—flirted with my old flame Mrs. Ahmuty, whom I called Miss Barker and asked to dance with me—was asked by Miss Croft who was that delightfully interesting man, (my brother-in-law Mallet,) and renewed acquaintance with Harness, son of the Doctor, and now a popular preacher."

"June 11. Tuesday, [the 6th,] was the important æra of an event which we had all been prognosticating would never happen—the Queen's arrival in England. The King went down the same

morning to give the royal assent to some bills, and their coaches were within a few hours of meeting and jostling each other in Whitehall. I went down to the Committee room sitting on the Exeter Market, and never were astonishment and dismay so painted in every face. . . . Went in the evening to chambers, where *the arrival* was the theme of all conversation among the lawyers. That evening it was generally supposed that Brougham had deserted her, (in consequence of her desertion of his advice,) and that Denman was her Attorney General; but the next day's debate proved the contrary. However, Denman himself was under the same impression when he entered the House Tuesday evening, and made a short but animated speech which has done him immortal honour. The Queen afterwards asked him whether if Brougham had abandoned her, he should have thought himself bound to follow his example, and he referred her to that speech for his answer. Wednesday I dined at Utterson's, within a few doors of *Mother Wood's*, (as they call it,) where the Queen then was; and though there was some mob about the doors, I saw nothing which indicated much clamour or riotous intentions. Our party was, besides C. Drury, only Haselwood, (a Roxburghe man and an attorney,) and Cohen—a Jew, distinguished for some very clever articles on Superstitions &c. in the Quarterly, a young man of infinite modesty and merit, competitor with Petrie for the Keepership of the Records, a friend and translator of Foscolo's—with whom I hope to be more acquainted. \* . . . Thursday—I had much conversation with Denman on the subject of the Queen, and of his own very critical situation, and heard enough to be satisfied that, in whatever way it terminates, he will acquit himself to his own high honour and the pride of his friends. He shewed me the letter of which he had been the bearer to Lord Liverpool—the

\* Mr. Cohen was afterwards Sir Francis Palgrave, and Deputy Keeper of the Records; he was the author of several learned works on early English History. The acquaintance between him and my father here commenced ripened into a lasting friendship.

joint composition of himself, Brougham, and John Williams—and admirably suited to put their antagonists in the wrong in case of the further continuance of hostilities. He is impressed with a very high opinion of the Queen's masculine sense as well as spirit—says she seems born for command, and calculated to prove that Kings and Princes are of a different race of beings from mere ordinary mortals. Canning's compliment to her fascinating manners, however ridiculous for its being *so* placed, he says is perfectly just in point of fact. She conversed quite at her ease on common and literary subjects. Somebody mentioned Foscolo, and she expressed the strongest desire that he might come and see her, saying that he is a man of a noble spirit, (which, by the bye, Cohen also asserts, who seems to know him intimately). It was with difficulty she was persuaded to admit of the letter being written. How can I descend from this elevation to report the bad jokes of the day? They say all she wants is to be removed from Mother Wood's to King's Place—that Brougham is merely Under-wood, (to which they now add that he is Brush-wood). Serjeant Blosset meeting Denman yesterday at half-past 4, (the debate in which Brougham made a speech 'of which all London rung' having taken place the evening before,) asked him seriously whether he had heard from Brougham, and when he was expected to return from the Continent. What an anecdote for Horace Walpole, whose Correspondence I am reading with infinite delight, and wish with all my heart there may be some Horace Walpole now in existence to record the infinite variety of anecdote to which these eventful days must give rise. I am of opinion, with Loui, that his character has been most unjustly aspersed, and that, so far from heartless and frivolous, there is enough in his lively correspondence to shew that he was a kind and warm-hearted friend as well as a man of sense, and no proof of the ingratitude and cruelty with which he has been charged. He loved laughing, and hated the affectation of sensibility so far as sometimes to disguise its real existence."

"June 15. At Denman's, with whom I had a great deal of

conversation on his condition with regard to the Queen, and on the course to be pursued. The great point in debate seemed to be whether to insist on the restoration of her name to the Liturgy. I contended warmly against it, and urged as a strong objection its not having been insisted upon sooner."

"July 7. The Coronation is suspended. I think that of all the disgusting features of this abominable case, one of the worst was the perseverance in the preparations for that ceremony under such circumstances; and I am astonished that more persons have not been struck by it in the same manner. I remember no occurrence of a public nature in which I have found it so impossible to come to any *belief* as to the real facts and probable result as the present. It is clear that if she is guilty to the extent even of the smallest part of what is alleged against her, she must be fit for no other place than the lunatic asylum. And yet, to suppose her innocent implies such a degrading estimate of mankind at large who have so greedily swallowed the calumnies of sordid interest and corruption, as one is very loath to entertain. I am, upon the whole, in a state of absolute suspense which only makes me the more wonder at the heat and violence with which men in general maintain and oppose the contrary opinions. I cannot myself resist the propensity to argue, and find it usually leads me to espouse the side of the question opposite to that asserted by the violent champions of either. My most prevailing inclination is to imagine that, in revenge for the real and gross injuries she has sustained, she has persisted in her old amusement of humbugging her enemies and accusers to such an extent as to expose herself to the dangers of never being able to get out of the labyrinth which she has herself created."

"July 11. Had a party which caused some little anxiety previously as to the sort of entertainment to be offered to so great a man as Dr. Parr, who sent me a message only on Sunday that he would dine with me in a family way; in consequence of which I set about asking a few friends who I thought would be agreeable

to him, and who (as usual on such occasions) swelled to more than I anticipated and with some additions that I should not have wished to make. I therefore went to call upon him in the New Road before breakfast, that he might not complain of being taken by surprise. Found him (though the morning was very hot) in a little back room with a large fire, smoking in his night cap. He was extremely good humoured and desirous of being pleased. . . . At dinner, besides Dr. Parr and Fellowes, we had Mallet and Fanny, Foscolo, Lomax, Miller and Bray, (the Vicar of Tavistock,) . . . and Dr. Roget. Foscolo was too clamorous, and the Doctor seemed hardly to understand who he was, and not to delight in having so much declamation to interrupt him in the exercise of his supremacy. He was besides very metaphysical, and the difficulty of comprehending him is always in exact proportion to the energy with which he declaims. He said he was on a former occasion disappointed of an introduction to the Doctor at Woburn, and I expressed myself happy that it had fallen to my lot to be the first to bring them together. I imagined that Greece would have been a bond of union, but it failed; Foscolo left us early, and the Doctor did not seem much to regret his absence. He was, however, in very high good humour all day, and upon the whole, I think the party was a pleasant one. Foscolo's vehemence of voice and gesture—getting up and stamping about the room to strengthen his assertions—formed a diverting contrast to the Doctor's dictatorial self-complacency and supremacy."

"July 28. Dined at Baugh Allen's to meet Parr. . . . Parr was in high force, though a little gloomy at first in adverting to an eruption on his leg, which at his time of life looked a little serious. Talked of his regret that he had failed to accomplish the task he had proposed to himself of writing a life of Johnson, which was to have comprised his own mind and soul on all political, religious and philological questions. Evidently anxious to leave the world with some excuse for not having

employed his talents, while in it, to some more useful purpose." \*

The Diary for this summer contains frequent lamentations over the lack of business and consequent narrowness of means. The summary of vacation history which follows is in a different strain.

"Oct. 27. I resume my Journal after an interval of ten weeks very pleasantly spent in Devonshire, during which my pursuits were so much restricted to my antiquarian researches (which speak for themselves) as to leave me little reason to continue a regular Chronicle of occurrences. Yet this vacation has not been unmarked by events of great importance to my comfort and happiness. . . . I left London, Saturday, Aug. 10, with Herman, Charles, and John, and reached Exeter the following evening, where I had the happiness of finding our two remaining boys both in high health and spirits. Reginald's school at Tavistock seems to answer in every respect to the full extent of my wishes. Louisa and the two little girls completed our family circle the Wednesday following. The first week was principally spent by myself and the boys in little excursions on foot to visit Churches, &c., one of which led us to Tiverton and the neighbourhood, and took us two very delightful days. The following

\* The name of Dr. Samuel Parr is well known in literary circles as that of a man of high repute for scholarship, who used to say, "Mr. Porson is the *first* Grecian in England, and Dr. Burney is the *third*." As a conversationalist his friends thought him worthy of comparison with Dr. Johnson, whose manner he seemed to imitate. As a vigorous pamphleteer on the liberal side in politics he stood in high favour with the Whig leaders, but he fell on evil times, and his party being excluded from power for fifty years he had no chance of the high promotion for which indeed his excentricities would have unfitted him. He was born at Harrow in the middle of the last century and became an assistant master of the school a few years before Dr. Drury; but having unsuccessfully competed with Dr. Heath for the Head Mastership, he retired and set up a private school at Stanmore. He afterwards accepted the small living of Hatton in Warwickshire, and a well endowed prebend at St. Paul's Cathedral placed him in easy circumstances and the enjoyment of a good deal of literary society in which he affected to be an oracle. C. M.

week we went to Cockwood, Herman and I visiting Sowden by the way, where we spent one night with our good friends the Williamses. Mrs. Heath and Angel were at Cockwood with us, and the universally interesting subject of the Queen's trial occupied almost all our thoughts and conversation—Mrs. Heath and Mrs. Drury both espousing her cause (as that of an injured and persecuted woman) with an ardour and generosity of feeling that rendered them both doubly estimable in my eyes.\* Dr. Drury's Government bias would not allow him to see things in the same point of view, and we had consequently a great deal of warm and animated, but very good humoured debate, which only served to make the time pass more pleasantly. Returned to Exeter Tuesday the 27th, and on the 29th of August received a packet from chambers enclosing Checkett's accounts of fees received, which falling short of the amount expected plunged us in rather a gloomy perplexity, when in a corner of the parcel I discovered a note I had not opened, which conveyed the important intelligence of Mrs. Katencamp's death on the Friday preceding—an event by which I am put in possession of property to the full amount of my desires, being sufficient to enable me to live in the manner and rank of life we have been accustomed to without fear of excess or encroachment, and with all the real comforts and conveniences of our station, and to pursue my professional career without the necessity of seeking extraneous aid from literary resources.† It enables me also to do more extensive good to others

\* Mrs. Heath was Mrs. Drury's unmarried sister Elizabeth, more commonly known in the family as Miss Heath. She was an object of great respect and affection to her relations of the generation below her, from the singular goodness and simplicity of her character. I have often heard my mother describe her life at Walkerne, most systematic and methodical in its arrangements, but abounding with acts and thoughts of benevolence. After the death of Dr. Benjamin Heath in 1817, she spent the remainder of her life, (which ended in 1823,) in a house in Southernhay, Exeter (No. 47). Her companion was her niece Angel, the daughter of Admiral Heath. Angel Heath was my mother's contemporary, and her most intimate friend and correspondent, from the time of their first meeting at Walkerne at the age of 17, to her death in 1858.

† By the will of Herman Katencamp, who died in 1807, his nephew my



than I have hitherto had the means of contributing, and empowers my dear wife most especially to indulge her compassionate and benevolent feelings in the way in which they so richly deserve to be indulged and gratified. I pray God to instruct us both in the way of employing these talents so as to be most pleasing to Himself and most conducive to the happiness and benefit of our fellow creatures. This most opportune and unexpected accession of fortune has produced in my mind no disposition to relinquish, but on the contrary the strongest inclination to persevere in and follow up my profession for the improvement of the means which God has given me, and for the advantage of my children, to whom I am sure it will be an incalculable benefit, (independently of the increase of my fortune,) to have a father actively engaged in public life at the time when they are ready to enter it. The fond hope and desire of redeeming Barton Place out of the hands of the strangers who now occupy it, and taking it into my own possession, forms no inconsiderable part of the many powerful inducements I have to adopt and strenuously adhere to this, (now my fixed and unalterable,) determination; and I feel an extraordinary degree of confidence that my resolution will be attended with success, and that the tide which has for the last twelvemonth appeared to be upon the turn, is now decidedly set in my favour.

To resume my short narrative. Tuesday, (Sept. 3,) Herman and I rode to Moreton, (facetiously termed by the Precentor *Tombuctoo*,) where I had been invited to meet a party at Cole's cottage, and where we had accordingly a most hospitable reception and a very good-humoured and agreeable set of *convives*, among whom it was agreed that we should form a Tombuctoo Club, to meet in the same place every summer. Next day, (after riding before breakfast to Lustleigh Cleave,) we were joined by my father,

father inherited after the widow's death the bulk of his property, amounting, I believe, to about £20,000. Since her husband's death, Mrs. Katencamp had not been on good terms with his family, and her death seems to have occurred unexpectedly.

Charles and Reginald in a car, and proceeded across the moor to Tavistock, where we deposited our dear little schoolboy in his comfortable abode at Parkwood, and on that and the following day I renewed a slight acquaintance of several years back with Mr. Evans, (who is the dissenting Minister of the place,) and saw enough of him and his situation to confirm me in my previous good opinion of the place. From Tavistock we made a delightful tour to Bideford and thence circuitously back to Exeter by a route of which my antiquarian memoranda furnish all the particulars. I looked at much of the country through which we passed with the eye of a man who begins to think he may one day commence landed proprietor, and indeed I feel a very strong predilection for that species of investment should my professional income increase in a rate at all commensurate with my sanguine expectations. We completed our rambles on Sept. 10, and on the Thursday following Herman and Charles set off on their return to Harrow, under the desirable escort of their uncle himself, who, having completed his Italian travels a week sooner than he had allowed himself, employed the short excess of holiday in a hasty visit to Cockwood and kindly offered to take the boys back with him. Their absence on the few following days produced that feeling of regret and vacuity which with me is always sure to follow it. Herman especially has been more than ever my friend and companion in these holidays, entering into my favourite pursuits with an ardour which it seems surprising to meet with except among equals in years and at the time of life when the mind has attained maturity. . . .

Sept. 18 we went down to Cockwood . . . I diversified my residence very pleasantly by several little excursions—to Haccombe with Carew, from whence I proceeded alone to Torbay &c.—spent three very pleasant days with my good old tutor Burrington at Chudleigh—directed planting operations at Barton Place—acquired the important advice and assistance of Mr. Oliver, the Catholic Priest of Exeter, in prosecuting my researches—held a good deal of most friendly and confidential correspondence with Denman on

the progress and conduct of his great Cause—attended the Sessions and Musical Festival at Exeter—and finally returned to Town by way of Bath. . . . Denman had concluded his speech the morning of the day on which I reached London at night. I have no right to exclaim with '*le brave Crillon*'—'*Va, pends toi ! Nous nous sommes battus et tu n'y étais pas !*'\*—but I felt some disappointment when I found it was over, and that I had not been by him at the time, or at hand to talk over the subject with him before his entering upon it."

"Nov. 2. I cannot commence this third volume of my diary without observing on the much altered state of all my feelings and prospects, since the commencement of the preceding, fifteen months ago ; at which period I was just recovering from a dangerous fever, most injurious to my progress in business, with the disheartening contemplation of a great consequent failure—an increasing debt, and many and serious doubts whether I was justified in tempting any longer a fortune which appeared so decidedly unpropitious. I am now, on the contrary, most suddenly and unexpectedly presented with the means of extricating myself from all difficulties and embarrassments, and meeting all my expenses by a commensurate income, at the same time that my prospect in chambers is far better than it has been at any previous period of my professional life ; and I find it not too sanguine to anticipate an early return to Barton Place. *Barbarus hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit ?* May God grant me the power and inclination to improve these blessings, and teach me, in the midst of my enjoyment of them, to keep my mind in a fit state of preparation for any reverses that may yet be in store for me, and for the trials which He in His wisdom ordains as the infallible counterpoise to all human felicity. May my dear children also learn from my example not to give way to too great apprehension and despondency on the occasion of temporary dis-

\* Crillon was Captain of the Guard to Henry IV. of France, who is said to have written to him in these terms after the battle of Arques.

appointments, but retain, as an active and pervading principle of conduct, the firm belief that Industry and Perseverance will finally meet with their reward if there is sufficient firmness and temper to meet disappointment and mortification without rage or despondency.

On Saturday I went down to Harrow . . . and came back on Monday—a delicious day—on foot, being interrupted in Piccadilly and afterwards in the Strand by cavalcades and processions from all quarters to the Queen at Brandenburg House. . . . Denman talked to me of Fellowes, and the Queen's radical advisers, from whom they have not been able to extricate her . . . The King is said to have observed on Brougham's and Denman's speeches, that the latter, (in which, be it remembered, he is compared to Nero) is very gentlemanlike, and he has nothing personal to complain of in it, but he cannot but resent Brougham's insolent attack upon his *person*—'If shape it might be called that *shape had none*.'"

"Nov. 3. A letter from Loui informing me of the safe termination of the first day's journey at Bridport. God grant us all a happy meeting to-morrow! I am but half myself without her."

"Nov. 4. My dear Wife and her two Girls came home in health and safety, my Father having gone as far as to Hounslow to meet and protect them against the perils of mobs at Brandenburg House.

Denman amused me by an account of his conversation with the Queen at the House of Lords, very characteristic of her playful and whimsical disposition. They advised her to return by the public streets, lest her going by the private road might be construed into alarm. 'Alarm!' she said—'No, I never felt alarm—but *ennui*—Good God! I never knew before what it is to feel *ennui*. I am like a girl kept in school after the holidays have begun, and I feel so spiteful and mischievous that I should like to break a window, or box Mr. Williams's ears.'"

"Nov. 10. The Bill passed by a majority of only nine, and

was immediately abandoned by Ministers !! This event, crowning my warmest wishes, was received by us at home with a diversity of feelings which, at such a moment, I found myself able to bear with less philosophy than it was perhaps incumbent upon me to summon ; \* and in order to divert my mind from this unhappy collision of sentiments, I went to the play at Covent Garden, where there occurred a curious display of popular spirit in the call for *God Save the Queen*. I shook Denman by the hand on the event, and he told me the circumstances of his situation with the Queen at the moment. He was with her in the antechamber or withdrawing room when the division was announced, and it was immediately determined to present a Protest, which Brougham drew up and gave to the Queen to sign. When she came to the letter R for Regina, she exclaimed, 'Yes—I am still Queen in spite of them.' Denman solicited the honour (which he had not before received) of kissing her hand, which appeared to affect her greatly, since at that moment she might have been considered as deprived by the vote of the House of her Royal title and character, and the solicitation was therefore a mark of disinterested devotion and attachment. The news *then* came to them that the Bill was abandoned ! Denman says it was the happiest moment of his existence."

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I conclude the record for this year with a letter written by my mother to Angel Heath on the same engrossing subject.

"Nov. 1820. I sit down to write to you amidst the roar of guns and the blaze of candles, sights and sounds very cheering

\* The party at home at that time included my grandfather and grandmother Merivale, the former of whom, with his strong Tory principles, was generally opposed to his son in politics. My mother espoused warmly the Queen's cause, and received a good deal of bantering raillery on the subject from Dr. Drury, who, like Mr. Merivale, was a staunch Tory.

to one of my principles, who rejoices unfeignedly in this issue of things. Mrs. Merivale insists upon its not being termed the *Queen's acquittal*, but simply the 'throwing out the Bill'—I adopt a third term much in use upon this occasion—the *Queen's triumph*—but Mrs. Merivale will not allow this epithet to be founded either in truth or justice. On Saturday John and I dined with the Denmans to celebrate this most joyful termination of his labours, and a very pleasant day we passed; he is of course in high spirits, though worn absolutely to a shadow by his exertions. The remainder of our dinner party consisted of a very agreeable family, albeit they were Catholics and dined upon hard eggs—Mr. Butler the celebrated lawyer, Colonel and Mrs. Stonor, and Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, his daughters and sons-in-law, and Miss Cormick their governess, a very uncommon personage, and sort of appendage to them all. Lord Erskine was invited, but to my great regret he was engaged elsewhere, which circumstance he much lamented in a note to Mr. Denman, whom he termed one of the authors of this happy event. . . . Mr. Denman said, 'In the most pathetic part of my speech, as I thought it, I saw eleven Lords reading newspapers, not to mention those that were asleep'—this I give merely as a witticism, for I do not believe the latter half of it. As for poor Mr. and Mrs. Merivale, they must be sorely grieved by the exulting faces they meet with in most places. I hope my mother *lords* it over my father. I beg her to call it the *Queen's triumph*, if he denies it to be her *acquittal*. . . . Mr. Merivale diverted me extremely by telling me he had gone to see some of the addresses go to Brandenburgh House, and thinking it right to *mark his feelings* on the subject, as the barouches full of *ladies* passed, he turned up his eyes and shrugged his shoulders, in order that they might observe his opinion. Luckily for his bones, they were probably otherwise engaged, or he would have had but a bad chance. Cannot you conceive Mr. Merivale in this act of testifying against the folly of the day? Mrs. Stonor told me that these lady *addressers* were very diverting, dressed out in all the

finery of Cranbourne Alley, and some of them *eating away* as they drove along. 'Well, but,' said I, 'did none of them *drink* as well as eat?' 'Why it must be owned,' she replied, 'though one would confine this confession to the *select*—a barouche full was seen stopping to take in porter.'"

## DIARY : CONTINUED.

"Jan. 15, 1821. Wednesday my dear boys left us to return to school, and I had in the morning a very interesting conversation with Herman, on which I found myself unwillingly compelled to enter, respecting subscription to the articles, concerning which it seemed necessary that I should ascertain something of his sentiments before entering him at any Oxford College, which his uncle strongly recommends in preference to Cambridge. The result has been my discovery of the existence of certain scruples, which if they are not previously surmounted will eventually debar him from all the advantages both of emolument and honour which I had fully flattered myself with the hopes of his attaining at whichever of the Universities might prove the place of his ultimate destination; for, whatever may be the consequence, I trust I shall always shrink from using any undue influence, or any sophistical reasoning, to induce him to do that which his conscience refuses. I am the more disappointed, however, as this unexpected check arises just at the time when by the gradual process of my own mind I am myself arrived at a pretty strong conviction not only of the lawfulness of subscription but of the positive foundation in Scripture of all or most of the principal tenets contained in the Articles. I have since communicated to Fladgate, Shadwell and Denman my feelings and thoughts on the subject, and have adopted the best course I think I can pursue in so extremely delicate a matter by writing to Dr. Drury a long letter in which I have stated with the utmost possible attention to truth the state of the case, and of my own mind respecting it, begging that he will write if he thinks fit to Herman, who most

feelingly observed when his mother interrogated him on the subject 'I wish Grandpapa Drury was here that I might talk with him about it.' Shadwell read over some of the Articles with me, and put one or two of those which I had fancied most objectionable in a point of view which would really leave me no scruple whatever in subscribing them. Denman, on the contrary, contends for the Unitarian sense of Scripture; but I think the prevailing bias of his mind has prevented him from looking very closely into the question. The sentiments which I expressed in various parts of my Journal on my last perusal of the Gospels have undergone no change, but been materially confirmed and strengthened since I made them by subsequent reflection. The *prima facie* difficulty which exists in admitting to the mind a conception of so stupendous a doctrine as that of the Trinity almost vanishes with me when I consider that it is the magnitude and importance of the subject, rather than its apparent contradiction to the evidences of our senses, which distinguishes it from other marvellous things recorded in Scripture to which we cannot refuse our assent without rejecting, or allegorizing away, the whole and every part of it. There is not any, the least, miracle which Christ is expressly recorded to have worked which is not equally *impossible*, if we take for our guide the rule of common reasoning from experience, with the co-existence of a Divine and Human Nature in Christ . . . and if we admit them on the authority of Scripture, I see no possible reason why we should not in like manner admit the greatest Mystery of Religion—the doctrine of the Trinity—provided we find its warrant in Scripture. I have always thought the stronghold of Unitarianism to be the absence of any positive declaration by our Saviour of his Divine Nature, at the same time that he frequently adverts to the inferiority of his Human Nature; but I think the force which is commonly attached by Unitarians to that striking circumstance is derived from their want of properly adverting to the then state of the Jewish Nation, and the expectations entertained of the Messiah. That wonderful and mysterious Personage



had been announced in the Prophetic writings in terms appropriated only to the Godhead ; and as Christ certainly claimed to be himself the Messiah so predicted, he must be taken as arrogating to himself the entire dignity attached to him whom he professed himself to be. It is in this light, I consider, that he is charged with uttering blasphemy, and does not repel the charge by any denial of those claims to which it has been attached by those who accuse him. Upon the whole, though I am very far from having attained Shadwell's happy philosophy—never to doubt of anything, I am astonished, on the severest scrutiny of myself, to find how much less importance I now attach than I formerly did to difficulties that I used to consider as insurmountable ; while on the other hand the difficulty of reconciling the Unitarian hypothesis with the plain sense of Scripture appears to me every day greater and greater. I can only most humbly and sincerely hope and trust that I may not be actuated by any improper bias in the conclusions to which I find myself continually arriving. May God direct me to the knowledge of the truth, (if indeed that knowledge is attainable by Man,) and above all things guard and defend me against the miserable error of voluntary self-deception ! ”

“ Feb. 3. An excellent and most affectionate letter from Dr. Drury on the subject of Herman's scruples has quite satisfied me as to the expediency of abstaining from all further discussion at present.”

“ May 17. By the unexpected removal of one of his compeers, Herman found himself this last week advanced to the dangerous dignity of Captain of his uncle's house, a situation to be dreaded both from his age and disposition, which last shews itself every day in more and more complete retirement and abstraction. I wish this were otherwise, but am afraid that it is an evil inseparable from the uncommon construction of his mental powers and qualities—at all events incapable of cure by admonition or precept. Luckily his uncle, who was as unwilling as I could feel myself that he should be exposed to so perilous a situation, devised the

plan of postponing him on the ground that, as a nephew, it was better he should not undertake an office which would necessarily subject him to much of jealousy and suspicion; and the dignity has accordingly passed over his head, and lighted on that of the boy immediately beneath him in the school.

"Charles is the very reverse of his brother—a perfect schoolboy, and wonderfully improved in person and manner. Different as they are in disposition, they continue most fondly and sincerely attached to each other, and both looking on *Home* as the centre of all their hopes and affections. It will be an object of most anxious interest to watch their progress in after life. At present, with all my ambitious desire that Herman may signalize himself in an active profession, I doubt whether his inclination does not too decidedly point to a recluse and abstracted life. . . . Our accounts from Reginald have been as satisfactory as anything which comes from under the eye of a master, and almost dictated by him can possibly be.

"Of the younger ones I shall at present say nothing but that Louisa is a child of most extraordinary sense and cleverness, and (except that she is more lively and also more robust and healthy) the very copy of Herman at her age. How can I express the gratitude which I owe to Providence for such a promise as the present state of our family holds out to us! There is something of fear and trembling that unavoidably mixes itself with the exultation of this feeling when I reflect on the ease and comparative affluence of our present circumstances, relieving us so entirely from that which we used to look upon as the only drawback from our felicity—so that, (if it were not for the infirmity of human nature which prohibits the enjoyment of any unalloyed happiness, and creates imaginary evils where there are no real ones existing) we should now be in a state of almost total exemption from ill—a state which never could last, if it were not chequered by those shades of fancied suffering and annoyance which contribute to place all states and conditions of life more

nearly on a level than they appear, and to equalize mankind much more than any system of Agrarian Law ever devised or carried into execution."

"May 25. There is an amusing story of Ministerial jocoseness afloat. An inquiry was instituted, after the manner of Hume, as to the age of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Referred to a Cabinet dinner, at which it was promised the secret should be divulged.\* When the dinner came, Lord Londonderry absent, being engaged with the Duke of York. A formal Remonstrance drawn up, and an announcement that he had forfeited his right to the discovery, and could only reclaim it by giving a dinner in his turn, at which it might be communicated to him. This remonstrance, drawn up in all ministerial form and signed by all present, is sent in a red box. The Duke's curiosity excited—requires the box to be opened—and when its contents are made known, requests Lord Londonderry to send an immediate answer, which he does accepting the mode of conciliation recommended. Sir W. Scott rises to propose an amendment—that every Cabinet Minister, upon subscribing the same test, shall be admitted to the benefit of the same discovery—'although' (he adds) 'I much doubt my Lord Chancellor having sufficient curiosity.'"

"June 6. Herman, (with whom I had a delightful ramble on Saturday evening,) hoped I should have no objection to his teaching himself Hebrew. Questioning him on the cause of this pursuit, he says it was reading the life of Sir William Jones some time back that first inspired him with the wish, which the accidental discovery of a Hebrew Grammar in his uncle's library induced him to put in practice; but he has no thoughts of extending his

\* The ministers were:—

Lord Liverpool: Prime Minister.

Lord Eldon: Lord Chancellor.

Lord Londonderry: Foreign Secretary.

Mr. Vansittart, (afterwards Lord Bexley): Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Sir William Scott, (afterwards Lord Stowell).

Oriental studies *beyond* Arabic and Persic. His uncle speaks of the knowledge shewn by him in his examination of MSS. as quite surprising ; and H. himself tells me he is now able to distinguish the MSS. not only of different centuries but of writers of different nations—(French, Italian, English &c.,) with a great degree of certainty."

"July 5. I went to Harrow Speeches . . . Poor dear Herman was extremely *nervous*, as it came to the point, on the occasion of his first display in public ; but my presence seemed to inspire him with some confidence, and he got through his performance on the whole very creditably. . . . He pleased me extremely by the honest joy with which he told me that Charles is doing well on his trial for the shell, and is quite sure to come off triumphant."

"July 20. Yesterday was the Coronation. I saw nothing of it but what a ramble through the Parks and a row on the Thames afforded me, and I must say that nothing so flat and insipid in the way of rejoicing ever fell in my way. The Queen's unfortunate attempt to gain admission has excited pretty universal censure and even indignation—I own it appears to me without sufficient reason. Her object seems to have been to render herself more completely the victim of injustice and cruelty, and thereby 'to heap coals' on the heads of her persecutors. In the accomplishment of this object, however, she lost all proper regard to her own dignity, and risked a great deal more than she could possibly gain. Denman was strongly against it from the beginning, but she had a strong notion of her own about it which no arguments could successfully combat. Brougham, (Denman says,) did not feel very strongly the impropriety of it, nor use much endeavour to dissuade her. My servant William, a plain honest Welshman as any that breathes, *took on* upon the occasion, and would not allow to his fellow servants that anything was right or handsome or worth seeing in all the raree show of the day ; and this seems to have been a very prevalent feeling, though not otherwise manifested than by looks

of perfect indifference. I compared the general aspect of the day to a dull Sunday; and Denman repeated the observation to the Queen in the evening, with which she seemed highly diverted."

"Aug. 12." [Five days after the Queen's death.] "All the world nearly seem to have abandoned the poor Queen in consequence of her conduct at the Coronation; but how little could people imagine what was passing in her mind—and how near her proud heart was to bursting. . . . She is gone! and with her perish, (if possible,) the recollection of that which I cannot but regard as one of the foulest blots upon our National Character—the parliamentary proceeding and adulatory national censure which followed it. Nothing has struck me so forcibly as the contrast afforded by the last act of the Drama—the pomp of Coronation—the strains of servile homage and childish admiration which it has drawn forth—with the Queen's repulse and death! And this is the ceremony which Sir Walter Scott, in his Chivalry, esteems it next to a crime to have been absent from. I am on the contrary, proud that I *was* absent—and most happy in reflecting that I am one of those who never joined in the cry of mean calumny and barbarous persecution, which I believe in my conscience has brought this most unfortunate Princess to the grave." \*

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An extract from another letter from my mother to Angel Heath, written a day or two before the Queen's death, may conclude this subject.

\* Compare Scott's account of the Coronation in a letter to the "Edinburgh Weekly Journal," reprinted in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. v., pp. 88-97. A later entry in my father's diary gives the following partial retraction of the sentiments expressed above. "May 25, 1824. I have been reading the account of the Queen's trial in the Edinburgh Annual Register, and find my opinions much changed in some important particulars after a calm revision—principally as to the evidence of guilt, which now strikes me as altogether irresistible. The imprudent vehemence of Brougham and Denman also strikes me as much more glaring. On the justice and policy of the measure itself my impression remains *the same*."

"Let her be erring, let her be bold, let one half of her failings, (too much to allow,) be true, sure she is an object of the sincerest pity; though upon every political reason no one can wish her life prolonged, either for herself or others, yet to pray that she may pass away in quiet, soothed by the kindness of some of her fellow creatures, is my anxious wish. Were Mr. Merivale senior to hear me say this, he would call me sentimental—for my part, I think it but Christian. Unlike most royal personages, the Queen still interests the feelings of the common class of people deeply; the mournful enquiries and eyes full of tears of our servants is but a sample of what their class of society feel upon this occasion—and however the higher ranks may scout the idea of mourning for a *cast away*, as she is treated by her august family, I am persuaded in London the servants will generally wear mourning, both outward and inward. I don't speak of this noble feeling as a tribute to her innocence, of which they can be no judges, but it is the fine natural feeling of the untutored mind for what they conceive cruel and harsh treatment to a female. We dined yesterday, in company with the Vice-Chancellor, at Mr. Henry Burrowes's. I felt splenetic at the exaggerated praises and discourse upon the intended royal visit to Ireland. . . . The contrast of a forlorn dying wife and cousin with the brilliant descriptions of his triumphant entry, and the delight his presence would cause in Dublin, really sickened me. Sure if he has a heart, it must feel some pangs, and not experience *pleasure* only, at the death of this hated creature. I sat next our friend Blake, a very pleasant Irishman, whose politics have certainly been wonderfully altered by this intended visit to his country, and the King's *politesse* to the Catholics. He declares all ranks and descriptions of parties join in the universal joy . . . the Irish will *walk into the sea* to meet their Sovereign. He says they had an idea that the King was to be driven out of England by the *Radicals*, but that they declared they would return with him, and drive them all before them: he speaks of their horror at the Manchester business as

extreme. Last year Mr. Blake was in Dublin, and asking if lodgings were cheap, the man taking him for an Englishman replied 'Yes, they are *chape* enough now, but they'll not be so long, for ye'll all be coming over here for *pace* and quietness.' Blake is a Catholic, and lives much with the Lords of his party. Of course he felt deeply the loss of the Catholic Bill, but this visit, and the King's attention to the Duke of Norfolk at the Coronation, have quite enchanted him : and if one may judge of his country by himself, there will be one burst of loyalty *partout*, which may be of happy consequence to the hitherto distracted country. What a batch of politics for me to write ! But who can hear of the Queen's illness and not meditate upon the nothingness of earthly vanities ? and who may not hope that she may in another world meet with that mercy and forgiveness so withheld from her in this ? The King announces his intention of visiting Ireland *every three years*—look at the presumption of mortality ! The Irish are particularly proud that the King thought them worthy of a visit, while *the Scotch must take up with the Queen ! . . .* Mrs. Denman says her husband has been admitted into her Majesty's presence to assist in the will : he says her calmness, firmness and resignation are wonderful, and have made the Physicians in love with her conduct. She is perfectly aware that she cannot recover, but takes every medicine and remedy proposed with a thankfulness to those about her quite affecting. Is this the fruit of a depraved life ? Mrs. D. says she has most strong religious feelings."

## CHAPTER VI.

DIARY OF JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE, continued. Herman Merivale at Oxford. Edward Irving's sermons. Appointment on the Chancery Commission. Visits to Samuel Taylor Coleridge at Highgate. Appointment of Charles Merivale to an East Indian Writership, and subsequent relinquishment of it. Letter to Charles Drury. Note by C. Merivale. Report of the Chancery Commission. 1821—1828.

During the long vacation of 1821, Herman suffered from a dangerous attack of measles, followed by a long period of weakness which alarmed his parents. My father writes in his diary :—

“Sept. 23. Thanks be to God, we were spared the dreadful affliction which, at one period, seemed almost inevitable. . . . For this happy result he is indebted, under Providence, to his firmness and tranquillity of mind no less than to his uncommon strength of constitution. His medical attendants were our friend John James and Dr. Miller, and we are under the highest obligations to both for their great care and constant attention. . . .

“I made a few additions to my Church collections on my tour to Tavistock, and have done a little more in two long rides with Mr. Abbott (who has entered very zealously into my antiquarian



projects, and has given me two or three pretty drawings made by himself in the course of our rambles). But I have made more progress within the walls of Exeter than I could have done without them, owing to the access which has been given me to the Chamber's papers, from which Herman and I have made very considerable extracts. I have renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Jones and Mr. Oliver, and (from the latter particularly, as well as from Pitman Jones) have derived great and important assistance.\* In another and more material point this year's visit to Exeter has been of great importance to me, in extending and (I hope) confirming my connexion with the Chamber as their professional adviser—a circumstance which I regard as much the most auspicious of any that has occurred to me in the way of business. I have also found the means of making Herman's extraordinary talents known to many of the members, and am sanguine as to the advantage which may accrue to him in after life from so favourable an introduction. I have been only twice at Barton Place, which, whilst it remains in the hands of strangers, it is impossible I can ever contemplate without the most melancholy sensations, and which, unless called there by directions necessary to be given, I should probably never visit at all till I can return to it as its occupant."

"Nov. 4. Yesterday dined at Shadwell's, with Bell, Wingfield, Horne, Sir G. Hampson, Blake, Harrison &c. Shadwell is quite immersed in the contemplation of his approaching honours, and the evening passed dully enough. Blake, who spent a fortnight in Ireland during the King's residence there, presents an amusing instance of the intoxication of his countrymen . . . He gives the King credit for having contrived to keep himself sober at every festivity; while Lord Sidmouth was in a perpetual state of drunkenness, and contributed not a little to the amusement of the

\* Dr. Oliver for many years priest of the Roman Catholic Chapel at Exeter, was a learned antiquarian, with whom my father had much pleasant literary intercourse. He was the author of a "History of the City of Exeter," and other works of local research."

party by his extravagances. Somebody expressed a hope that the King had not seen, during his stay in Ireland, any disgraceful tokens of the convivial propensities which form so much the reproach of the nation, and the King answered that he had witnessed nothing of the kind except among those who came with him. Amidst all his affability and condescension, he never for a moment put off the Sovereign. The Irish enthusiasm also was checked by a surprising degree of delicate and distant veneration, and afforded a fine contrast to the rude and intrusive loyalty of an English mob."

"Nov. 8. First meeting at the Antiquaries, and a very full one. Had the honour of introducing Mr. D'Israeli to the Chair on his admission."

"Nov. 11. The Mallets dined with us—Halls, Elmsley, Milford, and Lewis (the Engraver) . . . A discussion on sending children to the East Indies, or where they are to be separated from us, perhaps for life. Nobody doubts that, where the case is not one of the most pinching necessity, such a situation ought not to be forced, or strongly urged, upon a child. But on the other hand, I hold that we are not at liberty to reject it (if offered), but are bound fairly to state the case to the person meant to be benefited, and abide by the result. To do *less* than this would be an act of mere selfish feeling and direct injustice. *More* is not required; and a parent who is in tolerably easy circumstances may be allowed to hope that the offer may never be made him."

"Nov. 24. Old Chief Justice Mansfield (who died yesterday, at 88), used to say that the most difficult case he ever had before him was that in the Arabian Nights of the three princes who preferred their claims to a certain lady—one on the plea that he had been the first to discover, (at the distance of some thousand leagues,) by means of a wonderful telescope, that she was at the point of death—the second, that having been so informed by the first, he furnished the miraculous carpet by which all three were transported thither in a few minutes—the third, that finding the

breath had already left her body, he alone produced the infallible patent medicine which restored her."

"Feb. 11, 1822. A party to dinner, consisting of Foscolo, the Mallets, Mrs. Jackson and Elmsley, and young Oxenham; and in the evening the Trollopes, with the redoubtable Miss Wright. \* Foscolo was peculiarly paradoxical and entertaining—mostly, however, on the stale subject of 'Love' and the young ladies. Mrs. Trollope came in her deepest blue stockings; and her friend Miss Wright left a party to which she had been expressly summoned on purpose to become acquainted with the accomplished 'Ortiz.' What was the impression he made on them I know not; but it was easy to perceive he did not form the most exalted estimate of the ladies' perfections, and that the 'Siddonian glances' which Kean detected the other night in Mrs. Trollope were entirely thrown away on Foscolo, who shrugged up his shoulders and observed that she was *very blue*."

"Feb. 22. I have found myself unable to resist the temptations held out to me to become a member of the University Club, for which Courtenay volunteered to propose me, and I have this day paid my money and been admitted accordingly. We have a very good house in Pall Mall, well furnished with papers, reviews and pamphlets, and I cannot feel all the compunction I perhaps ought for incurring this additional expense at a time when we are likely to become serious sufferers in income from the threatened paying off of the Five per cents., and when business is (as it still continues) so lamentably slack."

"April 3. To-day at home, where we disputed about the worthlessness of Antiquarianism, and its alleged bad tendency in the case of Herman. I cannot forego the delight of *such* companionship in my pursuits—nor do I think them so contemptible in themselves, or so engrossing in their fascination as to afford any

\* A young lady of republican sentiments, who had recently written a tragedy called Catiline, and who subsequently lectured in America on political subjects.

reasonable apprehension of danger from his pursuing them. It is impossible to make these pursuits fitly appreciated by those who have themselves no taste for them."

"April 12. If a sanguine temperament, liable to the continual recurrence of hot and cold fits, were an unequivocal proof of Genius, I need not hesitate to class myself in that envied roll—but reading D'Israeli's book has gone further to persuade me that I deserve a station there than the most favoured estimate I ever in my cooler moments have formed of any of my own performances. Some passages appear to paint myself and place my own image before my face. Perhaps this will be more or less the case with *every* reader of the book, and that it constitutes its principal claim to popularity—and so I turn again to my usual misgivings \* . . . .

"With regard to the *pre-disposition* of Genius, I may flatter myself by referring to the almost perpetual occupation of my early childhood, continued (am I not ashamed to speak it?) through all the stages of youth and manhood—the inventing and parceling out imaginary countries, raising up imaginary Kings, Generals and Statesmen to people them—imaginary maps—imaginary annals—imaginary biography—imaginary genealogy. My love for antiquarian and topographical pursuits owes its intensity to the constant food it supplies to the Imagination. When a boy, riding with my father, the country on every side of me was surveyed in my mind's eye and distributed with feudal sovereignty. Hence my Devonshire History. Barton Place was early divided by me into provinces—and all my school and college friends and associates were *imaged* by me as forming societies for the playful attack and defence of its various provinces. To this is in great measure owing the deep and strongly rooted attachment I have to the place and all the reminiscences connected with it.

\* Some passages are here quoted from "The Literary Character, or History of Men of Genius," by I. D'Israeli, chap ix, on the "Conversations of Men of Genius."

Homer and Ariosto furnished food for other dreams and fancies, but none so interwoven with all the fibres of my existence as those I have described. I must not forget, however, our cork armies or the amusement connected with them, which brought me first acquainted with the feudal system, and gave me as accurate a knowledge of the History of ancient Tenures as I have imbibed from all my subsequent reading."

"May 5. Dined at Denman's, with a party of his friends in the Common Council, besides whom were Lord Erskine, Dr. Parr, Williams (the member for Lincoln), Tindal, Dwarries, and Amos of the K.B. I was quite charmed with Lord Erskine, whom, (though fully prepared to admire,) I found more kind and gentlemanly, and pleasant, frank and insinuating, than I had even imagined. With much of his fire and energy still retained, he is however beginning to exhibit pretty unequivocal marks of age in his countenance."

"June 9. Thursday was a day of great gratification to me. I went down to Harrow, and heard Herman speak. The speech selected for him was Pym's accusation of the Earl of Strafford, and his style of performance was such as to satisfy me not only that he fully entered into the spirit and sense of the subject, but that he is by nature excellently qualified for the argumentative and logical species of eloquence, best calculated for his future success at the Bar. Charles, in his own way, has also pleased me greatly by a Latin poem he has been busy in composing for his own amusement, which aspires to the dignity of an Epic and is to consist of ten or a dozen books (of which nearly two are written already). The subject is the Invasion of the Gauls, and the Hero Camillus; and the versification and management of the story both evince an uncommon degree of talent for a boy of his age."

"July 4. Attended Harrow Speeches, and enjoyed the proud satisfaction of hearing Herman recite his prize poems, and receiving the congratulations of a host of friends and acquaintance."

"Tuesday last going to Murray's, I received from him a commission to communicate to H. Drury a letter he had received from Lord Byron on the subject of his infant daughter, whom he has sent over to be buried at Harrow. The letter is a very curious specimen of the writer's mind, and I give him credit for some of the feeling of local attachment by which he appears to be influenced, at the same time that I suspect it was in part suggested by more unworthy motives. Much of what seems to be unintelligible and irreconcilable in a single view of the human character may admit of easy solution by having recourse to the supposition of mixed or conflicting motives, and most minds, (especially those which are not under the guidance of sound judgment,) are subject to such."

"July 14. I have sent D'Israeli my collection of Johnes's letters to me, and also my extracts from my grandfather's correspondence with Mr. Barker. He is busily employed in preparing a continuation of his 'Curiosities of Literature,' which promises to be very curious and interesting." \*

\* My father had a good deal of intercourse and correspondence on literary subjects with Mr. Disraeli about this time. Disraeli wrote to him, July 1822 :—"I return the curious common-place book of your grandfather—it has afforded me a most interesting picture of his mind and habits: there are some *very remarkable passages*. I have not ventured to transcribe several things I wished—perhaps more from Indolence than from any want of Curiosity. But we *think alike*—and the results have long been settled in my mind. He gives a good abstract of Hutcheson's philosophy, and also of Hutchinson's mystical dreams, and many other things. I have transcribed these two. The Diarist has written in a clear, and even elegant style. Did he ever publish?" "Many thanks for the friendly and confidential communication of Mr. Johnes's correspondence with you . . . I read with eagerness letter after letter. I wish too I could have read yours. I have not taken the liberty of making a single note from the whole correspondence. Yet its perusal has afforded me an important *trait* which perhaps has not been sufficiently brought out in my views of 'The Literary Character.' Mr. Johnes's literary life exhibits a spectacle of literary inertness—living in the midst of one of the finest private libraries, and from *Indolence*, perhaps too from Nature, incapacitated to make some effort—all ended in translation!" Disraeli writes again in 1824 :—"In sending to the press that volume of my 'Curiosities' on which you favoured me with several notes, I have made use of them, and particularly a long and curious one on the Italian Historians. I was prevented by delicacy from requesting you to throw away more of your valuable time on my literary *Nugæ*—but

"August 11. To-day I took the Sacrament with my dear Wife in Queen Square Church. I hope and trust that I have sufficiently reflected to make this Act of Conformity one of firm and honest persuasion. I am most assuredly not conscious of a single worldly or unworthy motive that has induced me to it. My whole train of thought for a long while past has prompted me to it ; and I know of no reason which should have caused a moment's hesitation except the natural and perhaps laudable unwillingness to impress the world with an idea of wavering or inconstancy in so essential a point as that of religious persuasion. I am satisfied, however, that this reason alone forms no sufficient plea in a Court of Conscience for the omission to declare a fixed and rational conviction, such as I humbly trust and believe I have now attained on this most high and most important of all the subjects of human understanding."

"Jan. 2, 1823. A new year has turned, leaving me indebted for many and great blessings, most especially for the health and well being and fair prospects of my wife and children, and for the preservation of so many other dear friends and relations : in point of professional success and pecuniary means, however, much worse off than I had reason to expect from my progress during the two years preceding—embarrassed, straitened, and (as usual) very much dispirited and disheartened ; fearing that it will not be possible for me to complete my children's education without sacrifices in respect of future expectations which I grieve to contemplate, yet persuaded that I am doing my duty by them most effectually by enabling them to fight for themselves in the world, and placing them in the best situation to do so at an advantage."

"Jan. 20. Informed of a rumour that I am to succeed Gifford in the conduct of the Quarterly Review, and desired it might be

the elegance of your taste and the train of your reading so fully harmonize with my own desultory pursuits, that I deeply regret that I was not more importunate, at the risk of occasioning you more trouble than your kindness ought to be taxed."

contradicted. Qu. if such an offer were made, whether I should accept it? I am no party politician, and dislike the Whigs as a body; but on the other hand the editorship of such a work might bind me to a line of politics I equally disapprove—to a wholesale condemnation and abuse of those whose general principles I espouse, however much I disrelish their particular application of them, and among whom my chief friends are enlisted. Then again, who would ensure the continuance of the Review in its present popularity, especially under my guidance? Have I the information, learning, and talent requisite? And should I do right in sacrificing the hopes which the Profession still holds out to me, for the sake of an immediate increase of income (which may not last) and of gratifying my propensity to literary pursuits and dislike of Chancery Drawing?" \*

It was now arranged that Herman should be entered at Oriel College, Oxford, his scruples about subscription having given way. Before leaving Harrow, he wished to be confirmed; but since in consequence of the Dissenting principles of the family, neither he nor his brothers had ever been publicly christened, though they were all privately baptized before they were many weeks old, it was requisite that they should be now received into the church.

The ceremony is thus recorded in the Diary:—

"July 4. To-day Herman, Charles, and Reginald were christened and registered at Greenford Church by Polehampton (the Rector) in the presence of H. Drury, Hodgson and Mrs. Polehampton, and I myself being also present. The service read being the Ministration of Baptism for those of riper years, no sponsors of course were necessary. . . . The reason of my coming to this determination so suddenly was Herman's having

\* I can find no further reference to this subject in the Diary, so it is probable that the offer of the Editorship was not made.



given notice of his desire to be confirmed by the Archbishop to-morrow, which, if it had taken place, would of course have precluded him from an after christening—and the thought of this together with the opportune presence of Hodgson and Polehampton (who kindly and voluntarily undertook to smooth all difficulties), brought about the result, for which I am sincerely thankful. May God Almighty bless and prosper them here and hereafter." \*

In the summer of 1823 the famous Scottish preacher Edward Irving was attracting crowds by his sermons in the Caledonian Chapel in London. My father went many times to hear him, and at first expressed the strongest admiration for his preaching. He writes :—

"July 2. On Sunday Herman and I crowded into the Caledonian Chapel to hear the celebrated Irving, who exceeded my highest expectations. I certainly never witnessed such a combination of all the qualities of an Orator in such high perfection. Countenance, gesture, voice, all grand and imposing in the greatest degree. Frequency and force of imagery equal to Jeremy Taylor; in flow of words and structure of sentences, perhaps, more resembling Barrow; a vehemence which with less dignity of action and impressive seriousness of demeanour, would have been rant; enthusiasm, not misplaced on mere matters of speculative doctrine, but exerted in the cause of genuine piety and virtue; a sustained and habitual reverence of human learning and attainments, of the powers of imagination and genius, only kept in due subserviency to the great end of Religion. To conclude, a tone and manner inspiring the hearers with a conviction of truth and sincerity, and of a belief in the preacher of his own divine appointment to the office of persuasion and reformation. I saw

\* The younger children underwent the same ceremony a few months later in Queen Square church.

Lords Liverpool, Lansdowne, Aberdeen, Essex, Canning, Heber, and many more persons of distinction whose persons were unknown to me. Called afterwards on the Montagus, (who are constant attendants,) and heard from them anecdotes tending to confirm the persuasion of his perfect zeal and sincerity. He appears, however, to be not much more than thirty years old—and how far he may be able to surmount the temptations of vanity to which he is exposed from the extraordinary admiration he has excited, remains to be proved. If, after all, he retains his native truth and simplicity, he will show himself almost more than mortal."

"Sunday, July 6. Hodgson arriving in town too late for Irving, we wandered about all the morning in the City and over the Bridge, and went to the evening service at Westminster Abbey—the most flat and miserable contrast to the energetic Scot. It is a serious injury to the Church of England that such flat and driveling insipidity both of matter and manner, such languid indifference and almost inaudible mumbling of prayers, should be permitted in one of the first churches of the empire. We dined by appointment at Denman's, and met only Butler and Brougham. I don't know when I have passed so delightful an evening. Brougham is all, and more than all I had fancied. Such infinite variety, such depth and readiness of knowledge on every conceivable subject, such ease and gracefulness of delivery, and a manner so wholly unassuming and courteous, I never before met with and believe to be unrivalled. Butler also was in great good humour and full of anecdote. Denman is in raptures with Irving."

"July 20. Went to hear Irving. Less pleased with him on the whole than on either of the former occasions. No great faults, but less splendour to redeem them, and considerable tediousness. In parts, however, very fine and impressive, and with the same air of earnest sincerity and warm devotion which form the principal charm of his eloquence. . . . There appeared to me to be a still greater concourse of carriages and coronets than before—Van-

sittart was there, Heber, and I believe some of the Royal family. His frequent familiarity and even lowness of expression, so different from the established usage of the Church, and not perhaps to be altogether commended, is the natural result of constant intercourse with the writings of many (even among the best), of our early divines."

"July 27. Walked to Harrow and back. Proposed to H. Drury Herman's leaving school these holidays, which he did not seem much to relish—and have since had a most affectionate letter from him, urging his reasons against my plan, with so high an eulogy on Herman's abilities and conduct, that I find myself forced to give way, though much to H.'s own annoyance, he having made up his mind to immediate emancipation." \*

"Nov. 16. Saturday, Nov. 1, I went to Harrow with H. Drury; and the Sunday (being a very fine one), we walked together to the scene of the horrible murder in Hertfordshire, where (at Probert's Cottage) we found several of the magistrates with many of the neighbouring gentry, and crowds of country people assembled, and had from Mr. Clutterbuck (the Historian of Hertfordshire and Chairman of the Magistrates) a very particular and interesting account of the whole transaction, so far as it had yet been investigated by them. The place itself (though in a very beautiful and highly ornamental part of the country) is secluded and melan-

\* With reference to a proposal of his father's that Herman should leave Harrow and read at home for a short time before going to College, his uncle and tutor Harry Drury wrote as follows:—"It appears to me that the character and *éclat* of such a boy going *immediately* from School to College would carry much with it. It is true he has no more prizes to get! and that he might be equally active in Classical work at home; yet is there nothing in his going hot to Oriel while he is yet *in ore omnium* at Harrow? I cannot conceal from myself that I feel a pride in this, that he should go to Coplestone as I have sent him to him. Remember also that Composition would be nearly out of the question, where Competition is absent—and I look to him for the Latin Oxford Prize Poem. In the arena of this Public School, as you yourself well know, his fame is daily making wings for itself. He already has that character, *quà* boy at Harrow, for *solid ability*—which Dallas had for *trifling versification*. Butler and all Harrow admire without spoiling him."

choly to an extreme—dreadfully out of repair and ragged—and the fittest that could be imagined for the perpetration of such an act.\* . . . Our walk was of at least 20 miles, and we returned pretty well knocked up, to a 7 o'clock dinner. It was the same day arranged between us that Herman should go without delay to be entered at Oxford; and Arthur Drury, being luckily on the spot and about to return to Oxford the next morning, kindly offered to take Herman with him and put him in the way of accomplishing the business. . . . He staid but one night at Oxford, and came to town on Tuesday evening, having gone through all that was requisite, and passed an examination which I have been since, (although *not by him*,) given to understand was unusually strict and severe, and in which he acquitted himself so as to give very high satisfaction. † He was invited to breakfast by the Provost of Oriel, ‡ (an honour seldom conferred by him,) and Mr. Tyler, the Dean of the College, (and also one of the Tutors,) who was his Examiner, begged that he might be placed under his own tuition; which is a proof what *he* thought of the mode in which he had gone through his trial."

"Dec. 15. Went yesterday with my mother and Fanny, (Charles accompanying us,) to hear Irving. . . . Upon the whole, the opinion I at first entertained of his powers has not been at all shaken by the interval of four months since I last heard him, though I entertain rather more doubt of his prudence and discretion. I afterwards called at Montagu's, and met there Roscoe, in whose company I had never before been. He is a very fine venerable looking man, of commanding aspect and stature, and his conversation particularly mild and agreeable. We talked of Mon-

\* This was the murder, near Elstree, of Mr. Weare, by Thurtell and his accomplices; the public mind was much excited by the horrid particulars of the crime.

† Herman used to say that the authorities were rather scandalized at his signing his name Arminius, its true classical form. C. M.

‡ Dr. Copleston—afterwards Bishop of Llandaff.

tagu's forthcoming edition of Bacon—thence of his works and philosophy; and this led us to a consideration of the terrors of Death, which they argued it is the proper province of Philosophy to reason down and extenuate. I contended that it is the office, at least of good policy, not to discourage or endeavour to soften the popular principle which tends to secure a proper respect for your own life and that of others by magnifying the value and importance of the possession, together with the fear of losing it—and I think I am right in my view of the question."

"Dec. 19. Yesterday at D'Israeli's, where were Dr. Nares, a Mr. Hoare, Duppa (just returned from Italy), and Basevi, a young conveyancer of my acquaintance.\* D'Israeli himself is incredibly—almost ludicrously—dull in conversation—perpetually aiming at something like wit and attempting to tell a story, in which he uniformly fails in a manner burlesque enough to be made a stage character; and neither of the *convives* was I think remarkably bright or entertaining—myself undoubtedly the least so of the whole party."

"Dec. 23. On Saturday I had a large party at home—a most unpleasant circumstance to me, as my poor wife was confined to her bedroom. But it went off much better than I anticipated. We had Heber (self invited, and who made himself, as he always is, the presiding spirit of the party by his excellent conversational talent and unrivalled good humour and urbanity), H. Drury, Markland, Ponton, Dibdin, Haselwood (all Roxburghers) besides L. Rogers (our good friend the magistrate of Hatton Garden), Walford, and Adolphus—the latter most entertaining and facetious—the very best narrator of a good story I am acquainted with, and possessing a flow of words and copiousness of illustration which are quite surprising. I made Herman sit at the bottom of the table."

"Jan. 6, 1824. Walked to Harrow on Sunday with Herman,

\* Benjamin Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield) was afterwards <sup>^</sup>pupil in law, of Mr. Basevi. C. M.

and had the great satisfaction of hearing all that had been stated to me of his excellence in his examination at Oriel fully confirmed by Arthur Drury. Tyler (the examiner) confessed to him that the nature of the examination was such as is altogether unusual on the entrance of a young man into College, and that he had been led to it, step by step, in consequence of the extraordinary talent displayed by the examinant. This is most gratifying, and not less so was the report made me by William Drury as to the general estimation in which he is held among his late school-fellows, who uniformly regard his high reputation without envy or jealousy as the just reward of his merit, and appear all to have a personal regard and affection for him and a sincere regret at his leaving them."

"Jan. 19. On Saturday evening went with Herman to Montagu's with the view of meeting the Scotch preacher Irving, whom we found there accordingly, and who received us as if he were *maitre d'hôtel* and took the visit entirely to himself. They were discussing the late prosecution of Byron's Vision of Judgment, concerning which Irving avowed that he had scarcely read a syllable—a tolerably bold avowal for a man who had undertaken to censure it, by name, from the pulpit. He went away soon after our arrival, and pressed my hand in both his own at parting. I did not see enough of him to form a judgment, but what I did was not favourable. . . . Another lion at Montagu's was Hunter, the North American Indian, of whom I saw little, and could only observe that he was very English in his appearance and manner. We had also the lover, Barry Cornwall—by far the best of the company." \*

"Jan. 24. Yesterday morning I saw my dear boy set off for Oxford, whither may every blessing attend him. None ever went there with a higher character and reputation—none (I verily be-

\* "Barry Cornwall" was the poetical pseudonym of Mr. Bryan Waller Procter, who married Miss Skepper, the daughter by a former husband of Mrs. Basil Montagu.

lieve), with more real excellence of heart and understanding. And so most cheerfully and thankfully I leave the issue to Providence." \*

"March 21. Dined on Monday at Mr. Orme's, by invitation to meet Tom Moore, who was there, with Dr. Thompson, (a great literary character, on what founded I know not,)—his wife and sister, Martin Archer Shee (the painter), Rose and Norton and their wives, and Rees. For a *lion*, Moore behaved well, and was very tolerably entertaining. All the rest stupid enough. A terrible large evening party—the whole firm of Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green and Co., besides wives, sisters and daughters, and numerous others. Staid to hear Moore sing a melody from the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and then departed without beat of drum."

"April 1. We dined at Mr. Butler's, and met William Smith of Norwich, his wife and daughter. The latter is pretty, but not a little of the Indigo cast of complexion in regard to literature, &c. The father (whom I had never met before) is a very agreeable man, with much parliamentary talk, especially on Negroes and Dissenters. He addressed himself particularly to me on account of my relationship to one whose name he held in such respect as that of my grandfather. If he knew my sentiments, perhaps he would regard me as no better than an apostate. But I do not feel self convicted. My grandfather gradually altered his own opinions from the gloomy Calvinism in which he was born and bred to Unitarian latitude. This was not the consequence of a sudden impulse, but the gradual effect of much reading and frequent meditation. Had his life been extended, there is nothing in what I have been able to collect as to his mind from the remains of his correspondence, which would lead me to suppose that he might not again have changed his system, and (not returned to Calvinism—*that* indeed I am convinced was impossible, but) adopted the

\* The verses printed in the 2nd volume of my father's poems, "To a Son entering College," were written at this time.

faith of the Church of England. If it had been so, this would in him have been no apostasy. Why then in me? I have so much veneration for his memory that if I believed that his spirit (supposing it to have communication with the things of this world) would disapprove or resent my conduct, that belief (though it might not shake my resolution) would certainly make me uncomfortable, and in some sense unhappy. But such a belief forms no part of my creed; and I can much more easily fancy him looking down upon me with favour and benignity."

In the spring of this year my father obtained a legal appointment which gave him a considerable amount of work, but no immediate salary; it afforded him however sanguine hopes of future advancement in his profession which were in some measure fulfilled a few years later, though he never attained to the Mastership in Chancery which was the great object of his ambition. He writes:—

"Saturday, April 10. On Thursday took place what will probably be a circumstance of very considerable importance in my professional life—the notification from the Chancellor (Lord Eldon) of my appointment as one of the Commissioners of Inquiry into Chancery Abuses. My nomination to this office I believe I owe entirely to Courtenay's recommendation. . . . It opens to me a new perspective; and if Gifford were now to offer me a Six Clerkship, which a few days ago was the summit of my ambition, I doubt exceedingly whether I should accept it—a Mastership seeming almost within reach as the future reward of my new labours. I am sure of this, that poor as I am, I am better pleased that the Commission should be (as it is), an unpaid one, than if a salary were attached to it which might be considered in the light of a full compensation and debar any further expectation. So much for myself—as to the nature of the employment, I can as yet only conjecture, and that very vaguely, what it is likely to be or



what difficulties to be attended with. I hope, and believe, that we shall do real service to the public, and feel that I shall enter into it myself with zeal and industry, and with a sincere wish and endeavour to render it as effective as possible. May God prosper us ! ”

The records of the labours of this Commission fill a large space in the Diary during the three years it lasted.

In the autumn of 1824 an important event took place in the family, which continued for two years to be a subject of constant thought. This was the offer made of an East Indian Civil Service appointment for Charles Merivale. It is thus recorded in the Diary :—

“ Sunday, Oct. 31. On Friday last we received, in a letter from Angel Heath at Bath, the noble and unsolicited, even unthought of, offer by Mr. Hudleston \* of a Writership in Bengal for our dear boy Charles—it being understood that Herman’s health precludes him from even a thought of its acceptance ; † and it is hopeless for me to attempt to describe what has been the state of my feelings, and still more those of his mother, since it reached us. All we could do was immediately to summon him from Harrow, resolving to lay it open to his choice without reserve, and without the communication (if possible) of a wish or feeling on the subject by which his decision might be influenced. That decision, though not yet made, and though I shall beg him to postpone it as long as Mr. Hudleston can allow us for deliberation,

\* Mr. Hudleston was an East Indian Director, and an uncle by marriage of Angel Heath, through whom it was that he made this offer. His wife was also a cousin of the Lawrence family, and it was from Mr. Hudleston that each of that famous band of brothers obtained their appointments in the Indian service ; the youngest of them, John (Lord Lawrence) received his writership at the time when a vacancy was caused by Charles Merivale’s withdrawal in 1826.

† Herman was out of health for two or three years about this time from a tendency to fulness of blood in the head.

seems bent towards acceptance ; and however much, in the misgivings of affection, I may sometimes wish the offer unmade, I cannot wish his view of it otherwise than it appears to be. If his resolution is fixed, I know not how it is possible that any young man ever went to India with fairer prospects than his will be, whether in respect of character and talent, or of friends and connexions. His health is sound, his constitution I hope fixed, his principles excellent ; and no one drawback that I can discover from the brightness of the prospect which lies before him, except in the painful thought of separation. May a good and wise Providence be his Father and Guide, to confirm him in virtuous and manly resolution, and to fortify all our minds against the parting hour ! If the decision be such as from his coolness and steadiness of mind I now pretty confidently anticipate, he will be very shortly removed to Hertford College, where he will have to remain two years previous to the commencement of his undertaking." \*

[On the 25th] "I went to Carshalton by the coach, at Denman's invitation, to meet Sir James Mackintosh, with whom I returned in his carriage on Wednesday morning. My time was spent most pleasantly, and in Sir James I found an incessant fund of criticism and anecdote of which it is in vain to attempt to detail the smallest part. He recites poetry, French, English, and Latin,

\* Herman wrote to his father on this occasion, Oct. 31 :—"You know so well what it is for me to be separated in such a manner from the best friend I ever shall have in this world, that you must own that it is with every bias of affection the other way that I would advise Charles, so far as my advice may go, to take Mr. Hudleston's offer without hesitation, as I would myself. I, and I am sure he, would think it injustice to you as well as to ourselves, if we were to doubt a moment that such an offer should be accepted, rather than trust to the chances of succeeding here in England, with the prospect of being partly dependent on you for such a length of time—but he must not be sacrificed for me, and if he gives the least hint, either of not being willing to undergo the separation, or of having prospects and hopes of any kind in remaining in England, write to me and I will go directly : only do not tell him this as yet for fear it should influence him at all in his choice. I have not the most distant fear of climate, for him on account of his good constitution, and for myself because I hope in two years to be perfectly free from my present complaint, and if not, I think that change of air and occupation would effect everything."

with great fluency and animation, and though sometimes verbal and minute, is generally just and sound in his critical opinions. Dryden, Milton, Crabbe, Burke, were the English authors we most discussed. . . . Bonaparte he considers as one of the most blameless of usurpers and conquerors, but less estimable than Cromwell . . . The reason why Walter Scott can never avow himself the Author of the Novels is that, being unhandsomely pressed by the King, he denied somewhat too stoutly. Sir J. M. is a great reader too of novels—a special admirer of Miss Austen, and, next to her, of Miss Ferrier, the authoress of *Marriage and Inheritance* . . . He has lately been at Paris and in Holland . . . The tour of Holland is one of the most amusing and instructive of any in Europe, and may well be made in a fortnight. People well instructed, comfortable and happy—government good—society unostentatious, free and pleasing. Vulgar to admire nothing but picturesque scenery—all nature has its charms: the Rhine at its mouth as well as at its source.”

“Nov. 2. We are still suffering most painfully under the infliction of Mr. Hudleston’s noble act of kindness, and doubt whether we shall ever be able to reconcile our minds to the stroke of voluntary separation. For us, however, there seems now to be no retreating, since our dear Charles, with all the ardour and buoyancy of youth, seems to have fixed his mind on accepting the offer: and our best consolation is in his decided choice and in Herman’s affectionate but manly and sensible manner of entering into it. All our friends will, it is evident, do their utmost to confirm the resolution he has taken, nor must we flinch from our duty.”

“Nov. 9. Mr. Hudleston having arrived in Town on Wednesday, I called on him Thursday, had a most kind and friendly reception, and a good deal of talk about India, all (of course) tending to confirm our resolutions. On Friday he dined with us, and I introduced Charles.”

“Dec. 12. On Thursday I dined at Mr. Hudson’s (of the India House), at his very kind invitation to meet and be introduced to

Le Bas (the Dean,) and Luton (one of the Professors,) of Hertford College, for which purpose Charles also was asked to come after dinner, when he joined our party accordingly. Empson was there, and took him by the hand in the most friendly manner, which he confirmed by asking him the next day to dine at his chambers, that he might introduce him to Colvin, one of the most promising of the present students." \*

"Dec. 21. Herman's spirit of enterprise is quite delightful to me. He speaks with enthusiasm of Charles's Indian prospects, and tries to stimulate his more phlegmatic spirit. Says that he should have liked nothing better for himself, and talks of his desire, provided he succeeds in getting a Fellowship, to visit America for the sake of exploring &c., before he sits down to business. I augur everything from the well directed energy of his sensible and highly gifted mind. I was made very happy by Dr. Coplestone's testimony in his favour, which he gave unsolicited, and in terms which (considering his general coolness and caution), were extremely warm and flattering, when he came to us to dinner; and upon my observing that it was the more gratifying to me as his reserve and modesty prevented my gathering any information from himself as to his performances, Dr. C. added that that reserve was indeed the only fault he had to find with him. Besides Dr. C., we had to dinner Dr. Butler, Dr. Malkin, Sir W. Milman, Courtenay, Larpent, Mallet, young Malkin, Milford—and our party went off very agreeably notwithstanding my poor wife's confinement to her bed-room. We had a great deal of very pleasant conversation, and I have reason to believe that the party was peculiarly agreeable to many of the guests. The Provost had been in frequent correspondence with Dr. Butler, † whom he had never before met. Dr. Butler was very much pleased with the oppor-

\* John Colvin, afterwards Lieutenant Governor of the North West Provinces: he died during the Indian Mutiny of 1857.

† Head-master of Shrewsbury School, and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield.

tunity of being introduced to him, and not less so to be made acquainted with Courtenay, who (he afterwards declared to me) was one of the most complete gentlemen he has ever met, especially for a statesman. Sir W. Milman must have been equally gratified with the last mentioned introduction, on account of his recent connexion with Westminster School and coming to reside in the neighbourhood. Courtenay was extremely communicative, and seemed at least to be as well pleased with the rest of the party as they with him. We talked of Canning, whose talents and manner of conducting business are the subject of his great and (I really believe) just admiration. The former indeed no one doubts, and his manner appears to be even more distinguished than his ability. This principally consists in his giving every person who addresses him on matters of business full, and perhaps more than full, credit for his own powers and respectability, and winning him by the surest influence, that of self-love."

"Dec. 31. I sit down to close my Annals for 1824 with that mixed sadness and tenderness of feeling which always occupies my mind on the occasion of commencing a new and untried year. It is common to me, however, with all others of reflecting habits, and I need not enlarge on what has been so often described. To me the year which has past is not the least important of my life. It leaves me possessed still of all those treasures of family love and affection, and all those ties of friendship and habit, with which it found me invested, and I thank God for having preserved them to me. With regard to my worldly affairs and prospects, I cannot say that the present year has gifted me with any immediate advantages of fortune above its predecessors. On the contrary, though my professional income is somewhat (but very little) improved, my income from other sources is rather on the wane, and the increase of my necessary expenditure is not met by any augmentation of means to supply it. My employment in the Chancery Commission elevated my hopes at one period more highly than wisdom or prudence warranted. At present I look

upon it (or endeavour to do so) without suffering myself to be influenced by expectations which may very probably fail me, but with great satisfaction as having given me the means of becoming known, and I hope advantageously so, in a public capacity, and of acquiring a somewhat higher rank and character in society, by which my dear children may at least be benefited hereafter. It has been very soothing to my self love and vanity to be placed in a station certainly of some political importance, and which will give me a name hereafter, when those of many of my contemporaries, far superior to me in affluence and professional success, will be no longer remembered. Nor would I exchange even this obscure niche in the temple of Fame for a much larger portion of worldly goods without it. Little as I may be fitted for cutting a conspicuous figure in life, it is not for want of having a considerable share of 'that last infirmity of noble minds'—the ambition of future fame—the love of praise and honour. . . . I would fain flatter myself that my temper, though a strange and unequal, is not essentially a bad one. It is easily misconceived by strangers, and not perhaps well known even to myself. I am neither the joyous character which some (to whom I am very imperfectly known) suppose me, nor the gloomy one which I perhaps sometimes appear to those with whom I am under no restraint. My appearance of cheerfulness and merriment is often assumed, while that of melancholy and dejection which at other times I am accused of wearing is in truth not so, but the consequence of a reflecting and abstracted mind. I am often most happy when I am silent, thoughtful, and unsociable—but I do not think either this a subject of commendation in my character; because, for one who lives in the little world of a large family, it is not fitting to give way to those inclinations which might become a recluse Philosopher. Even now, I am guilty of a secession which is not quite excusable while I am thus retracing (or attempting to do so) the defects of my own mind."

Reflections of this nature occur again and again throughout this part of the Journals, during the few years of mortification and struggle that followed this era, while my father hoped that his appointment as Chancery Commissioner might lead to higher preferment, which came indeed at last, but after long delay.

"Jan. 23. 1825. Our dear Charles set off yesterday morning (for his first term at Haileybury) with Mr. Hudson, who did us the uncommon kindness of sending a note by the same afternoon's coach to inform us of his having passed a *brilliant* examination, and having received the distinguished praises of the Council. Of course, I am quite unable to describe the delight this has afforded us. Loui sent out the note to me at Hampstead, where I slept last night, so that my father and mother partook of the pleasure; and the effect it seemed to produce on Alex. was peculiarly striking, and shews how easily he may be excited to emulation. Mallet's warm and brotherly congratulations were not the least pleasing of the accompaniments to this high enjoyment."

"April 17. Just returned from Sunbury, where we left poor little Johnny—his first separation from home, and the last of our five boys whom we have successively launched on the career of life. The poor little fellow shed many tears—unlike his stoical brother Alex. (whom we dismissed for Harrow on Friday, and who appeared as unmoved as adamant) but we have left him very happily situated—and it was quite time for him to be weaned from home, and be placed under a more strict and unyielding system of government." \*

"April 23. No topic of interest has occurred during the week, except poor little Johnny's affecting letters."

"May 28. I have to notice our dear Charles's return from

\* John Lewis was placed at a preparatory school at Sunbury, the master of which was Arthur Drury, a son of Dr. Drury's brother Mark.

Haileybury with the honour of a Persian prize, (as well as another for English composition,) and of being placed *first* of his term—a distinction the more gratifying since the Christmas admission at his college was reckoned the best they have ever had. Herman is at the same time engaged in preparations for his trial for the University Scholarship—the first since its foundation by Dean Ireland—and for another at Trinity College, the attainment of which will put £50 per ann. into his pocket, and be a most seasonable relief to me from the heavy expenses I have now to encounter. We have absolutely declined all dinner parties, and alleged the expenses of our family as a reason for so doing . . . I imagine myself to have incurred the mortal displeasure of the Chancellor by signing two petitions from the Bar in favour of Catholic Emancipation; and yet I by no means regret having done so, especially as I conceive it ought to afford a complete answer to any who may be disposed to impute my backsliding from the cause of Dissent to motives of worldly interest.”

“June 1. Empson congratulates me on Charles’s victory as the more honourable from the character of his competitors. We have had the additional pleasure of an announcement from Herman that he has obtained the Trinity scholarship; and Trollope, (who was at Oxford during the trial,) informs me that he gained very distinguished credit with it, and that he is the favourite among those who start for the University scholarship.”

“June 14. Yesterday morning we were greeted with the news of Herman’s success\*—a success which, as I fondly anticipate, will be decisive of his future prospects in life. We have been in a tumult of joy ever since, not unmixed with the most fervent gratitude to the Almighty for this greatest of earthly blessings.”

“June 20. Herman’s brilliant success has afforded us food for rejoicing through the week, and on Sunday morning, before we were up, he crowned the whole by his personal appearance, in ex-

\* In gaining the University Scholarship.



cellent health after all his exertions, and as modest and unassuming as ever. He had despaired of being elected, and was solacing himself after his fatigues with a row on the river during the time that his name was resounded through Oxford as the envied victor. He met young Courtenay on his way back, and took his greetings as applicable only to his Trinity Scholarship; nor was it till his arrival in his own College that he comprehended how matters stood."

"July 1. Yesterday a line from Mr. Abbott informed me of an event we have been long anticipating—the death of Mr. White, which took place on the 28th. Such a termination to a protracted state of constantly increasing imbecility can indeed excite no regret; but it is impossible to meet it without those serious and solemn impressions which are always produced by the final disruption of ties so intimate as those which united him with our family circle, and which placed him next to a Parent in the scale of gratitude and reverence from my earliest recollection. The lapse of forty years seems nothing in the retrospect, and Imagination makes a mere blank of these latter days of helpless infirmity, and retraces him as he was while in full possession of all his faculties, and the oracle and idol of all who came within his sphere of acquaintanceship and connection."

By Mr. White's death my father came in to the possession of Mr. Towne's bequest, before mentioned. By Mr. White's own will he inherited—

"An old family curiosity—a nautilus shell, singularly sculptured and mounted, which was dug up many years ago (in the time of my father's uncle Shellaber) at Annery, and by my father presented to Mr. White: worthy, it is said, of Benvenuto Cellini—but I do not remember having ever seen it. It is said that the Incledon's of Pilton (near Barnstaple) possess an old family picture in which this curious cup is represented. The figures

sculptured on it are said to be monastic, and Herman supposes it may have belonged to the Abbey of Frithelstock. I feel disposed to set a very high value on this legacy, both for the giver's sake, and on account of the circumstances attending it."

"August 20. On Thursday I went to Hampstead, took an early dinner with Rogers,\* and at six o'clock in the evening went with him and Mrs. Rogers to Coleridge's *soirée* at Highgate. The Philosopher lives in the house of a Mr. Gilman, surgeon and apothecary, on the Terrace at the entrance from Kentish Town—the site (it is said) of Arundel House where Bacon died. I am told that Coleridge was at first put under the medical surveillance of this gentleman when, a few years since, he was disordered in mind, and that he has ever since continued to reside with him as a friend. The good host and hostess seem to be very much attached to their guest, who attracts many visitors on Thursday evenings, when he holds forth to the general edification. Basil Montagu has often pressed me to go with him, he being a constant attendant: but something or other has always occurred to prevent me, and I now went under the auspices of my excellent friend Rogers. The first report on our arrival was that the Philosopher was so ill as to make it doubtful whether he would be able to join us; and we spent nearly an hour (during which we were joined by the learned Basil, his lady, and Irving) before he made his appearance, which he did at last (as Mrs. Rogers told me) in consequence of her having informed him that I had come purposely to be introduced to him. Nothing could be more courteous than his manner of welcoming, and his hopes that I should renew my visit. He soon took his chair, and began to hold forth *ex cathedra*. He brought downstairs with him the folio edition of Baxter's History of his Life and Times, as a sort of text to preach from, and at first began to eulogize the book and its author. The former bore witness to the value he appears to set upon it from the

\* Mr. Laurence Rogers, a police magistrate in London. He was the father of the Rev. William Rogers, Rector of Bishopsgate.

number of registers inserted in almost every page. The author he designated as most eminently entitled of any character he knows to the blessings of the peace-maker. From Baxter the strain of his argument flowed almost imperceptibly into Metaphysics and the most abstruse mysteries of Religion. The distinguishing characteristic of Man he holds to be the persuasion of his own imperishable nature—that we want no Revelation to teach it us—that, on the contrary, the inbred and irradicable conviction is only weakened by the fallacy of making it depend on a solitary miracle for its support—and hence, more than from any other cause, flows irreligion and a disbelief in futurity. That the true use of miracles is not as evidence of Religion, but simply as the credentials of those who are divinely instructed to work them. That the Scriptures are for the unlearned equally with the learned—the very foundation of their authority resting in the universality of their application—that (on the other hand) the Unitarian doctrine requires the support of learned argument and controversy, and therefore cannot be the true one. That it follows from this that a Unitarian cannot conscientiously attempt proselytism. What right has he to shake the belief of one who is unable to appreciate his reasoning, derived as it is from a critical acquaintance with the niceties of ancient language? The truth of Christianity cannot depend upon this knowledge, confined (as it must be) to so few, and so utterly irreducible to certainty even in the minds of those few. Nothing but assertion and counter-assertion—no conviction. Hence also follows the absurdity of affixing to the word ‘Inspiration’ the notion of *verbal Inspiration*. If the Scriptures were, (according to the vulgar understanding) *written* at the immediate dictation of the Holy Spirit, why did not the same Holy Spirit accompany the *translators*, seeing that it is of infinitely more importance to the world at large that the translations should be correct than even the original. *Milton’s Treatise*—Strange that so accurate a reasoner should omit the first step and not define what he means by Inspiration. His errors proceed from his not being able

to break through the trammels of the popular acceptance. The language of Scripture is utterly incompatible with that acceptance: *e.g.* the commencement of Luke's Gospel. Would an Officer, undertaking at the immediate command and under the dictation of the Duke of Wellington to write a history of the Peninsular War, begin by referring to a few serjeants and corporals of his acquaintance who happened to be eye-witnesses for the truth of his relation? He attempted to illustrate the doctrine of the Trinity from the Divine attribute of Omnipresence. If the entire Godhead occupies every point of space, why may He not dwell at the same instant in three (or in three millions) of persons? From the Unitarians he changed his battery to the Scotch Presbyterian Church—and so resolved were all present to do nothing but listen, that even this attack failed to rouse the Caledonian Apostle, who (except by the interposition of one solitary attempt at illustration) was a silent hearer during the whole evening. For myself I was certainly very much struck with his wonderful powers both of speech and thought, with the flow of his imagery and happiness of his illustrations—but I was often unable to follow him, and concur fully in the observation I have heard made on the *cloudy brilliancy* of his discourse. My curiosity is not by any means satisfied; on the contrary I feel strongly urged to repeat my visit and endeavour to form a more distinct idea of his real powers than I possess at present."

"Sunday, Sept. 4. To-day Herman and I walked to Highgate, where we went to church; thence to Hampstead, where we (with my wife and Reginald who joined us from Town) dined at my father's. After church Herman and I called at Coleridge's, (which was the main object of our going to Highgate,) and we had an hour of most interesting conversation with (or rather holding forth of) that most singular and highly gifted man. He began with Religion and Metaphysics, and talked of the universal belief in fallen Angels, I hardly know whether as an argument in proof of their actual existence, and think it can hardly have been so meant, as he seemed to enter into my suggestion, that the passage in the

Psalms seemingly allusive to this popular article of faith may have reference to a pre-existent world such as is now asserted by geologists. We then talked (or rather *he* talked) of Predestination and Coplestone, whom he called a worthy good man, but seemed to value very little as a metaphysician! I could not follow him in this part of his discourse, which appeared to me abundantly mystical. Referring to our friend Rogers, he maintained that a man may be too thoroughly *good* to become distinguished, and that to be so (*i.e. distinguished*,) a man should have some spice of the Devil in his composition—nay, that a portion of the devilish may stand a man in stead of all actual talents and acquirements—*e.g.* Bonaparte, whom he holds to be infinitely overrated. Thence we slid into Grammar—Matthiæ's Greek—Philosophical Grammar, &c., addressing himself in particular and very kindly to Herman. Thence to Webster on Witchcraft, and writers on Witchcraft generally. Baxter—(another instance of a man being too un-mixedly good)—Jacob Behmen, &c. I left him, still unconvinced both of the soundness and clearness of his perceptions, but astonished at his vast flow of words, retentiveness of memory, fecundity of illustration, and exalted powers of eloquence, and with a determination not to throw away the privilege he seems disposed to grant me of a more intimate acquaintance."

"Nov. 23. To-day, in consequence of the invitation conveyed to me by Gifford, I called on Dean Ireland, and was received by him very cordially. He was sitting alone in his library, wearing a black velvet cap, and reading Milton's theological treatise (as he told me) very critically. He seems completely wrapped up in the success of his new institution, expresses himself highly pleased with the choice of examiners and nature of the questions, rejoices in Herman, both as an Oriel man and a Devonshire man, but nevertheless wishes for Westminster next time. Says that Herman's success was owing to his universality of merit, some of the other candidates having excelled him on particular subjects, but *he* having proved himself equally perfect in all. He took the trouble

of going upstairs to fetch me a note from Lord Granville, doing little more than compliment him on his liberality. In short, the subject altogether seems to be the present stimulus of all his thoughts. I left him with a promise to make Herman call on him the moment he comes to Town."

"Nov. 27. To-day (Sunday) went to Lincoln's Inn Chapel and heard a very indifferent sermon from Maltby, who (I begin to suspect) is nothing except when he can display his learning. Met Shadwell there, and went with him to call on Sir John Richardson, whom I had not seen before since his return from the Continent. I felt quite happy to shake him by the hand once more, and he spoke to me with great kindness and affection. . . . It is certain that Lockhart is the new Editor of the Quarterly, Coleridge \* having found it incompatible with professional business. When Lord Northington was Master of the Rolls, being a very honest and conscientious Judge, though somewhat of a free liver, he spoke to the King about the evening sittings, which he wished to be changed so as to enable him to sit in the morning instead. The King spoke of the objectionableness of altering established customs without adequate reason and on a mere principle of convenience, asking the M.R. what ground he had for asking it, to which he answered frankly that it went against his conscience, for, being in the habit of getting drunk of an afternoon, he could not answer at all times for the correctness of his decisions. (This is one of the Chancellor's stories, who says he had it from the old King, who used to relate it as a proof of his scrupulous honesty)."

"Dec. 15. Yesterday dined at Courtenay's, with Herman and Charles, our party consisting (besides ourselves) of Lord Encombe (a very unaffected goodnatured young man, not by any means of

\* John Taylor Coleridge, afterwards a Judge in the Court of King's Bench. In his early life he combined the High Tory with the intense friend and admirer of Dr. Arnold, and as Editor of the Quarterly fell between the two extremes. He was promoted to the Bench in Sir Robert Peel's short administration in 1835. C. M.

the sturdy Scott breed), Dowdeswell, Glynn and Longley ; and all went to the Westminster play, (the Andria,) extremely well acted by Dunlop, Heath and Blackall (a son of Dr. B. of Exeter,)—the rest very respectably. Epilogue on Clubs—the Army and Navy, University, Travellers', &c., with a good deal of fun in it. Herman and Charles went under protection of our excellent friend the Dean, with whom we adjourned after the performance, and had a great deal of pleasant talk. He paid them most distinguished honour, making them sit by his side in a post of great reverence. Met at Dr. Goodenough's with Dr. Philpotts of Durham,\* whom I had not been in company with before for a great many years—not (I believe) since the time that he was at Harrow, when it was the joke among some of the most reprobate of our fraternity to personate him in all improper parts of the town, and where there was any chance of a row, &c., calling out 'Philpott! Philpott!' and other such profane pieces of amusement. He seemed very glad to renew acquaintance, congratulating me on Herman's success very cordially. To-day the Dean has sent Herman a present of his 'Paganism and Christianity compared,' with a very affectionate note expressive of the warm interest he takes in his welfare in the most important of all considerations."

"Dec. 17. Yesterday at the Commission the Lord Chancellor spoke to me of Herman, saying that he had heard I had a son of extraordinary abilities ; to which I answered that I was indeed fortunate, since I had also a second son who had distinguished himself greatly at the India College, and the Chancellor said that he had heard *his* praises also. I said we had had the pleasure of meeting Lord Encombe, upon which the Chancellor observed that *he* at least had the merit of being goodhumoured, and told me that he had detected a false quantity in the Westminster Epilogue ; which was more (as I told the Chancellor) than Shadwell had done, though constituted Censor General."

\* Afterwards Bishop of Exeter.

"Dec. 29. Dined with Herman at the good Dean of Westminster's, where we met Sir Christopher Robinson, his wife and daughter, Mrs. George Barnes (wife of the Archdeacon of Bombay) and two or three clergymen. Rather a stupid party, but in the evening I got talking theology—Milton, Athanasian Creed, Unitarian Marriages, &c.—displayed (without any reserve) much (of what remains to me) of my old cloven foot, and met with a great deal of liberality and candour on the side of the Dean, of whose high orthodoxy it seems to me that I had previously entertained too strict and unbending a notion. His affectionate kindness of manner to Herman was most gratifying and delightful to me."

"Jan 1, 1826. This evening I have devoted to burning and arranging letters, and have felt all my parental vanity rekindled on seeing how large a proportion of my correspondence for the last year has consisted of congratulations on the successes of my sons. How can I be sufficiently grateful for this supreme blessing of Providence! Herman and Charles are, both of them, all that a Father can desire."

"Jan 9. Last Monday went with Herman to Hampstead, and dined at Mallet's, where we met Miss Aikin, a clever sensible little woman, and, though an incessant talker, not of so deep a blue as might have been imagined. \* On Tuesday morning my mother shewed me some of her papers on the Mosaic History of the Creation &c., which I pursued to the Deluge, and felt on every account disposed most strongly to urge her continuance, not only as a most interesting and worthy occupation of her own time and thoughts, but as calculated, by the aid of her strong understanding and most excellent mind, to be of lasting benefit to others. To me it seemed to open many new doors of reflection as well as inquiry, and to put the whole subject in a clearer and more consistent point of view than it had ever before appeared to me. Reginald returned to us

\* Miss Lucy Aikin was a granddaughter of Samuel Merivale's early friend Dr. Aikin of Warrington Academy. She wrote a "Memoir of Charles I." and other historical works.



on Wednesday after a very delightful month spent with his Uncle Charles in Shropshire. He is a very nice fellow, grown immensely tall—makes himself a very general favourite, and possesses a good deal of ready wit, which may perhaps stand him in good stead hereafter, even should he prove too volatile for a scholar.”

“Jan. 14. Tuesday I was admitted a member of the Antiquaries’ Club, where I dined in company with Freeling, Amyatt, Dr. Hamilton, Reeves, Bicknell, Ellis, and Michael Bland in the Chair.”

“Jan. 16. I dined at D’Israeli’s. Met Robert Ward the author of Tremaine, Dr. Henderson (on Wines), and the great lions of the winter, Lockhart and his lady, a most pleasing and interesting and I should say pretty woman, whom it was my good fortune to sit by, and with whom I had a great deal of talk about Abbotsford &c. She seems to have the true *Maladie du Pays*, and to be pining for Ettrick Forest. I do not so much admire her husband, but saw him at a disadvantage, as he was declared to be fagged to death with the fatigues of his Editorial office, and went to sleep after dinner.”

“Jan. 22. My time and thoughts have not been so wholly engrossed by the business I have in hand \* as not to enable me to spare some portion of both for matters of still higher importance—and I have generally found myself, at this season of the year, more inclined than at most others to the pursuit of subjects of Religious Inquiry. I have, these holidays, read Dean Ireland’s ‘Paganism and Christianity compared’ with great general satisfaction, meaning (however) to give it a second and more attentive perusal. I am now engaged in Davison’s very admirable ‘Discourses on Prophecy,’ of which I have read the three first only as yet, and think they fully justify the warm recommendation of Coleridge, whose praises induced me to purchase the volume. They also explain much of what I thought very mystical in the last conversation I

\* The business of the Chancery Commission, in which my father had been very active, and which had led to much annoyance and heartburning between the different members.

had with him, as to the *internal evidences*. I am most particularly struck with the ability of his argument as to the *progressive* nature of Revelation—First, the Law ; then the Prophets ; and last, the Gospel—each succeeding the other, and gradually more and more uplifting the veil which covers the great scheme of the dispensations of Providence. I feel it to be a train and scope of argument calculated more than any other, to bring satisfaction and conviction to my own mind, which has always been (I am obliged to confess) too prone to the admission of doubts and difficulties in every step of what is called the historical, or mere extrinsic Evidence of the Scriptures. May God grant His grace to confirm and strengthen this conviction as I proceed in the study ! ”

“ Feb. 5. Walked to Hampstead, where I dined, and brought Johnny back with me, to be introduced to his new sister.\* He is a very entertaining chatty little companion, the most given to the reading of tales, romances, plays, &c., of any of our children (who are in general surprisingly matter of fact), and not without a great notion of fine phrases and a sort of poetical language. He is at present greatly enamoured of Spain and Spaniards, from his late double studies of Don Quixote and Gil Blas, and I have promised to get him the Chronicle of the Cid whenever I can meet with it. He amused me on our walk home by repeating divers stories from Popular Tales of the Germans, which he has been reading at Hampstead.”

“ Feb. 19. On the 11th I dined at Humphreys’s and met Theodore Hook (the supposed John Bull, and author of Sayings and Doings) with a pretty large bachelor party, Mrs. Stonor being the only lady visitor. He is an amusing *convive*, built much upon the fashion of the Hertford School, and the best and easiest letter-off of puns I ever fell in company with.”

“ Feb. 27. On Saturday went to Hampstead, and dined at Miss Baillie’s, where I met Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, Richardson

\* Caroline, born Feb. 1.

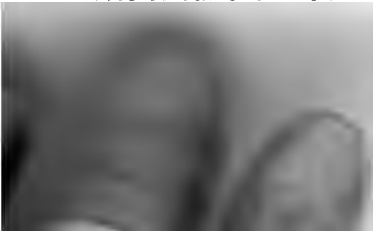
(the Scotch Agent for Appeals in the House of Lords, a most sensible and well informed person—the intimate friend of Sir W. Scott, Campbell, &c.), Mrs. Richardson, Miss Milligan and her sister Mrs. Ewen, and William Baillie. Lockhart by no means improves upon acquaintance. He is evidently under great restraint in company, probably from knowing how he stands as an object of suspicion on account of his connexion with Blackwood and the worthies of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. On one occasion, however, he so far forgot his reserve as to utter some very flippancy remarks upon Campbell, as a person of no learning, who filters his Greek criticisms through a German medium—for which he was quietly but effectually *set down* by Richardson.”

The labours of the Chancery Commission were at length concluded, on February the 28th, by the Signature of the Report, in the preparation of which my father, with his friend and ally Mr. Courtenay, had taken a leading part. It was not till after some stormy scenes with the Vice-Chancellor, Sir John Leach, that the Report was agreed upon: some of the anti-reforming members of the Commission refused their signatures, and that of the Chancellor, Lord Eldon, was obtained with difficulty. My father was disappointed in his hopes of professional advancement, especially of the great object of his ambition, a Mastership in Chancery, after the unpaid labour of these two years; a Commissionership of Bankrupts was given him, at that time a very poor appointment, at which his friend Denman was highly indignant and thought he should not have accepted it. “The coldness of congratulation which I receive in all quarters,” my father writes, “is so far flattering as it shews the general impression that I have not been treated according to my deserts.”



" April. 23. I commence a new volume of my journal under improved circumstances, and with better professional prospects, than I have hitherto known—short, certainly, of my more sanguine expectations, but affording sufficient cause for thankfulness on their own account, and considerable advantages as steps to future advancement. I already feel the comforts of an increased income much more early than I had any right to anticipate, from my Commissionership of Bankrupts, which has yielded me more than £10 a week for the last fortnight, and must go on progressively augmenting as I get into more new Commissions. The work is very easy and by no means so unpleasant as I feared it might prove, and I find excellent helpmates in my brother Commissioners, Bankes and Roberts. . . . Meanwhile I have had another week of pretty constant occupation about the Bills, which I laid before the Chancellor on Friday. . . . I put them into his hands myself at the rising of the Court, when he complained to me most bitterly of the new attacks he is forced to sustain, from Hume and others, repeating that though no man can be more alive to the truth '*Tempus abire mihi*,' yet it is impossible he should retire at a time when by so doing he will give his enemies the triumph of a victory. I could say no more than that I trusted he would remain among us long enough to complete the work of reformation which our Commission has begun—and this must give him at least a twelvemonth's longer reign, as it seems determined that nothing will be done beyond bringing in the Bills during the present Session. I have had another interview also with Copley (the Attorney General) and am struck with his prompt, direct and straightforward manner of conducting business."

Early in June the announcement came that Charles should proceed to India within three months to enter upon his appointment. His mother immediately began making the requisite arrangements about outfit, whilst his father wrote to various friends to obtain introductions for him.



The sudden change which occurred in this aspect of affairs is thus recorded in the Diary :—

“ June 12. The vanity of human hopes and fears and expectations! The separation so much dreaded is not to take place, and with the wretchedness of parting ends also all the brightness of the ambitious perspective. On my return last night from Dulwich, where I dined by invitation from Baugh Allen to meet Sismondi (who never came), I found that in my absence a communication had been made by poor dear Charles of his long rooted and invincible repugnance to his destination. A conversation with Mallet this morning has fixed my resolution (if I required any argument to fix it), and to-day I have been occupied in writing to Courtenay to undo the effects of my ambitious applications of Saturday, and in the more painful task of breaking to Mr. Hudleston the thankless rejection of his intended kindness. The entire approbation by Sir John and Lady Richardson of our conduct will console us for the probable shrugs and sneers of half the rest of the world, but we shall have a hard duty to perform in reconciling Dr. and Mrs. Drury: and the rest of my wife's relations (including Charles Drury, who has already expressed *his* sentiments,) will be outrageous.”

“ June 18. Charles's alteration of purpose remains stedfast, and I cannot help avowing my sincere and hearty self-gratulation on the event.”

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[The following note is here added by Charles Merivale].

I feel it a duty to my father's memory to place on record the noble and touching letter which he wrote to Charles Drury on the occasion of this notable change of front. The date, which is not given, was the end of June, 1826.

"Having an evening to spare, I must employ it in arguing a little with you on the subject of India. The first and main ground of difference between us is our relative estimate of the real value of the thing—both as respects the principal party, and as it affects his connexions. Undoubtedly, it is within the limits of possibility that he should reach India in safety, live through twenty years without any material loss of health, and return at the end of them with a handsome competence enabling him not only to enjoy thirty or forty years more of life in his native country himself, but materially to assist the other branches of his father's family. There are instances of good fortune like this, or at least more or less approaching to it—but how rare! Set against these the numbers who fall under one or other of the following classes—1st, who may be said even to make the thing answer, in a mere worldly sense, as regards themselves alone—*e.g.*, remaining in India all their lives, estranged from every connexion of youth, the slaves of mere selfish luxury or gratification. •

"2ndly, who return to England in the *enjoyment* (so-called) of wealth, but with shattered constitutions, and so habituated to Indian manners and customs as to be miserable without them.

"3rdly, who make utter shipwreck of health, fortune and character, and can never think of returning.

"4thly, who are cut off prematurely by the climate.

"Set against the successful *few* the numbers of these several classes of *failure* (for all these I consider failures)—and then compare with them the chances of success in an English profession to a young man entering College with good character, competent acquirements, sound abilities and powers of application, and I cannot but think you will confess that Nabobship kicks the beam.

"Here, then, two or three questions present themselves.

"1st—What causes the general consent in favour of the advantages of India—the high value set on these appointments, and the vast importance of the patronage? Answer—Your son

is *off your hands*, for better or for worse. He is either *made*, or you hear no more of him—you are quit of all anxiety about him as far as regards your own care or pains—and nineteen fathers (if not mothers) in twenty will jump at such a riddance. Excuse me if I am not one of them.

“2ndly—Why then accept what you hold so cheap? To tell you the truth, I feel it is *there* that the shoe pinches, and nowhere else. However, I have my excuse for that also. First I am not quite bomb-proof to the world’s opinion. Secondly, I am not able to make up my own mind, or to see everything on all sides of any question so clearly in a fortnight as I can after two years thinking about it. Thirdly, with all my disadvantageous notions on the score of chances, I still think that the lottery holds out so many prizes to determined courage and inclination that, in a case where these qualities are found united, I should not hold myself excused for preventing the adventurer from embarking. But it is an adventure in which more than in any other the *Posse* depends upon the *Velle*, and in which the slightest failure of resolution is most certain to bring with it a consequent failure of action. On this ground and with these sentiments, mere neutrality would not have satisfied me, and, if Charles had gone in the frame of mind which had evidently attended all his anticipations, I should never have been happy in my own mind, or thought of him but in the light of a victim to imaginary family interest. I say *imaginary*—for what good could have resulted to any of the family from my merely having got rid of one *incumbrance*, (to view it in no other light,) when the actual expense of his outfit would have cost me as much money as the whole of his college education, and therefore on a mere pound, shilling and pence calculation, I should have made nothing by it. Then what possible right have I—what conceivable right has any one of his brothers and sisters—to expect that he should sacrifice himself for the family? Here I take my stand, and answer most decisively—none upon earth. He owes *me* duty and obedience, but he fails in neither by assuming a pre-

ference which I have left completely open to him. He owes *them* a brother's affection, and the promotion of their interests in any manner which does not materially clash with his own interests and happiness, but surely no farther—and I should therefore have thought myself the most culpable of beings if I had, even with a much stronger persuasion of the advantage of the thing than I really entertain, endeavoured to work on his feelings either of affection or duty to overcome his repugnance.

"To conclude, I sincerely feel that I have no one to blame, and nothing to regret. I complain of no man who prefers the chance of a moderate livelihood in his native country to that of splendid banishment—for banishment it is, as much as transportation to New Holland; and say what you will in vituperation of our old over-worked Country, still it *is* our country, and there is nothing on earth to compare with it.

αἱ δ' ἐλπίδες βόσκουσι φυγάδας, ὥς λόγος ·  
καλοῖς βλέπουσι γ' ὄμμασιν· μέλλουσι δέ.\*

—one of the few sentences of Greek that have fixed themselves in my memory, and which corresponds with poor George Drury's impression—(one, mind, of your *successful* instances)—who says he would rather have staid at home and been a shoe-black.† And so ends my catechism.

"Yesterday I wrote to Tatham to enter him at St. John's, and I am very much deceived if he will not pursue his studies there with such ardour as to ensure him all that College can give. I think he will probably try his fortune in the Church, which seems to be most according to the bent of his inclinations, which are decidedly studious and scholastic."

\* Eurip. Phœniss. 396.

"Hopes cheer the banished, so the proverb says;  
"Flattering they look, but slow they are in coming." C. M.

† George Dominick Drury, Mark Drury's second son, who went out to Madras with a civil appointment in his youth, and was in India nearly 40 years before he revisited England.



I was little more than eighteen at the time, and I may say, young of my age. I had hardly looked beyond my school exercises and amusements. I had no acquaintance among people who knew India, nor had I been used to hear any talk about it to keep the prospect of the Indian service before me. Even my companions at College were like myself home-born, and I do not remember that we used to speculate on the future, which was equally a blank to most or all of us. What little did seem to transpire about it gave me a sad idea of a life (twenty or thirty years might at that age well seem a life) of duty at a desk in what promised to be an intolerable climate, exiled from home, without society and without books, a youth without amusements, leading to middle age without resources.

I had devoted myself spontaneously to my College studies, the novelty and variety of which were at the time very stimulating; but I had stolen not a few hours to gloat over the fatal volume of Gibbon's literary memoirs, and had conceived an intense interest in the record of his pursuits. I possess now a fragment of a memorial of my reading in imitation of his, kept up diligently for two or three months, in all the heat of my College preparations, and I even now feel some tenderness for it as an augury of what was to follow. Along with these studious proclivities my abundant animal spirits impelled me to muscular exercises. At school I had been among the foremost athletes, but at Haileybury there had been little scope for them, though indeed it was in many a summer evening on the Lea that I made my first essays in the great art of rowing.

But on my coming home after the May Examination in 1826, I was allowed to pay a week's visit to my brother at

Oxford. He had recently obtained his high distinctions there, and I was elated to find him, shy and retiring as he had used to be, now taking the lead among the best scholars and held in honour by them, full of spirits and generous aspirations. At the same time I fell in with some old Harrow friends, scholars, cricketers and boating men, and was introduced by them to many others of my own age and temper. That week at Oxford was more than a cycle of Cathay to me. To abide at College, to read and boat, and boat and read,—what a life it seemed to me! Certainly the idea of rivalling or following Herman's exploits never occurred to me; nevertheless I could not but feel some natural satisfaction at my own little victories (for I had got, let me say it, all the honours that were to be got at Haileybury), and the possibility of future prizes was not altogether absent from my thoughts. When on my return home it was represented to me that after all it was not quite necessary that I should go into banishment, and I had only to say I had rather not, to be allowed to exchange such a destination for the delights of the University for the immediate, and shut my eyes to the more distant future, I confess that I gave the matter little thought, and took the plunge with a light heart. I was only eighteen and a young eighteen. Of course I ought to have considered more seriously first the expense which I was laying on my father, which I might know he could ill afford with his ten, afterwards twelve children, and again still more the risk of failure, and the shame and mortification such failure, which at one time was really very imminent, would have been to him. I knew indeed from the first what his general sentiments on the subject were, his distaste for the dull Indian routine and his ardent

admiration of academic distinctions—but it was only within the last few years that I saw this letter so sensible and so generous, and I need not say how much it has touched me.

And now, nearly sixty years later, let me whisper, "All's well that ends well," and declare my assurance that my after career, as long as he was spared to witness it, gave him all the satisfaction he required; nor need I disguise my own satisfaction in remembering that from five years after the decision was taken I was never any further charge to him. C. M.

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I return to my father's diary.

"Aug. 24. The Harrow holidays have passed rapidly over our heads, and happily also. It is impossible for me to express the satisfaction which my dear children give me in every respect. Not a single habit do any of them appear to have formed that calls for reproof or censure, and the quiet enjoyment of Home which they discover from the eldest to the youngest, and utter indifference to any expensive or dissipated amusements, deserve the highest commendation and thankfulness. This is most remarkable in Charles, who, besides that his age has given him more experience of the world, comes from a society of young men whose peculiar destination is of all things most calculated to instil a taste for opposite pursuits; and it requires no other clue to the motives which actuated his rejection of the writership than to see him so devoted as he is to academical studies, mixed with a very full proportion of in-door and even childish pastimes."

In October my father accompanied Charles to Cambridge, where he entered on residence at St. John's College.

"Nov. 19. Little Loui has taken to learning Greek, and is able

to say and write the alphabet. She is a child of uncommon apprehension and thirst for acquiring knowledge—a duplicate of Herman, whose praises my mother heard lately from Dr. Wordsworth as recounted to him by the Dean of Westminster.”

“Dec. 3. Walked to Hampstead this morning with little Loui as a companion, and back to dinner. Held much profitable discourse on History, Greek derivations, &c., all which she imbibes with great delight and eagerness.”

The Christmas of 1826 my father spent, most unusually for him, away from home, having taken Reginald to pay a visit to Charles Drury at Pontesbury.

“On our arrival at Shrewsbury we found Charles Drury and Herman waiting for us, and were driven down by the former to his Rectory, which, with the disadvantages of a very dirty black mining village, and two brother Portionists with neither of whom it is possible to keep upon speaking terms, has the counterbalancing advantages of a pleasant neighbourhood in point of society, and some romantic and even grand scenery among hills which ought to be Welsh, and are little inferior to Welsh in importance. Our week there was passed very quietly—the only dissipations consisting in a dinner party of two or three neighbours, to which my friend Humphreys made a useful addition; and on the succeeding day a large Shrewsbury dinner at Dr. Butler’s, who on the following morning shewed us his magnificent private library, with that of the school, and other exhibitions of the like nature.”

“Jan. 28, 1827. Poor dear Loui has had a complaint in her eyelids which gave her mother great uneasiness, and caused us to send for Laurence, as the Surgeon to the Eye Infirmary; but we hope it will not be attended with any serious or lasting consequences either as to her personal appearance or in more essential respects. It has given occasion to her shewing great fortitude and

resolution, qualities which she possesses in a degree beyond her age, and evidently the result of reflection."

After the presentation of the Report of the Chancery Commission, my father was employed in drawing up a Bill founded upon its recommendations, which was brought before Parliament in March. He about the same time published a pamphlet containing his views on the subject of the proposed reforms, in the form of a Letter to Mr. Courtenay. He writes in the Diary :—

"April 11. I have only this day completed the work—far, very far, from satisfactorily to myself—amidst a perfect succession of doubts and fears, urged by some friends, and assailed by the remonstrances of others, yet on the whole well pleased that I have persevered in bringing it to a conclusion, and inclined to hope that my reputation will not suffer, and that my interest will be promoted, by the adventure. Denman wrote to me most encouragingly and affectionately, but I am far more afraid of him than of anybody else in the world, because he has formed notions both of my natural powers and of the advantages of my position so far beyond what I feel to be their reality, that I shall do nothing but miserably disappoint his expectations."

The changes which took place in the Ministry consequently on the illness of Lord Liverpool and Canning's accession to power put aside for the present the subject of Chancery Reform, and the Bill was not persevered with. My father eventually received £1000 from the Treasury for his labour in preparing the Bill.

"April 13. All the world on tip-toe. Canning announced in the House as First Lord of the Treasury and Premier—and that

announcement followed by the resignation of the Chancellor, Peel, the Duke of Wellington, &c."

"April 27. On Monday I saw the poor old Chancellor in his private room, and *congratulated* him on his release from toil, thinking it would be far more soothing to his spirit to treat it as an entirely voluntary act, and one of his own honest seeking, than to affect to consider him as a victim and bewail his retirement. He did not seem much disposed, however, to relish this view of the matter, and in talking of the pain it gives him to leave the Court, he actually shed tears. He is not even yet gone, and many seem inclined to think his grasp too tenacious even now to be displaced."

"July 26. Herman has passed his examination at Oxford with great credit, and attained, as there could be no doubt of his doing, the honours of the first class in the *Literæ Humaniores*; but owing to some mistake in a matter of form, he cannot take his degree till next term, after which he will probably remain a twelvemonth longer at College, taking pupils and waiting the chance of a fellowship. Meanwhile he has kept his first term at Lincoln's Inn and read a volume or two of Blackstone as preparatory to more serious study. He is now contemplating a visit to Paris in company with Humphreys, who goes on a plan of aiding his juridical pursuits by personal observations on the procedure of the French Courts with reference to the administration of real property."

"Nov. 4. Herman returned, after a most agreeable and I doubt not improving excursion to Paris, extended to Orleans, Fontainebleau, &c., in very stormy weather about a month ago, and proceeded after a few days spent at Hampstead, to Oxford, where he has taken his degree of B.A. and commenced his career of tuition with three pupils. Humphreys speaks of his abilities and companionship in the highest terms."

"Dec. 28. Our schoolboys came home for the holidays on Tuesday, 4th December, little John at the head of his remove,

and pronounced both by Harry Drury and Dr. Butler to be an extraordinarily clever boy—I conceive from his certainly unusual knack at versifying. In other respects he appears an odd and amusing compound of shrewdness and simplicity, but no way comparable to Alex. in respect of mental capacity. Reginald broke ground with Messrs. Lane and Croft\* a few days after his return; and though it seemed at first a hard task for his volatile humour to bend to such confinement and drudgery after the glorious liberty of the sixth form, and though he felt also very strongly at leaving school and school companions, to whom he seems very affectionately attached, I trust he has got over the first repugnant impression. . . . Charles staid with us over Christmas Day, and returned to Cambridge last Wednesday. I am happy to add that his statement of his own progress was far less advantageous than it ought to have been, since he has not only maintained his station, but advanced 5 paces—which is quite enough to determine *my* opinion, and I believe *his* also, that his early difficulties have been surmounted, and that he has only to march forward with hope and vigour to the goal. Herman is angry with me for having *exposed* him as the author of an article in the Foreign Quarterly, which he says he is ashamed of, though it has brought him great and I think merited applause in very competent quarters.† . . . Dined at the Dean of Westminster's to meet Dr. Copleston the new Bishop of Llandaff; where were also Dr. Murray, Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Goodenough, Mr. Fynes Clinton, and Mr. Tyler, and where I received abundant gratification from the discourse respecting Herman, as well as from the new Bishop's very friendly wish that we may be good neighbours when he comes to reside at his Deanery of St. Paul's."

\* The solicitors' firm to which he was now articulated. Croft was nephew of Lord Denman, and afterwards as Sir Archer Croft inherited the ancient baronetcy of the family. He was second son of the surgeon Sir Richard Croft who attended the Princess Charlotte in her last illness. C. M.

† An article on Daru's *Histoire de Bretagne* which appeared in the Foreign Quarterly Review for Nov. 1827.

"March 2, 1828. Dined on Tuesday at Leonard Horner's (the Principal of the London University, of which through Fellowes's bounty I am become a proprietor, *vice* Herman, whose chance of an Oxford Fellowship his mother feared might be marred by his being known as a member of Stinkomalee). Horner seems to be a most excellent man, and his family (a wife and long train of daughters) particularly agreeable, bating a too strong tincture of party exclusiveness—the vice of their Edinburgh coterie system.\* The company at dinner consisted of Dr. and Mrs. Somerville, a certain Count del Pozzo, and some others, to whom were added a most scientific assemblage of persons in the evening, almost entirely unknown to me."

"July 14. The whole of last week we have had Angel Heath staying with us, and a sweet Irish girl from the extreme point of County Donegal—Honorina Marshall,† who took it into her head to flirt with me in the most provoking manner imaginable, writing verses and forcing me to answer them, &c. A walk to the Zoological Gardens last Thursday (our twenty-third wedding anniversary, of all days in the year) proved the signal of this pretty little warfare. They left us to-day for Josiah Heath's new residence at Twickenham."

"Aug. 10. Tuesday, August 5th was my forty-ninth birthday, and my mother came in from Hampstead and dined with us. As usual, the recurrence of the day brought with it much reflection; and under the excitement of thought produced by confinement" [under a temporary ailment] "with nothing of consequence in

\* Leonard Horner was brother to Francis Horner, and was an amiable sample of the great Mutual Laudation Society of Law and Letters which then reigned in the Modern Athens. The estimation in which Francis was held seems to have been more general—I would not say more genuine.  
C. M.

† Honorina Marshall was a first cousin of Angel and Josiah Heath, and, a few years later, was married to Colonel, afterwards Sir Henry Lawrence, of Indian renown. For a description of this clever and charming woman at the time of her youthful visit to our house, see Herman Merivale's continuation of Sir H. Edwardes's *Life of Sir Henry Lawrence*, vol. ii, pp. 249, 250.



the way of business to occupy me, I gave vent to my feelings in a long set of verses which I think are probably the best and most nervous I have ever composed, but tintured, I fear, with much of the impatience and *outré-cuidance*, which form so essential a component part of my character, though unknown to the multitude, who take me for a modest man of no pretensions.\* They occupied me for a part of four successive mornings while lying on my bed."

"Sept. 7. I have been a good deal, backwards and forwards, at Hampstead. . . . My father (who continues still in the same state as for the last many months, keeping his bed except one evening in the week, when he rises and is shaved, &c.,) has evinced some occasional glimpses of enjoyment from Herman's letters, which he says ought to be published; † and that with an air of real earnestness reminding me forcibly of 25 or 30 years past, when he was continually urging me to publication in a similar manner—a striking instance of the long endurance of a ruling passion."

"Christmas day. We have arrived at the return of this happy season, all in good health, and surrounded with family blessings. The last month has been moreover productive of some not unimportant events. First, the completion of Denman's long protracted affair, in his restoration to rank through the good offices of the Duke.‡ . . . The next event is Herman's election to Balliol" [a fellowship]. . . . "He had a formidable competition, and attributes his victory to his early study of Fox's Martyrs. He is expected to reside at Oxford during his probationary year, and

\* The verses from which extracts are given in my father's published Poems, entitled "Retrospection."

† Herman was taking a trip to the Rhine and Switzerland.

‡ Mr. Denman had been rigorously excluded from the advancement of a silk gown, in consequence of the part he took in the Queen's trial; and my father, who a few pages back in the Diary writes of him as "one whom I would fain regard as a second self," felt his exclusion almost as keenly as he did his own personal mortifications of a similar kind.

receives no emolument till after the expiration of that period . . . Then Butler's announcement of resignation of the Head-mastership of Harrow next Easter, and H. Drury's active canvass for the succession—which he has every right of long standing, scholarship, and school management to demand as his undoubted privilege, and in which I cannot but sincerely wish him victory, notwithstanding some counterbalancing circumstances which might render it ineligible if it were a question of simple expediency. Added to these may be my present active correspondence on the subject of the road through Barton Place, in which the Macadamites are endeavouring to jockey us by all sorts of disingenuous contrivances, and I seeking to resist their hostilities both open and secret, by engaging Acland, Courtenay, &c., to stand my friends and see justice done me."

## CHAPTER VII.

MEMOIR BY LOUISA ANNE MERIVALE, continued. Illness of Louisa Heath Merivale. Death of Ann Merivale. DIARY OF JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE, continued. Recollections of Lord Byron. Death of John Merivale senior. Appointment to Commissionership in the Court of Bankruptcy. Summer residence at Barton Place. Marriage of Herman Merivale to Caroline Robinson. Death of their elder children. Funeral of King William IV. Coronation of Queen Victoria. 1829—1838.

[ Our life at home was the happy life of a large and affectionate family. My own continuous recollections date from the year 1829, when I attained my tenth year. I remember of course many detached scenes and occurrences belonging to an earlier date; but from the beginning of 1829 my life first begins to arrange itself in a historical sequence. It was in many respects a memorable year to us. Four sisters had been born after me in succession, then one brother, our sickly and hardly reared Joseph, and in January of this year Anna Wilhelmina, the youngest of our large family of twelve, was ushered into the world under very distressing circumstances. Immediately after her birth my mother became dangerously ill—a fever seized upon her nerves, of which she very nearly died. Two

physicians, Drs. Locock and Merriman, and our worthy friend Mr. Shuter, attended her, and succeeded at last, under God's blessing, in bringing her through this most perilous crisis. My sisters and I had been sent to Hampstead, some under the care of my grandmother Merivale, some under that of my aunt Fanny. How anxiously we used from the red house on Windmill Hill to watch for my aunt's visits! She had most generously devoted herself to the task of nursing my mother, and in the extremity of the danger passed her time almost entirely in Woburn Place, but would come back from time to time with reports of her state. One day she came in to us, her eyes suffused with tears, and announced that there was little hope left of her recovery. It was a mournful time; though I cannot remember that the impression of absolute misery remained very long upon my mind. With the volatility of childhood I found amusement in other things when the first sharp sorrow had passed. But at last a glimmering of better hope came. I can well remember the emotion with which my good aunt directed me one Sunday to learn the 34th Psalm in the metrical version, which we had heard that morning in church:—

“Through all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.”

I can never hear it now without being reminded of that occasion.

At last my mother recovered; but her nerves were shaken for a long period afterwards, and for some months she could hardly venture into company at all. In the

month of May she went to Hampstead for change of air, taking my sister Fanny and me with her. We stayed about a fortnight. I remember looking up at the window as we drove away, and watching my good kind grandmother as she stood and waved her adieus to us. It was the last time I ever saw her. A summons came for my father on the night of the 20th of June, stating that she had been taken dangerously ill ; and on the next day, which was Sunday, she died. Her complaint began apparently with nothing more than a common cold ; but suddenly a failure of strength came on for which there was no visible reason, and it is believed that a complaint of the heart was the actual cause of her death. Though enjoying very good health all her life, she would occasionally complain of a sudden stoppage in the action of that organ, accompanied with a sinking sensation, which, though not causing any particular uneasiness to those about her, as it would soon pass off leaving no other symptom of illness, indicated, there can now be little doubt, some vital disease.

After my grandmother's death my father and mother took us all to Hampstead for the summer, that they might be with my grandfather, who was now entirely bedridden. That happy time remains vividly in my memory. We had not often been staying in the country with my brothers, at least with those who from age were more calculated to be our playmates, as their holidays always ended before our Devonshire move took place. But now they were all with us, elder ones and younger ones alike. My dear brother Alexander, (now 15 years old,) who had always shewn a great talent and fondness for mechanical inventions, executed this summer some of his most ingenious performances in that way. One was a printing press, which he con-

structed with the greatest patience and care. He used to work in a loft over the stables, (which as we kept no carriage was used as a play place); and here we used to gather round him and admire or give humble assistance, as the case might be. At last, having finished his press and bought a sufficient quantity of leaden types and ink, he set to work at printing, and to our great delight struck off several copies of a poem written by my brother John, whose childish muse was very prolific. Some playful verses of my father's were also printed. But the difficulties attending the arrangement of types made it a tedious process, and Alex. did not carry his operations very far. John was a most amusing and engaging boy. He was at that time between 13 and 14, short of his age, but very handsome, with a strange mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in his composition, and very fond of inventing stories, plays and verses, and of reading or hearing them read in the family circle. He had none of the shyness and reserve that prompted me to hide or burn anything that might have attracted the notice of the elders. He was my especial darling and companion at that time. Usually very silent, I always became endued with a fit of loquacity when "Johnny" came home for the holidays. We used to carry on endless plays at "countries" in all the intervals of liberty from morning to night, and were never weary of discussing the wars and politics of "Lavenroque" and "Amata." Nor did my elder brothers disdain entering into games which seemed only fitting for childish imaginations. Herman and Charles used to amuse themselves with painting small wooden bricks with heraldic devices, giving them names chosen out of Ariosto, and then opposing them to each other in tournaments and "mêlées"

on the dining room table, in which we all took vivid interest.

So passed the summer of 1829. In the Autumn we went to Cockwood for the last of our regular visits. ]

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The entries in my father's Diary for 1829 are few, and for the most part brief. Of his wife's illness he writes :—

"Feb. 14, 1829. Even now that I have mercifully escaped the danger, I cannot look back upon it without horror, nor can I ever compose myself to describe what I have undergone. Thank God, though still confined upstairs, she is now progressively advancing in her recovery. Next to the Almighty, my thanks are due to my dear sister Fanny, her assiduous and indefatigable attendant during all this time of trial—to my beloved Herman, who was my best support and comfort when all earthly hope seemed to sink from me—to Harry Drury and his wife, to Mallet, and generally to the many kind friends who took so warm an interest in our sufferings and fears. Above all, to the more than brotherly care and solicitude of our excellent medical friend, Shuter."

"March 21. My principal occupation has been reading Rossetti's Comment on Dante and Foscolo's dissertation, and making notes with a view to literary composition, being strongly bent on not going down to the grave, if I can help it, without leaving some memorial of myself. This is an endeavour, and I hope it will not prove a fruitless one, to carry into execution a plan long ago formed, and broken in upon by other pursuits. I was set upon it this time (about three weeks ago) by Murray, and am strongly encouraged by Herman, with whom I project and have commenced a correspondence on the subject."

"May 2. During the last month the great Catholic Bill has passed triumphantly through Parliament, and on the re-assembling after the holidays the Catholic peers took their seats. The day

following I called at Lord Clifford's to congratulate, but found him gone to the *levée*. The excitement of this momentous period has been followed by the dearest calm, and I do not imagine that any other question will excite general interest during the remainder of the session."

"June 22. My beloved mother died yesterday at noon, after a week's illness, which was thought to be unattended by any danger till within a few hours of her dissolution. She did not seem to be aware of her approaching end—the last words which I heard her utter implying an expectation that she should soon recover. . . Charles came home after his boat-race at Henley and a short stay (full of enjoyment) at Oxford \*—and this day's post has brought us an announcement of his being the successful competitor for the Browne's medals for Latin Ode and Epigrams. His most excellent grandmother would indeed have rejoiced in it to the last moment!"

"Jan. 3, 1830. Herman has bid adieu to Oxford this Christmas, and commenced law student, under the auspices of my good friend John Hodgson, with a resolution which, knowing as I do his perseverance, affords the best promise. . . We spent the whole period of the summer holidays at Hampstead, in attendance on my poor father during the absence of Mallet's family. I derived considerable enjoyment (though of a melancholy kind) in the arrangement and perusal of my mother's papers, and of large packets of family letters which she had kept, especially those of my grandfather, of whom I have found sufficient memorials to enable me to devise the plan of a Family History which will at least be precious to my children if it should never go further. . . . After the return of Mallet and Fanny from Ramsgate, and of our Harrow boys to school, we started on our

\* This was the first of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-races—among the Cambridge crew, of whom Charles Merivale was one, was George Selwyn, afterwards Bishop of New Zealand.



usual journey to Devonshire, and passed about six weeks at Cockwood much in the usual manner. Found Dr. Drury amazingly strong and active for an octogenarian, though beginning to retreat from the cares of magistracy. . . . We had a meeting at the Institution the day before I left Exeter, for the purpose of discussing a project for County History, which I was specially requested, by Lord Clifford and Sir Thomas Acland, to attend . . . Nothing was done, nor (as I conceive) will anything effectual ever come of it. The gentlemen of the county will not subscribe, and though I have volunteered my services as editor, provided a work can be got up with any fair prospect of its final accomplishment, I am determined not to throw away my time without much better assurance than I at present possess of some good result from the project. . . . My other literary occupations and projects resolve themselves into the completion (with Herman's assistance) of a little 'Rhyming Chronicle of the Kings of England,' which I have put into Murray's hands for publication, and at this present time of writing am in a fever of wrath with that Bibliopole for keeping without honouring me with any intimation of his designs in respect of it."

"On the 28th of December I dined with Sir Robert Inglis, the member for Oxford, at Clapham. Being a second invitation by a very kind-hearted man who has shewn a very flattering degree of attention to me, I did not like to refuse, and put myself to the expense of a carriage to take me there and back in one of the most wintry of all this hard winter's evenings. My acquaintance with him commenced by our contemporaneous appointment to the office of University Insurance Office last Midsummer. I found there a large party, all strangers to me, and apparently much of the Evangelical dye, (though agreeable enough in conversation,) except Sir James Mackintosh, who was invited as a near neighbour, and made himself (as usual) excellent company; though our host made a sort of something like an apology for having a guest of such adverse politics—an excuse which I thought a little unnecessary."

" Jan. 17. I have been reading with intense interest the first volume of Moore's Life of Byron—almost every page of which calls up some old association in my remembrance. The mention made of my own name, though in two or three passages only, is extremely gratifying, the more so as Frank Hodgson always assured me that Byron had a sincere regard for me—and these few passages I think prove it. I remember him first a boy at Harrow, when I once heard him recite a lesson or looked over one of his exercises for Drury. This must have been so long ago as 1800. I heard of him often from Hodgson and others at Cambridge, but was not personally acquainted with him till just before his first departure for the Continent, when I called with Dr. Drury at his lodgings in St. James's Street, and was particularly struck with the fribblish dandyism of his appearance. It was I who reviewed his "Hours of Idleness" so favourably in the Critical, of which I see he speaks in one of his letters without appearing to know who was the author. After his return to England my meetings with him were few and far between, and I cannot boast of having ever attained the honour of anything approaching to intimacy, the fault of which I consider as entirely my own—my natural shyness, my peculiar abhorrence of *intrusion* on persons of rank or celebrity, my domestic habits, my narrow pecuniary circumstances and inability to give adequate entertainment to visitors in our poor little homestead in East Street, and above all, the continual state of fluctuation in which I lived between Law and Literature and the fear of abandoning myself to my inclination for the one so as to injure my prospects in the other—a fear which has (I fear) produced only one result, that of preventing me from ever attaining success in either. However, so it was; nor do I upon the whole regret that it was so. . . . Of the few interviews I can boast of having had with him, I see he has himself journalized *one*—that on the occasion of Campbell's being present, when he abused my article on Grimm in the Quarterly. I remember it well, and it is all true as Byron has recorded, except that I had *fancied*

Campbell's criticism referred rather to the Anti-Gallican spirit of the Review—in which I felt a little conscious to myself of deserving some censure—than to its "*mawkishness*." However, as Byron lays a stress on the word, I suppose it was the one he actually used. I felt nothing on the occasion but a nervous fear of betraying myself. As soon as Campbell had left the room, Byron burst into a violent fit of laughter and exclaimed, 'Oh, how I wish Harry Drury had been here to improve the awkwardness!' Another time I met Byron was soon after his marriage, at Murray's, when Walter Scott came in upon us and I enjoyed a good hour of their company. Our talk (or rather *theirs*, for I said mighty little,) was of Miss Baillie and De Montfort. Byron assumed the incredulous, and Scott told (inimitably well) a horrible legendary tale of school-boy hatred ending in a most cold blooded act of assassination after a thirty years interval, and separation in distant regions. Once I spent two or three days with him, Denman and Hodgson, at H. Drury's. He amused us with divers intriguing anecdotes, of many of which I very potently doubted the veracity—besides producing a bundle of Burns's MS. Poems, which I saw noticed in this volume as having been put into his hands by Allen of Holland House. Another time I was in his company was at poor G. E. G.'s, the Editor of the Monthly Review, at Turnham Green, when I recollect the discourse turning on vampires and all that class of superstition, and my sending him my 'Dead Men of Pesth' in consequence. It was about the time of his second edition of the *Giaour*, in which he introduces an allusion to the thing. I *think* also that he was of a party at Douglas Kinnaird's where I met (the only time I did so,) Sheridan—and that it must be the party to which he refers when he mentions his meeting him at D. K.'s for the last time. Harris of Covent Garden, Robins the auctioneer, and Colman, were also there, and one object was to bring the managers of the two theatres to a good understanding. Sheridan was very entertaining during his *second* bottle. His third made him quite a bore and a sot. I never saw Byron after his separation from his wife,

on which occasion I felt vehemently indignant like most of the world—principally, I think, through the representations made me by Sir Samuel Romilly. I was besides at that time busy reporting in the Court of Chancery, and had manfully abjured all manner of foreign attractions. Had I believed that any demonstration of feeling for him *on my part* would then have been prized by him, I am sure that, even with the bad impression I entertained respecting the causes of separation, I should not have kept aloof. But my first wrath was not a little inflamed by the appearance of his volume of Poems on Domestic Circumstances, and I was among those who least pitied him on his departure. No subsequent circumstances ever occurred to renew our acquaintance. And so end my Byroniana.”

“March 3. The news of our dear boy Charles having attained so good a station on the Classical Tripos, (4th on the list, and 1st of his own College,) has been very cheering to us, and affords a fair promise of a Fellowship.”

“Dec. 7. On the eve of a new year, I take up my Journal again with the design of tracing some faint recollections of the last nine months . . . My Easter holidays were broken by a visit to Devonshire in company with Herman and Charles, when I settled the line of road through Barton Place and signed the conveyance, receiving in exchange the sum of £1500 with about £100 or £200 more for timber. . . . I hear that the road is now finished—and the great sacrifice being thus ended, am disposed to look at it in the most favourable point of view, and to anticipate, not without extreme longing, the time when I may be enabled to take possession, and make all the alterations and improvements of the place which the altered state of its affairs demands. \*

\* The road here mentioned is part of the present turnpike road from Exeter to Tiverton, reaching from the Cowley Bridge Inn to the old Tiverton road over Marypole Head, and cutting through the Barton Place lawn and plantations. On the construction of this road, my father made the entrance gate and approach on the North or Tiverton side of the house; this was afterwards superseded by the entrance from the Exeter side, when the Bristol and Exeter railway was made fourteen years later.

“The next two months (May and June) were spent by us much in the usual manner—my principal occupation transcribing from shorthand copies of my grandfather’s early letters, which, when I had acquired the art of deciphering them with ease, amply repaid me the trouble—many of them being on interesting metaphysical subjects, and treated with a clearness and candour truly delightful—others affording the most copious illustrations of his career in life and of many incidents and characters before wholly unknown to me. This pursuit so much engaged me, and in a manner so tranquil and soothing, as almost to cure me of the restless spirit of ambition which has so long been my bane, and suffer me to view the rise and fall of hopes occasioned by the renewal of Chancery measures in Parliament with comparative indifference . . .

“Then came the King’s death—the abandonment of all Parliament measures, and the consequent dissolution . . . F. Hodgson came about the same time to town for his holidays, and in his company I spent some pleasant hours, (though far fewer than I could have wished for,) which partly diverted my thoughts into a new channel—*viz.* preparing a new and very much enlarged edition of poor Bland’s and my partnership work—the Translations from the Anthology, and this preparation eventually proved the chief employment of my long vacation. The printing and distribution of my mother’s Treatise was the next subject of interest—of which more hereafter. Then came the event of the extraordinary Revolution in France, with all its consequences and all its glowing excitement. Herman, hardly to be restrained during the first fortnight, set off for Paris the first moment we would let him. . .

“Towards the end of September Denman took up his quarters with us for a few evenings during the Old Bailey Sessions, and prevailed on me to accompany him on his return to Derbyshire, where, in a neat little squire’s mansion at the extremity of the gorge of Middleton Vale, his property by inheritance from his uncle, he has located his family. The weather, which had been wretched during all the time of our holidays, cleared up on the eve

of our departure, and from the 1st to the 12th of October, which I passed delightfully in his and Hodgson's company, exploring the beauties of the Peak, was as fine as an English October can possibly be. Here I was introduced to the family of the Arkwrights—and here also, in riding about with Denman and talking over our own concerns and those of the nation, renewed habits of intimacy and familiar interchange of thought of which few opportunities had been offered us for many years that our pursuits and circumstances had kept us so much apart from each other. . . .

It is now little more than a month since the meeting of Parliament. The Ministry changed—the country in a state of half insurrection, and half laid waste by secret incendiaries—Denman on the eve of departing, as Attorney-General, to prosecute the disturbers—and *Brougham* Lord Chancellor in the place of *Lyndhurst*. The change, as to myself, is most promising. The *only* request which Denman made of the new Chancellor was the promise of a Mastership for me, and that request was immediately granted, with only a single reservation in point of priority."

"Dec. 28. Yesterday I got the second volume of Moore's *Life of Byron*, two days before publication, as a great favour from Murray, with whom I am out of *pax* on account of his treatment about the *Anthology* and my *English Chronicle*. Began reading it in the evening, and got through about 50 pages. Pleased with the descriptive letters from Switzerland, and with the Verses to his Sister never before published, but thoroughly disgusted with Moore's canting strain about the freedom of exalted genius from all moral obligation and his seeking to confound all true perceptions of Virtue and Honour in the dazzling blaze of successful Poetry.

"Hampstead, Dec. 31. The more I read and transcribe of my Grandfather's writings, the more I am pleased with them, and with the prospect of one day or other (if I live long enough) giving some portion (at least) of them to the world together with a *Memoir of the Author*, for which the stores yet remaining to us

of his familiar letters afford abundant materials ; and if it should not please God to spare my life so as to complete this design, I earnestly hope that one of my sons will undertake it after I am gone. If Charles goes into the Church, I have no fear but that, although an orthodox, he will also be a liberal clergyman—and as such I am quite sure that he will find in these writings, though much that he may be inclined, and I trust well able, to controvert, yet nothing to offend or shock his judgment. The Sermons particularly (of which I have myself transcribed four, and Mr. Kenrick, the Dissenting Minister here, at my request, four or five more already) contain nothing that a clergyman of the Established Church might not consistently preach to his flock ; while in these, as also in his more controversial performances, the tone of candour that constantly prevails is only equalled by the purity of heart, the warmth of benevolence, and the ardour of enquiry with which it is accompanied. My friend Hodgson has been greatly struck with this in some metaphysical papers which I shewed him ; and I have the satisfaction of believing that one of the sermons (on the subject of the progress of knowledge in a future state) contributed to the satisfaction of his sister-in-law, poor Maria Tayler, to whom he read it only a few days before her death (last September) which had been then long anticipated. Mr. Kenrick tells me they would by no means do for the present atmosphere of the Unitarian world (which I take to be a very great compliment) ; and they are (of course) at least equally unsuited to the climate of rigid orthodoxy, or gloomy Calvinism. It gives me pleasure to think that my dear mother's little treatise has been similarly regarded in the two extreme regions of the Religious World, while by the liberal and candid, both among Church folks and Dissenters, to whom we have given it, it has been uniformly received in the same spirit in which it was written.

“ I have read the second volume of Moore's *Life of Byron* as far as the commencement of his Greek enterprise ; and amidst much to censure and deprecate, find a great deal of very powerful in-

terest, from which I have risen with higher notions both of Byron's intellectual powers (independent of his poetical ones,) and of his moral and even religious sentiments, than I had before entertained."

My father opens his Diary for the year 1831 with expressions of gratitude for the generally happy circumstances of his family.

" Jan. 1. The *first*, I think I may say the *only*, serious drawback from this felicity is the continued state of hopeless suffering under which my poor father is still struggling with the load of existence—but with a patience and resignation which almost disarm Pain itself of its terrors. . . . To begin with my dear wife—she is at present in a better and more confirmed state of health and enjoyment than I remember her to have been at almost any period since our marriage . . . Our large family has presented us with the hitherto unexampled spectacle of all our children able to walk alone—an accomplishment which our poor little Joe achieved during his stay at Hampstead about August last, thereby putting an end to the great anxiety we had begun to entertain lest he should be a cripple for life, and in which his example was soon followed by his little sister Anna, who, though she toddles about as well as may be wished, is as backward in the use of her tongue as he was in that of his feet. Of the others in order :—

1. *Herman*—who continues to reside under our roof by his own free choice, and seems unwilling even yet to leave the nest, though fully able to maintain himself in separate lodgings if he desired it. The delight he gives me by this proof of his good feeling and attachment, and by the more frequent enjoyment of his society, far overbalances the little inconveniences occasioned by the narrowness of our quarters, and I am sure that I shall not be the first to propose a separation of household. He has just completed his first



year of Law-Studentship, during which he has devoted himself very earnestly to the pursuit he has elected, and made (I believe) all the progress in legal knowledge which was to be expected from talents, such as his, so applied. To this end the formation of a Law Debating Society among some of his Oxford companions appears to have greatly contributed—and during the last quarter he has also been attending Amos's Lectures at the London University, I have no doubt with equal advantage. Nor has he abandoned—(nor in my judgment is he at all required to abandon)—his literary objects. He has appeared in print, in his prize essay on the Character of Socrates, and in the first number of a History of Italy for the Diffusion Society, the publication of which, however, still remains suspended because it has been judged desirable that the History of Rome should precede it. He is now occupied in continuing that History; and Empson has been talking to him about getting up an article for the Edinburgh Review on the doctrines of the St. Simonistes—a new politico-religious Society, which is beginning to make some noise at Paris. This he seems willing to undertake, and I look to it as likely to bring him into useful notice.

“2. *Charles* has been occupied since August in taking pupils (and made some money by them) at Cambridge—also in reading Divinity, &c., as preparatory to entering on his intended profession. He seems to enjoy, and to suit very well, a College life; which after all, however, is a poor sort of thing to sit down with, and Lonsdale (with whom we dined the day before yesterday to meet Harry Drury and a small party of friends) recommends strongly, with a view to his advancement in the Church, that he should adopt a different course from that he is now pursuing—take orders immediately, and look out forthwith for a curacy. He thinks my interest with Brougham would be very efficacious for him; but in the first place I do not know that I possess any such interest—secondly, I have my fears of Charles's success as a preacher, from a defectiveness of utterance which has accompanied him

through life, and seems rather to increase than diminish—and thirdly, the receipt of an immediate income, which pupils alone can furnish, is (to say the least of it) a very great convenience. Upon the whole, I am inclined to his going on in his present course, at least till he secures a fellowship. By that time, it is at least possible that I shall myself be in more advantageous circumstances in respect of income, and his clerical disposition and abilities will also be more fully developed. During the last summer, while I was so sedulously occupied about adding to our old translations from the Anthology, he afforded me very material assistance, and gave me the first impression of a strongly poetical turn of mind, which a few evenings ago he greatly confirmed by reading to us some of his recent productions, in which, though a good deal (I think) of false taste engendered by a sort of contagious Cambridge disease—the admission of Shelley and that school of Poets—he certainly affords signs of considerable power in the imaginative department; a power which, though not to be too lightly encouraged, I am determined never to check or damp, if evinced by any of my children. A literary life is that which, I believe, will suit him best.

“ 3. *Reginald* is not, I fear, over fond of attorneyship. Nevertheless he continues to give satisfaction by his attention to the business of the office, and is daily improving in gentlemanly deportment and also in general mental acquisitions—having discovered, or fancied, a deficiency in himself of historical and other useful knowledge, which he is extremely diligent in his endeavours to supply and make up for. He is the only one of our family at present absent, being (with young Harry) on a visit to his Uncle Charles at Pontesbury.

“ 4. *Alex.* spent the whole of his summer holidays with a Harrow friend, Allen, at the house of Allen’s father in Pembroke-shire—which Allen is the elder brother of my friend Baugh, and had shewn a very earnest desire to establish an intimacy between them. Though sorry to lose so much of the company of either

of my sons during their holidays, I could not hesitate to give him the advantage of such an introduction to society which may hereafter benefit him—as well as the opportunity of seeing something of the world—and his visit appears to have been a source of great enjoyment to him. During the last week of his stay, Sir James Mackintosh became an inmate of the house, and Alex. was able fully to relish his extraordinary powers of conversation and instructiveness. Alex. himself keeps up all the reputation he had acquired at Harrow, where, I believe, his character stands at present as high as Herman's before him.\*

"5. *John-Lewis*, in many respects the oddest, and the most difficult to be properly managed, of my sons, is as far as any of them from any deficiency of talent, though continually getting into scrapes with his uncle for carelessness in his exercises, and a spirit of pride and self-will which is very disdainful of the ordinary rules of coercion. He is moreover a dreamy, imaginative sort of boy—exorbitantly attached to the reading of novels and works of fiction, and excessively fond of his most intimate associates, whom he does not select from among those who are most exemplary either for school learning or strict regard to discipline, but chiefly for some resemblance to himself in their rambling pursuits and propensities. He is withal a very engaging boy, and extremely amusing from his vivacity, and from a kind of simplicity quite peculiar to himself—a mixture of cleverness and folly which is irresistibly diverting. His proud temper, in which he resembles his uncle Ben, is the worst point about him.

"A few words must suffice for the female part of my family.

\* During the prevalence of the Cholera, in November 1831, Charles writes from Cambridge, where Alexander had just entered as a Freshman in the previous month, "I hope you all enjoy as much peace of mind as you did in last year's riots. I can answer for my own state of indifference for the present. Alex. has not, I think, heard of the Cholera, and goes on reading just as if there was no Comet, Millennium, or Reform in its mildest shape, impending. He is quite a treasure, with his perfect regularity and coolness of deportment. He fell into a lock yesterday, and emerged perfectly undisturbed. I see no limit to his success from the way in which he improves upon the improvement he has already made."

Louisa, becoming daily and even hourly more womanly in person and manner, is chiefly remarkable in her exterior by a reserve, and even (I fear I must call it) sullenness of deportment, which I am nevertheless perfectly satisfied is superficial only, and has nothing to do with the essential qualities of the heart and mind. Her capacity appears to me to be of the highest order, and as her sensibilities gradually expand themselves, I have no doubt of her becoming a most valuable and even attractive woman. Fanny, in person and disposition, is most sweet and engaging—the most so of all the girls. Lilly more clever—with a fund of drollery—and excitable, either to mirth or tears, more than all the others together. The virtues of Rose and Caroline, not being yet very widely developed, I must leave to another and future page of my History.

“God bless and preserve them all, as He has hitherto so mercifully and graciously been pleased to do!”

On the 27th of January my father was summoned to Hampstead, and on the following evening my grandfather died.

“Feb. 2. I am now just returned, with my sons Reginald, Alex. and John, from paying the last tribute of duty to his remains. He lies buried in Hampstead churchyard by the side of my dear mother . . .

“Since the event happened, we have had the consolation of numerous letters from old and attached friends, expressive of the deep feelings of respect and affection which his character had universally inspired throughout the small circle in which his virtues had the opportunity of displaying themselves. A most fervent, rational and exalted piety, a most active and unwearied benevolence, an integrity above all suspicion or blemish, great public spirit, and a total disregard of self, evinced in the continual action of self-denial and disinterestedness, formed the basis of this excellent character—in all its best points strongly resembling that of his

father and my grandfather, whose life has of late formed the subject of so much of my enquiry and contemplation; and most devoutly and humbly do I pray God that I, and my sons after me, may not be found wanting in the emulation of them."

About the same time my father received a summons from the Lord Chancellor to a discussion again on the subject of Chancery Reform; but again the proposed alterations were postponed in consequence of the more momentous motions for Reform in Parliament. Again my father was disappointed in his hope of obtaining a Mastership, but he accepted the appointment to a Commissionership in the new Court of Bankruptcy, an office which he held during the remainder of his life.

After the beginning of the year 1831 my father laid down his copious Diary, and from that time till 1836, it contains only brief summaries of the year's leading events. Among those of 1831 were Herman's attainment of the Eldon Scholarship at Oxford, and Alexander's—

"Harrow prizes and scholarship, which have enabled him to start at Trinity, Cambridge, with every possible advantage and fair prospect. Our residence during the greater part of the year has been at Hampstead, from whence my wife and I made only short separate excursions into Devonshire, and afterwards together to Cambridge, where we spent a delightful week in setting afloat our fourth son as a student of that University. My literary occupations, chiefly my grandfather's papers and memoirs, which have afforded an abundance of pleasing employment and enough to compensate for much of the disappointment I have suffered. I must not forget Denman's continued and active friendship, to which I am mainly indebted for the office to which I am now appointed, however inadequate to what he wished and designed in my behalf."

"Jan. 11, 1832. Entered on the duties of my office as Commissioner of the Court of Bankruptcy, and with them on a new set of minor miseries originating in the hasty and imperfect manner with which the entire measure was concocted—unavoidable collisions with the superior branch of the Court in matters of jurisdiction, and with the Bar and Bench in respect of Precedence. The proceedings of the second Reform Bill occupied my thoughts in the way of gradual alienation from its promoters. I hailed its introduction in December 1831 by a sort of participation in the general feeling which I could not resist, and when it was attempted to thwart it by the influence of aristocratic wealth, I subscribed to the opposing fund—my last act of Whiggism. I was strongly opposed to the Metropolitan part of the plan.

"Spent the early part of the summer at Hampstead, memoir writing and preparing for a new volume of the *Anthology*. Lodgings at Dawlish during our holidays, the state of Mrs. Drury's health preventing our being received at Cockwood. Saw much of the Blencowe family and of the Miss Robinsons, the eldest of whom was destined to be Herman's wife. Began to dream of a return to Barton Place, but could not venture on giving notice to our tenants. Year of the Cholera. Wrote Verses on the Fast Day. Herman called to the Bar at Michaelmas. Deaths of Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Mackintosh, &c. Bristol and Nottingham Riots in the winter while we were at Hampstead—contributed as much as anything to disgust me with Reform and Reformers. Then the brutal attack on the Duke of Wellington. I had previously pretty well indicated at what point my views stopped short, by a letter in *Blackwood's Magazine* for April 1831. In November 1832 Lord Tenterden [the Chief Justice] "died, and was immediately succeeded by Denman, with whom I had been in very friendly and confidential correspondence on politics during the vacation."

"1833. Early this year the Cholera ceased, and a general Thanksgiving was proclaimed in April. . . . I published the

Anthology, which was afterwards praised to the sky by Blackwood, in many succeeding numbers; but they so overlaid the affair, making it a vehicle for their own Professor Wilson, as to do far more mischief than good. . . . In June Charles was ordained Deacon, and I had the satisfaction of witnessing it. . . . I, foolishly enough for my means and station, contributed £10 to the Abbotsford subscription, and was placed on the Committee, which I attended pretty frequently . . .

"This was our first vacation at Barton Place, Admiral Peard having died in the spring, by which our house became untenanted. It was a time of great enjoyment to me. Dr. Drury came often to see us, and entered into my happiness with all the freshness of his younger years. We had a visit while at Barton Place from Caroline Robinson, which rivetted Herman's fetters. Herman appointed Revising Barrister . . .

"This year died *Kean the Actor* and *Wilberforce*. What an indiscriminate havoc!"

Before the family could begin their summer residence at Barton Place, it was necessary for my mother, a most energetic woman of business, to go down there and make the requisite arrangements. The following letter to her husband, dated Barton Place, May 1833, gives a lively account of her proceedings.

"After a morning of real business, walking over the farm with Coldridge, talking with Wreford about farm-letting, with Stanbury about his cottage, with Mrs. Peard about her tables and chairs, in short having proved myself a managing agent for you, I sit down to give an account of my proceedings, but like Sancho in his story, I must first recollect where my goats were standing, and which went over the ferry first." [Here follow some details of the writer's visit to Cockwood.] "At half-past four o'clock I got into an open fly, and drove here through what I call the *Bocage* ;

the whole road from Kenton deserves that name, but after Cowick more particularly so. My emotions were so intense as I came in sight of the "happy valley," that having no one to reciprocate them, with they were almost overpowering, and I was ready prepared to burst into tears when I entered the drawing-room at this house, and found poor Mrs. Peard sitting dismally alone in her widow's weeds. We had scarcely exchanged salutations when the Snow carriage drove to the door, and Mrs. Snow, Juliana and Mary Ann joined us in the drawing-room. They were affected at seeing me, and I at seeing them in such a place and under all circumstances; this, added to the deep black of all my companions, made it a very dismal scene, and we all shed tears except Mrs. Snow, who was cheerful as ever . . . Mary Ann Snow was left here, and as Mrs. Peard does not like walking, she and I took a stroll as far as the Thatched Seat, ruminating over the bygone times in a strain that did not tend much to enliven us. I went to bed in the large spare room, with very little hope of sleeping; however the four or five hours that sleep did overcome me were very refreshing, much more so than I had anticipated. Soon after eight o'clock I was out in the grounds, went out by the entrance gate along the new road to witness the effects of alterations, then finding the high plantation gate locked after the manner of Cockwood, I clambered over it, then climbed the railing and got to the pond, which, though from the drought it is very low, yet I acknowledge to be very pretty and romantic. After breakfast Mrs. Peard and I went over the chattels . . . Then came Coldridge, with whom I walked and talked; as he wished me to hear his proposal to Wreford for the fields and orchard, he went and fetched him, and he walked about with us, *argol bargoling* with him about rent. . . . [After further details of arrangements, my mother goes on;]—"I am happy to say that all our friends concur in the propriety of my coming at this juncture of time, and say it would have been very difficult to have wound up our affairs here without some one in



authority (delegated though it be,) on the spot. The grounds are looking beautiful."

My father in answer writes :—

" Better and better ! You are the Heroine of the Bocage, now the Duchesse de Berri, (poor woman,) is degraded from that lofty title. Seriously, your report from Barton Place of all your proceedings there is most satisfactory, and I am sure I cannot act more wisely than by confirming your agency with the fullest powers. . . . I send you a Morning Chronicle containing the termination of another Romance—the life of that poor sinner Kean ! His poor widow had asked John to dine with Charles the very day the news came. He went, of course being ignorant of it, so she made him stay with *her*, Charles being gone to Richmond. She was at first in a state of great distraction, and begged to consult with me. I went accordingly. . . . The lie about your father having seen and admired him as a child and sent him to be educated at Eton, I take to be a hymn of his own composing."

DIARY : CONTINUED.

" 1834. This year commenced in gloom. On the 9th of January we had a grand dance, and the next morning brought us the news of Dr. Drury's death (aged 84,) after only a week's illness. This event caused my wife's immediate departure for Cockwood, where she remained during the month, and returned to nurse me in a somewhat alarming attack of illness. . . . We spent our vacation again at Barton Place, where Denman coming the circuit slept a night, and prevailed on me to accompany him into Cornwall. Herman having become the accepted suitor of Caroline Robinson, \* we saw a good deal of her and of her Dawlish friends

\* Caroline Penelope Robinson was the eldest daughter of the Rev. William Villiers Robinson, Rector of Grafton-Underwood in Northamptonshire, and granddaughter of Sir George Robinson of Cranford Hall, in the same county. Her father had died not long before this time, and she was living with her

and relations, which gave great interest and variety to our holidays ; besides which we had a fortnight's visit from Mallet and Fanny and their boys. I was laid up prisoner for another fortnight or more by a fall from my horse. Called back in October to my duties, in time to witness the conflagration of the Parliament houses. Returned to Barton Place, and was present at Herman's marriage at Dawlish, soon after which they established themselves in our house at Hampstead . . . John commenced his Cambridge career. Charles was ordained Priest in June, and was Assistant Preacher for half a year at our district church in Woburn Square. . . . "

"Nov. 11. Death of Earl Spencer, and sudden dismissal of the Ministry. The Whig declaration that 'all classes of Reformers must now unite' completed my long accumulating disgust ; I well remember first hearing it from Whishaw, and the impression it then made upon me, to which I gave vent in another Letter of Metrodorus, published in December, and a third in January. The same state of feelings gave birth to sundry political sonnets—'Stanley, arise,' &c."

The following letter to Mr. Hodgson expresses my father's satisfaction in Herman's marriage.

"Woburn Place, Nov. 2, 1834.

My dear Hodgson,

I designed to have sent you a humorous epistle, perchance in doggrel, on the occasion of Herman's marriage, as a pendant to that which you so well remember receiving, some nine-and-twenty years ago, on the occasion of my own—but alas ! the

two sisters in a small house at Dawlish, close to Luscombe, the residence of Mr. Charles Hoare, the banker of Fleet Street, who had married her aunt. Caroline Robinson's brother, Sir George Stamp Robinson, had succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his uncle in 1833. Her youngest sister, Isabella, died in 1834 ; and shortly after her own marriage, her sister Emma was married to the Rev. William Duthy, Rector of Sudborough in Northamptonshire.

attempt to do so has only potently convinced me of a fact that I am sometimes too prone to forget—namely, that I am myself nine-and-twenty years older—besides that the occasion now in question, though to my own feelings in every respect a most joyful one, was not in itself calculated to afford so much room for mirth or mirthful description as that of my own happy wedding. To prevent all possibility of misconstruction, however, let me set out by saying that *both* the principal parties concerned were (I verily believe) as deeply and sincerely happy as the union of two devoted hearts ever rendered any youthful couple. The opportunities which I have enjoyed during my late holidays of becoming better acquainted with the mind, temper and disposition of my daughter-in-law, have conspired to rivet her most closely to my affections, and to make me consider Herman as one of the most fortunate beings who, *for the last nine-and-twenty years*, has ever entered into the state of matrimony. (Observe, that I carefully exclude myself from the lists of comparison.) I am most anxious that you should become acquainted with her, that you may yourself confirm my judgment. She is one of those whom you cannot see without at once knowing—so transparently does her mind shew itself in her bright and sunny countenance—and to know her without loving her is still more impossible. In point of acquirement, without the slightest approach to *blueism* or pedantry, she is one of the best and most solidly well-informed women I have ever encountered with. Her temper exquisitely sweet—but ardent, to a degree almost of enthusiasm. Last year, and just at the commencement of Herman's paying his addresses to her, she had the misfortune to lose a sister, (to whom both herself and her now single surviving sister were very tenderly attached,) after painfully watching her through the whole progress of a deep decline; and this circumstance, aided and worked upon by some perhaps over serious friends to whom she had become strongly attached, led her easily excited feelings into a religious train which was of a cast a little more evangelical, (as the phrase is,) than either I or you would have felt disposed to

recommend or encourage ; but her subsequent attachment to Herman, strongly tintured as it is with all the *ardour* of her nature, by diverting her thoughts into a more mundane channel, appears to have much softened down, without eradicating, those impressions ; so that the collision of the two minds has, I verily believe, been of the utmost advantage to the moral character of each, and prepared them both for the enjoyment of temporal happiness in such a manner as is best calculated to promote, and ultimately to ensure, that which is eternal.

“ I scarcely know how to descend from these highly pleasurable reflections and anticipations to matters of slighter and more perishable interest—but as I promised, so I will perform. The marriage took place last Wednesday (29th October) in Dawlish Church—the same in which we ourselves were married on the famous 10th of July, 1805. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Duthy, a Wintonian, and a clergyman of Northamptonshire, to whom Sir George Robinson (the brother of the bride,) had delegated the office in consequence of being himself prevented by a fit of the gout from taking a promised journey into Devonshire for the purpose of officiating ; and this Mr. Duthy was the man fitly selected, as being himself the accepted lover of Emma Robinson, the bride’s sister. My wife and myself, with our daughter Louisa, Charles Drury and Anna (Ben’s daughter), formed the *cortège* of the bridegroom—and on the part of the bride were present her aunt, Mrs. Hoare of Luscombe (with whom she was residing), Robert Blencowe (who gave her away) and his wife, and a few intimate friends who were staying in the house for the occasion. After the ceremony we all adjourned to Luscombe, where Mrs. Hoare gave a splendid *déjeuner*, for which the bride and bridegroom refused to wait—having already (before we sat down to table) ascended their travelling britzka (to be resigned as soon as they reach their ultimate destination), attended only by a forlorn waiting maid. On our return to Barton Place the same evening, we heard of them as having stopped for ten minutes in their way at the entrance gate,

that they might glad the eyes of all the younger part of the family by their appearance . . . Their intention was to proceed by *easy stages* to Clifton, which they proposed to make their headquarters during the better part of this week, and to reach Hampstead on Saturday next—that being Herman's birthday, and consequently the more auspicious as the commencement of *keeping house* together. I believe I told you that I had destined my own house at Hampstead for their reception, where they will remain as long as they find it convenient or desirable—probably during the whole of this winter—till they can suit themselves with a London residence. They mean (as indeed is absolutely necessary) to set out on the most frugal plan, and seem equally bent both on present economy and on neglecting nothing that may contribute to his professional benefit and advancement."

DIARY: CONTINUED.

"1835. General election, in the event of which I took an intense interest, feeling myself now altogether Conservative in my politics, and with the strongest conviction that we were on the verge of a Revolution from which the success of Peel's government alone could preserve us. I was laid up by a very severe attack of cold and influenza, but got out of my bed in the midst of bitter snow and frost to record my vote for the Conservatives of Finsbury . . . Herman and Caroline continued to occupy our house at Hampstead,\* and her introduction into the family became a source of great interest and happiness to us all . . . Our third summer at Barton Place—not (as far as I now remember) varied by any remarkable incident. General politics still absorbed much of my thoughts and feelings."

"July 3, 1836. It is now more than six years since I have abandoned the attempt to keep anything like a regular diary of my life, and it is not now my intention to return to that practice. But

\* Where in September their first child, Herman Louis, was born.

finding, to my cost, how many things have escaped me both in reading and reflection, the memory of which I am sorry to lose, from the neglect of noting them as they occur in some more lasting record than that very imperfect and treacherous one which my mind furnishes, I have bethought me of opening a new book for the preservation of whatever from time to time I may think worth recording, whether in the shape of passing events, of reading or observation, with extracts by way of commonplace book of such passages as occur to me as likely to be of use for future purposes of reference—thus exhibiting at least the most interesting and important part of autobiography, that which traces the progress of knowledge and sentiment. God grant, if my life be preserved some years longer, that I may be enabled to look back with satisfaction on the pages I am now about to commence.”

The diary for this year contains little else than extracts from and reflections on the books my father was reading, chiefly on religious and theological subjects. Dr. Newman's works, and the “Tracts for the Times” which were then in course of publication, attracted much of his attention. In the evenings he would read aloud to his wife and daughters; \* the histories of Alison and Hallam were the subjects of these readings about this time, while at a later period, Dickens's novels were read with the greatest zest to us, as they made their weekly appearance. The happiness of the usual summer visit to Barton Place was marred this season by a long and most depressing attack of jaundice, a malady of which my father had frequent recurrences during some years. In December he notes the removal of Her-

\* My father's habit of family reading was very remarkable, considering how constantly he was occupied in writing. He read through to us eight or ten of Scott's novels, and Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, &c., constantly, generally with his watch before him. His elocution was eminently clear and easy, with a warm touch of sensibility and enthusiasm. C. M.

man and his wife to the small house in the Regent's Park—No. 2. Cambridge Place—which they occupied for ten years.

[Diary.] “ Jan. 5, 1837. I have now finished this reading of the Gospels, and certainly with a far more accurate understanding of their scope and meaning than I had derived from any former perusal, as well as with a far deeper impression of the Divine Nature of the Redeemer, and of the excellence and sublimity of His Discourses.”

At this time my father withdrew from the London University, giving in a letter to Dr. Fellowes, to whom he had been indebted for his share in it, his reasons for so doing. \*

“ These are, first, my continually increasing conviction in favour of opinions in Religion and Politics so widely different from those which you, alike conscientiously, profess . . . and secondly because the very warm interest which I formerly took in the success of the Institution, while I imagined it calculated to answer all the ends of a liberal and comprehensive system of Education, has long since been lost in the painful persuasion that its tendency is far more directly to widen religious differences and perpetuate animosities. . . . The result has been such as to confirm me very strongly in the opinion that a system of National Education, to be permanently useful, must be founded in the National Religion—at all events, so long as the country is possessed of such an Establishment.”

About the same time, while making another appeal to the Lord Chancellor for the appointment to a Mastership, on the score of his services on the Chancery Commission,

\* Dr. Fellowes was a philanthropist of latitudinarian sentiments, with whom my father had had an early acquaintance, and for whom he continued to have a sincere regard as an amiable fanatic. C. M.

as well as his long standing at the Bar, my father thought it right to explain in a letter to Lord Denman his altered views in politics, which indeed may have partly operated to prevent his promotion by a Liberal Government. He writes :—

“ With respect to the two great measures of the last ten years, Catholic Emancipation, and Reform in Parliament—I was the steady and consistent advocate of both—of the first, from an unalterable conviction of the injustice of making religious opinion a ground of exclusion from civil privileges—of the second, although with more hesitation, because the period seemed to me to have arrived when the existing state of Representation, always indefensible in theory, had become also untenable in practice. . . . So large, and (in my judgment) so unnecessarily and dangerously large a measure of Reform having been granted, it was undoubtedly my strong persuasion that the Government was bound to *rest*—at all events so long as to give it the fairest and fullest trial—before lending its sanction to further movement.”

[Diary] “ Feb. 19. Yesterday, seeing a Meeting advertised at Free-Masons’ of Anti-Churchrate-Abolitionists, I attended, partly from idleness and curiosity, but not without some design of making still more public the side I have taken. And there I heard one of the most eloquent speeches I ever *did* hear, from a Scotch Minister, a Mr. Cumming, who seems indeed to be a practised Orator. On leaving the room I signed an Address, not wishing to screen my true sentiments, especially at the moment of my name being again put forward as a candidate for promotion.”

Herman was at this time trying for the Professorship of Political Economy at Oxford, and his success is thus recorded.



" March. 4. On Thursday Herman was elected Professor after a smart contest, by a majority of six. To-day I wrote to Henry Drummond as Founder of the Professorship—and who, if not altogether abandoned to his Irvingite delusions, will be gratified at its falling to the lot of Dr. Drury's grandson \* . . . I cannot record this triumph of Herman's without at the same time noting Charles's second appearance at Cambridge, as Examiner for the Classical Tripos—and thus the names of both are at the same time conspicuous in the rolls of University distinction."

" March. 29. Read the first volume of Lockhart's Life of Scott, with as great delight as I have ever experienced from any work of Biography, and am heartily sorry to be forced to suspend it till the first of May, when it is announced that the second will make its appearance. How much of my own life does it make me live over again while reading it! Half Lawyer, half *Littérateur*, and (in my own estimation at least) Poet—how much do I owe to my wife's resolution and firmness, and the prudent advice of Dr. Drury, (for my own father, in his parental partiality, was always urging me in a contrary direction) for keeping me steady to a

\* Mr. Henry Drummond was a conspicuous member of Parliament through the middle of this century—noted for his many very clever and generally eccentric speeches. In reply to my father's announcement, he wrote as follows:—

" My dear Sir,—I received your letter giving me the double pleasure of knowing that I still occupy a place in your remembrance, and that your son is chosen to the Political Economy Professorship in Oxford. I believe that this latter circumstance, with all its attendants, would have given great satisfaction to my old friend, and, more than friend, Dr. Drury; and I am sure that the feeling of its being a source of gratification to him would have been the most pleasant of all that I have ever had to feel in that transaction; for I can truly say that there never was a man out of my own immediate relations whom I loved, and had so much cause to love, as I did him. With my father dead, my mother in the East Indies, and no other guardians, I found myself at school at sixteen my own master; took myself away, thinking my knowledge perfect; put myself to College, from which also, in two years, I took myself again; and walked off to Russia with nothing but my folly to guide me. During all this time Dr. Drury acted the part of a father, in a way that no relation did, and was ever equally warm, affectionate, and disinterested, whenever I was thrown within his sphere. I know the high reputation of your son, and if this step shall be the means of greater distinction to him, I shall indeed rejoice."

course from which I have at least derived a competence, even though in comparative obscurity."

"April 23, *Sunday*. This day, being thoroughly wet, I devoted to scriptural study, and finished the Apocalypse, thus completing (by God's grace) the task which I set myself shortly after our return on the 1st of November, of reading the Greek Testament with Bloomfield's Notes,\* and setting down what I thought most fit to be noted. . . . I have now begun a course of O.T. and have read the six first chapters of Genesis in the Common Version. May God assist me through it! Read the second Book of Paradise Regained; but cannot but feel the subject too awful for poetical detail. The simple narrative is in itself so astounding as to require all the submissiveness of faith to receive it. Imagination has no scope in the conception of so inscrutable a mystery; and the cause of Religion is, I suspect, more likely to be hurt than served by it. The same remarks apply (in part) to the greater poem—but *here*, where the ineffable Nature of Christ is the immediate object, the effect is to shock, rather than fall in with our conviction. Still, as the work of our great Poet, it ought to be read and judged according to its merits."

"May 15. Dined at Duckworth's—Dr. Shepherd of Liverpool, Whishaw, Smythe, Miss Aikin, Sir George Head, a Mr. and Mrs. White (Belshamites), † and Panizzi, whom I have learned to set down as the most disagreeable of bores—presuming to talk of English subjects as a native and running into the most odious strain of Whig-Radical vituperation against Tories and (as he calls it) *Torism* in general, and against Sir Walter Scott and his biographer in particular, for which I set him down pretty effectually, and was supported by Shepherd and Whishaw, much to his discomfiture."

"May 21. I went with Alex. to Margaret Street Chapel and heard Dodsworth, who preached a very powerful Trinity sermon,

\* The popular school and college commentary of that day. C. M.

† *i.e.* attendants at Mr. Belsham's Unitarian Chapel in Essex Street.

strongly enforcing the doctrines of the Newman school. Had a good deal of conversation since with Herman and Alex. on the subject. Dodsworth is very much followed—his Chapel crowded almost to suffocation, and he is certainly a very impressive preacher. I am much taken with their peculiar doctrines, but greatly doubt the propriety of designating them as *New Lights*, believing that they are rather a return to what was the true Church of England doctrine, before Latitudinarianism came into vogue with the Hanover Succession. And I am confirmed in this by looking into Reeves's Prefatory Discourse 'on the Right Use of the Fathers,' prefixed to his Translation of the Apologies—printed (2nd Edition) in 1716."

"June 10. To the Duke of Sussex's at Kensington Palace, with Barnwell and two other *Musæans*.\* His R.H. took very gracious notice of me, pointing out a new machine as worthy of my special notice . . . I had much talk with the Vice Chancellor (Shadwell), who introduced me to Alexander the Counsel—and from *him* I had the satisfaction of hearing an excellent report of the services he had recently received from Herman as his junior Counsel in an Exchequer case. Had the honour of a shake of the hand from Peel, whom I directed to the Bible department. Some talk with Judge Patteson about the case of Privilege, and afterwards with Rogers the poet on the same subject. . . . Others whom I met and conversed with were Tyndale (of the Museum), Hallam, Coleridge, and Coltman, (the Judges,) Amyat, Pettigrew, and my worthy little mistaken friend Dr. Fellowes. It is certainly one of the most agreeable *ré-unions* that can be imagined, and I was very fortunate in the persons I met there."

"June 20. Death of King William."

"June 28. Since the King's death, nothing has been thought or talked of but the new Sovereign, and the consequent necessity

\* Officials of the British Museum, of whom Mr. Barnwell, our neighbour in Woburn Place and held in very high regard by us, was one, having charge of the Department of Coins, &c. C. M.

of a dissolution—an event which could not have happened more opportunely for the present Government. The young Queen's admirable behaviour at the Council Table, the several instances of good and correct feeling which she has manifested towards her Uncles, the Duchess of Northumberland, &c., her household appointments, the Declaration put into her mouth by Ministers—all these have been never failing topics of conversation in every company, and the general impression seems unfavourable for the Conservative interest."

" On July 8 was the funeral of King William, which all the Commissioners attended in the station prescribed to them by the ceremonial—*i.e.* next in order after the Attorney and Solicitor General, and before the Judges. . . . Reached the Castle soon after six, and ascended into St. George's Hall, where a very few were already assembled, and among them I soon recognised Denman ; and here, and in the adjoining apartments, we ranged as we pleased till the hour of marshalling, talking with those we met as at a London conversazione ! . . . The things most worthy of note during our nearly two hours of waiting were, besides the splendid hall in which we were assembled, in which the emblems of mourning were strangely mingled with the banners and scutcheons of the Knights of the Garter, the Waterloo Chamber, adorned with Lawrence's magnificent pictures, in the centre of which lay the Royal Corpse attended by its military mourners, and nearly opposite, at the head of the Grand Staircase, the bottom of which was then involved in utter darkness, Chantrey's splendid statue of George IV., gleaming in all the lustre of the purest white marble, set off in a sort of spectral relief by a deep black pall which covered the arched window behind it, and appearing as if it pointed with an unearthly finger to the depths of the grave below, as if marshalling his newly departed brother and successor to go the way he had gone before him, and instructing all the hosts of attendants that thitherward they must also soon follow. On each side of the staircase stood in various attitudes, or else were seen ascend-

ing and descending, military figures, mostly cuirassiers, in their most splendid array, but covered with crape scarfs or hatbands, every man, private as well as officer, with a countenance strongly expressive of the feelings adapted to the solemnity, and as if sensible of the admonition which the statue seemed to convey. One might fancy that they had all been regularly trained to the parts they were to act in the solemn pageant, and not a feature of any of them did I observe to relax during the whole occasion from its motionless rigidity. In another room, which served as a sort of ante-chamber between St. George's Hall and the Waterloo Gallery, are on each side the busts of Marlborough and Wellington, surmounting the tributary flags of Blenheim and Waterloo, and in the centre, the colossal bust of Nelson placed on a pedestal formed of the mast of the Victory, shattered as it was by the enemy's balls.

"At length the Castle clock struck eight. The cannon was heard to sound, and the Herald's voice summoned us to form in procession. The ceremony of marshalling took up nearly an hour, and at nine we were told to "move on," which we did in the slowest of all imaginable paces. To us who walked, nothing of the procession itself was of course visible except our own immediate followers and precursors; but the files of splendid soldiers, each man with the same immovable face of solemnity, through which we passed, with the Heralds, &c., in their tabards occasionally passing and repassing along the ranks to keep us in order, presented a new though unvarying object of interest—and at last when we reached the head of the Grand Staircase, and prepared to descend as the finger of the statue pointed the way to us, the vista afforded of the files of Cuirassiers holding torches, who lined the staircase and covered way, the commencement of which was now rendered visible, covered with funeral drapery, was singularly imposing and awful. Then struck up the 'Dead March in Saul,' played by a full military band, with the drums muffled, and amidst the occasional discharge of cannon—and, by the time we had proceeded so far that the sounds had begun to die away in the distance,

a second band took up, and afterwards a third band, the same immortal music. Meanwhile as we advanced between the files of military torch holders, whose fine manly countenances were set off by the glare of torches reflected from their polished cuirasses, we could dimly perceive, to right and left, behind the soldiers, confused masses of human heads and faces, mostly female, in deep mourning caps and bonnets, who looked like a phantasmagoria in the background; and at the slowly unclosing the bars of the narrow archway I have already mentioned I now remember seeing some female figures slowly flit by, whom from the account I have since seen in the papers, I now conceive to have been the widowed Queen and her attendants on their passage to the Royal closet.

“At length, at the expiration of an hour from the time of its commencing to move, the doors of St. George’s Chapel were thrown open upon us, and the blaze of light from the massive golden chandeliers that are suspended from the roof, with the sudden peal from the organ that marked the entrance of the first part of the procession, was perhaps the most sublime and magnificent of all earthly spectacles. On entering the Chapel we were told to disperse to right and left, and find seats as we might—and it was my good fortune to light on a stall close to the platform prepared for the reception of the Coffin, and almost within arm’s length of the place appointed for the Chief Mourners. I had Erskine on one side of me, Vaughan on the other, and next to Vaughan, Denman, so that we were seated accidentally, without any attention to rank and as if all equalised by the nature of the impressive ceremony.

“At length the service commenced, read badly, but from the very faltering sound of the voice not unimpressively, by the Dean of Windsor—in which nothing struck me so forcibly as the ‘Forasmuch as it has pleased God to take unto Himself the soul of our dear *Brother* here departed.’ What then? and is all this exceedingly great profusion of earthly splendour and magnificence bestowed on one who is only the *equal* of the lowest and meanest

among the innumerable mass of spectators of his funeral? The very abandonment of all form and order which marked the taking of seats at the termination of the march aided this salutary impression—and the sprinkling of dust over the gorgeous habiliments of the grave, and the final breaking and throwing in the fragments of the staves of office, powerfully enforced the same humbling and *levelling* train of sentiment. Oh no! the Quaker in the newspapers is quite wrong in speaking of it as a ministration to earthly pomp and vanity. It is quite the reverse—the deepest lesson of humility that can be read to Human Pride and Human Ambition. The service lasted near two hours, after which we slowly dispersed, and found our way back, without form or order, to St. George's Hall, where, after some slight refreshment, we got back to our carriages, and reached London about 4 in the morning."

On his return from his holiday in Devonshire, my father was greeted with the welcome intelligence of Alexander's success in obtaining a Fellowship at Trinity.

"Oct. 5. In the evening Alex. himself made his appearance—as happy as the happiest of tempers, a most excellent understanding, and the best regulated mind of any young person's that I am acquainted with, can render the possessor. May God Almighty make me, as a parent, sufficiently grateful for this first of temporal—(or rather, may I not say, *eternal*) blessings in the possession of such a progeny!"

"Oct. 26. Finished translating the third book of the *Inferno*, hoping to have accomplished the task better than either of my [recent] predecessors—if not, it is an experiment which has failed—my principle being, that Dante's peculiar system of rhyme is essential to his poetry, and that the attempt to render him into Miltonic blank verse (like Cary), or to divide him into stanzas (like Wright), is equally inadequate to convey the slightest impression of his style of versification. Better than either of these would be

measured prose, of the stately Elizabethan order. But I do not despair of having shewn the possibility of following his difficult *Tersa Rima* without too great a sacrifice of sense to sound."

"Nov. 19. I have lost all disposition for journalizing, my thoughts being too painfully occupied with domestic realities. On Sunday (the 5th), just one week after the return of my family, the last link of connexion between ourselves and the preceding generation was broken by the death of Mrs. Drury at Cockwood, in her 85th year; which event was announced to us by Charles Drury in a letter we received the following morning. On Tuesday my wife again set out, alone, on her melancholy journey, to perform the last duties to this sole survivor of the race of our parents—just eight years after the death of my own mother, the first who fell. The funeral took place in the most private manner on the 11th—Harry and Charles Drury, my son Alex. and Byron Drury the only attendants. Buried at St. Leonard's, Exeter, in the Heath family vault, where the remains of Dr. Drury were deposited near four years before. What a host of mournful and solemn recollections does this event gather round us!"

"Jan. 4, 1838. Murray won't take to 'Tales of my Grandfather'" (*i.e.* the Memoir my father had begun to compile). "He won't understand the difference between a Dissenting History and a History of Dissenters written by a Churchman and in a Church spirit, yet without hostility or Party prejudice—calls this being *between* Church and Dissenters, and consequently calculated to attract neither, instead of being, what I state my own position to be, that of a Philosophic Historian, looking down upon both from an eminence sufficiently elevated above the reach of baleful influences from either . . . What is the next thing to be done? Indolence, or possibly Prudence, may suggest 'Leave my reputation, and that of my grandfather also, to a later posterity,' for that posterity *will*, sooner or later, take an interest in the huge bundle of papers which I have accumulated, I make no doubt whatever."

"Feb. 8. For those who may chance to look into these pages



after I am gone, I now make a declaration of sentiment which I hope they will take on the credit of my assertion. I do not, after the example of very pious and well-meaning journalists, think it at all necessary to record at every turn and corner of this stage of existence either my sense of gratitude to the Supreme Being for the mercies He has hitherto bestowed on me, my prayers for their continuance, my hopes and aspirations after a future state of blessedness and perfection, or my deep shame and contrition for the many frailties, errors and imperfections of my passing life, and the fears which may now and then disturb my peace of their rendering me unfit for a participation in the reward of the Righteous. All these things are too sacred and solemn to be lightly committed to paper, even though no eye be destined to see what I write till I am no longer sensible to the praise or blame of my fellow creatures. But I trust my children (at least,) will do the justice to my memory of believing that it is not for want of religious impressions, but rather from a deep and abiding sense of their high and transcendent importance, that I do not frequently give vent to them in this note book of daily occurrences."

"Feb. 12. Last night read the London and Westminster Review of Walter Scott, and cried again over the extracts from the sixth volume ;—assuredly a more impressive lesson of mortality than can be derived from the best of sermons—the weakness and strength of Human Nature in its most simple shape. Question whether Scott was a *great* man—negatived, in the sense usually applied to the term. Whether a *good* man—ditto. But he was the truest personification of the Creature, Man, with all its excellences and imperfections . . . The signature is C., and it deserves great praise in a Radical review. No political allusion—no sarcasm. Even Lockhart treated with a courtesy he seldom meets from professed friends and partisans." \*

"Feb. 15. Yesterday at the Queen's Levée. My first presen-

\* The article was by Thomas Carlyle, and was reprinted in his "Miscellanies."

tation by the Chancellor. Went with Holroyd in our legal costume, as Her Majesty's Commissioners of the Court of Bankruptcy. After the ceremony was over, felt that there was nothing at all in it, and that I should undergo it again with as little awe or discomposure as at any entrance to a drawing-room—or rather much less, since here all is mere pantomime, elsewhere one is expected to say something. The Queen (God bless her) is more *infantine* in appearance than I could have fancied. Not above 15 at the utmost. Not well represented by any prints I have seen; and least of all by Hayter's picture, which is now hung in the Presence Chamber. But oh! *what* an interest does the sight of her awaken. I can scarcely describe the thrilling sensation with which I caught the first glance of her through the open door. It immediately took away all my sense of foolish timidity on my own account, and from that moment I felt as if I were rapt in her only. After I had passed, I stood at some distance nearly five minutes, to look at her, and felt I could gladly have laid down my life in her service."

"March 29. Yesterday deserved to be marked with chalk. The first of anything like a pleasant party I have known since our last social meeting at the Antiquaries' Club—not the less agreeable from not having to go out in search of it. The Bishop of Lichfield,\* his wife and daughter, the Vice-Chancellor (Shadwell) Knight, Bruce, Amyot, Burney, Barnwell, formed our dinner party, with my dear old friend the Archdeacon†—and we were really 'wondrous merry.' In the evening we had the whole lady part of the Denman family, and the happiness of the *young folks* appeared to be complete. Shadwell particularly friendly and reminiscent of old days. The Bishop much pleased. We made him a member of our new *Camden Society*."

"April 12. Yesterday, while we were both out, Lord Denman

\* Dr. Samuel Butler, the distinguished Master of Shrewsbury School, then recently promoted to the bishopric of Lichfield.

† Archdeacon Hodgson, who had shortly before informed my father of his engagement to Lord Denman's eldest unmarried daughter, Elizabeth.

called *to be congratulated*. The door being accidentally open, he walked into the house, to the great horror of Maria the housemaid, who did not know him, and into my study—and then upstairs to the drawing-room, where Louisa was seated, who received him, I hope, with all due decorum.”

“April 13. Yesterday had my first sitting with Mr. Eddis the artist—a gentlemanly young man, who has a brother an undergraduate at Trinity, and entertained me with some of the late saturnalian proceedings at that seminary of religious learning and sound education. I think he bids fair to make of my countenance the likeness of an old weather-beaten, military debauchee, with rather an affected grin—which (I am afraid) is natural to me from the unfortunate habit, attendant on early *mauvaise honte*, of putting on a company face.”

“April 17. Finished sitting for my picture, which my wife and Louisa, accompanied by Charles, went to see, and much approve.”

“May 6. Read Wilberforce. . . . In pondering over the extracts from his Diaries, &c., it seems to me that the vice of (what is called) Methodism consists, not in its attaching too high a value and importance to Religion, but in its tendency to make self (whether soul or body is, in this sense, immaterial) too much the sole and exclusive object of man’s regard and (not to use the word profanely) adoration or idolatry. Religion is not the *end* of our creation, but the *means* of rendering it available to the best and wisest purposes. Our love of worldly fame and distinction, our desire of wealth and power, &c., are not implanted in our natures to be stifled or eradicated; but Religion is the appointed instrument for pruning their excesses, and turning them into right and legitimate channels.”

“May 12. My dear wife’s birthday—51, the 33rd year of our happy, happy union! May God bless her, and keep her, and save her long, after I am gone, to be a blessing—the first of blessings—to her children and friends! A more actively benevolent, warm-hearted, conscientious, and truly religious minded

creature, I am sure never existed. Oh that I were more worthy of such a treasure ! ”

Great grief was caused in the family at this time by the death first, in March, of Herman's youngest child, Helen, an infant not a year old ; and the illness and death in May, of the eldest, Herman-Louis. He was a grave, thoughtful looking little fellow, a great subject of interest and affection to his grandfather, who felt his death keenly. He died at Hampstead, and was buried in the same vault with his great-grandparents.

“ May 23. Just returned from the funeral, where Divine consolation did attend us indeed. Herman's admirable calmness and strength of mind never for an instant forsook him. His poor dear wife, leaning on him and clinging to his support, presented such a picture of entire dependency as I can never forget. The vine and the elm tree were completely personified in them.”

On June 28 the Queen's coronation was celebrated, and my father and mother, with others of the family, witnessed the procession from different points.

“ June 29. I must add a few particulars of yesterday, more from my wife's representation than from my own observation, as I am so much less prone to remark ; but upon recollection, I fully concur in them. One was the perfectly contented, joyous and good tempered demeanour of all classes, from the highest to the lowest—the entire sympathy and good feeling between mob, soldiery and police, all appearing in brotherhood—(a bitter pill for our Reformers and Radicals, Hume, O'Connell and Co.) In the intervals between going and returning of the procession—*i.e.* pending the Abbey service—the centre of the streets being kept clear from carriages, all people walked about through them without any

distinction of rank or ceremony, the soldiers attending merely to prevent tumult, of which there were no indications ; and consequently a mixture of all orders prevailed, on a footing of equality which might afford subject of much agreeable reflection to the political reasoner, unmixed with a single painful thought or impression. I do not think the most critical physiognomist could have detected the feeling of envy on the part of the lowest, or of disgust and impatience in the faces of the best dressed *exclusives* on that occasion . . . . An English Coronation—the Coronation of a young English Queen—is surely a sight not to be paralleled by any vision that the world can present—and, old as I am, and constitutionally phlegmatic and indifferent to external impressions, I count it a happiness indeed to have been present.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

MEMOIR BY LOUISA ANNE MERIVALE: continued. Alexander at Rugby. His marriage to Juliana Bond. Death of Reginald and of Alexander. DIARY OF JOHN HERMAN MERIVALE: concluded. Publication of Poems. Translations from Schiller. Removal to Bedford Square. Death. Conclusion. 1838—1844.

[ In the year 1838, my brother Alexander, having gone 2A M  
through his University career with great credit, and gained a Fellowship of Trinity, that most distinguished of Cambridge honours, was invited by Dr. Arnold of Rugby to become one of the Assistant Masters at that School. The offer took him by surprise. He had had no sort of acquaintance or intercourse with Dr. Arnold, and had not contemplated the scholastic line as his profession. Nevertheless, after a little consideration, he accepted it. The post was lucrative and honourable, and though its duties were none of the lightest, they were such as a man of Alex.'s industrious habits and academical acquirements might well be able to execute with credit. The unpopularity under which Dr. Arnold laboured during the earlier years of his Head Mastership was giving way, or I may say had given way, to the general appreciation of his

virtues and achievements. Rugby was flourishing in numbers and reputation, and aristocrats tried, and tried in vain, to make him open its doors for the admission of pupils from the higher classes.

My first visit to the place was in the autumn, after my return from abroad.\* I went there afterwards at intervals to assist Alex. in his accounts and enliven his bachelor solitude, and my connexion with it thus formed became a noteworthy point in my life, inasmuch as in those impressive years of existence from nineteen to twenty-two, I met with persons and heard opinions which influenced both my affections and ideas. Nothing of "falling in love," the ordinary story of a girl's heart, except the sort of romantic love of girl to woman which I conceived for my brother's kind and helpful friend Lydia Price, wife of Bonamy Price, one of the assistant masters. A strikingly brilliant and attractive creature was Mrs. Price at that time. She was a granddaughter of Mr. Babington, the old friend of Wilberforce, and was first cousin to the then rising politician and reviewer, "Tom Macaulay," afterwards Lord Macaulay the great historian, of whom she used to tell me anecdotes as we paced the school fields or walked among the lanes and roads near Rugby. Bonamy Price himself, a genial, eager, talkative man, would plunge into disquisitions on German theology, or launch out in abuse of Tories and Toryism with almost as much vehemence and clatter as he made when galloping after the hounds on a holiday.

My brother's most intimate personal friend, another of the masters (whose acquaintance with him at Cambridge

\* In the summer of 1838, after the death of his two children, Herman had taken his wife and Louisa a trip through Belgium and up the Rhine.

was indeed, I believe, the origin of his recommendation to Dr. Arnold) was George Lynch Cotton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta. Side by side they would measure the roads, or stretch across the fields to "Aganippe," discussing things and persons, the merits and demerits of different pupils or the latest innovations of the Head Master (rather a trial of patience these, sometimes): the two figures moving on side by side—the one tall, dark, shambling, shortsighted, with an expression half of humour, half of pedagogic abstraction—the other short, compact, elastic in step, with a clear grey eye, and cheerful smile. "I call Mr. Merivale my son's common sense," Mr. Cotton's eccentric mother used to say. Another of Alexander's colleagues to whom he became much attached was Algernon Grenfell, one of the Cornish family of that name, married to a sister of Bonamy Price; a man of a very sweet, refined and generous nature, but possessing hardly energy and promptness enough for the routine duties of his profession.

And chief of all Rugbæan characters at that time stood forth the Doctor himself—the great and good Arnold. It was his spirit that pervaded the place and gave the tone to every thing of interest in our scholastic circle. Not alone with the boys and in school hours, but with the masters also and in their seasons of relaxation and social intercourse, the words and opinions of Arnold were the constant theme of discussion and the incitement to action. With all over whom he had influence he encouraged interest in literature, religion and politics, and his brave and independent spirit led the way to the general results arrived at. His sermons in chapel were remarkably impressive, appealing to the intellect and the feelings of his hearers.



The unmistakeable earnestness of his manner contributed not a little to their effect. The whole congregation, boys, masters, and masters' wives, listened or appeared to listen with the utmost attention. No restlessness or sleepiness seemed to invade those walls. Dr. Arnold's voice was rich, manly, and distinct: his enunciation partook somewhat of the "spouting" style encouraged in public schools some 50 or 60 years ago, which I have observed especially adhering to men who do not possess what is called a musical ear; but in the Doctor's case it seemed rather to add to than to take from the impression of earnestness. After chapel, when the boys were dispersed, he used to stand at the door and shake hands with us, the denizens of the "ladies' pew," as we came out; and the sight of his kindling eye and benignant smile was always something to greet with pleasure at the time, and turn to with pleasant recollection. He was so much occupied with the duties of his busy life that I, a shy girl, could but seldom get at him in the way of friendly intercourse: but now and then I dined at his table, or met him elsewhere, and all that I saw or heard of him from others tended to increase my reverence and admiration for his character.

At that time the doctrines of the "Oxford School" were in all the burst of their popularity with a large portion of the educated world. Keble's Hymns, Newman's Sermons and Treatises, awoke a response from the heart and intellect of the young especially, by no means indeed necessarily corresponding to the adoption of those men's doctrines in their full extent, but still tending to create a strong sympathy with them, partly grounded on sentiment, partly on conviction. I can well remember how, in the summer of 1839, my dear father and my sister-in-law, and

myself, together with that dear kind relative my mother's cousin Angel Heath, a woman of remarkable cultivation and most genial temperament, were occupied in discussing works like these, and in especial the writings of Alexander Knox, one of the philosophical precursors of the Oxford Theologians—himself an Irishman, and therefore the more interesting to Angel Heath who was also a native of the Western Isle and knew something of Knox from family connexions. \* I speak not of myself, but my father, Angel Heath, and Caroline † made a most agreeable trio for discussions of this nature: and very interesting were the conversations of that pleasant summer among our groves and lawns. Arnold's antagonism to Tractarianism, root and branch, was at my first going to Rugby a species of heterodoxy in my eyes: Whiggism and Low-churchism were then the objects of my abomination. But during my visits to Rugby in the spring and autumn of 1839 my opinions underwent a change. Conversation with my brother Alex. and increasing reverence for our Rugby Chieftain overthrew before long all the hold that Apostolical Succession and such dogmas had begun to take upon my

\* Angel Heath was a frequent visitor at our house, and a favourite with young and old. Very small and fragile in person, and delicate in health, with a mind stored with information and taking the keenest interest in all topics of the day or of literature, she was the most delightful of companions. By birth and education she was half Irish, her father, Admiral Heath, having settled at Fahan in the North of Ireland, and married an Irish lady, Rebecca Marshall. Angel's early years were passed in Ireland, but after her father's second marriage she resided chiefly in England, with her aunt Miss Heath, and later with her uncle Mr. Hudleston, the East Indian Director. The latter part of her life was spent at Lynton in North Devon, where she built herself a cottage commanding a most beautiful prospect, and where she brought up in succession some nieces, daughters of her sister, who with her husband Admiral Legeyt and a numerous family lived in Jersey. Angel Heath died in August 1858.

† My brother's wife, whom we generally designated as Caroline Herman.

mind. By the time I was one-and-twenty I was a determined foe of Puseyism.

Dear Alex. too felt the influence of Dr. Arnold's views in liberalizing his mind from the sway of certain religious opinions formed in the school of Simeon at Cambridge, where his most intimate associates had been ranked among the professors of so-called Evangelicalism. Earnest piety was a distinguishing feature in his singularly sweet and attractive character. From childhood till the hour of death he lived and acted in the fear of God: and my parents used to apprehend lest his intimacy with persons like the Hoares of Hampstead, Henry Goulburn,\* Perry (since Bishop of Melbourne), Cotterill,† and other religionists of the Calvinistic type, of whom at the University they frequented the Rev. Charles Simeon was the apostle and guide, might throw too much of gloom over a nature so predisposed to serious influences, and detach him from the innocent pleasures of life. But this was not the case. Never was there a more blithe and cheerful spirit than Alex.'s, nor did he deem it necessary, except in so far as the character of a clergyman might restrict his social indulgences, to repress in himself or others the natural buoyancy that finds its vent in song or dance. His was a sunny spirit that brightened every home it sojourned in. It used to be a common remark among us that Alex. never could be idle. Ready with sportive joke or ingenious invention or elegant accomplishment, his hours of relaxation from work never

\* Henry Goulburn, a young man of singular acquirements and promise, who died very young. C. M.

† Henry Cotterill, Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, went very early as Chaplain to India, became Bishop of Grahamstown in South Africa, and is now Bishop of Edinburgh. C. M.

knew the languid step or weary sigh of one who knows not how to dispose of his time. And he had not too much of time given him! Well for him that what his hand found to do, he did it with his might!

In the summer of 1840 Alex. engaged himself in marriage to Juliana, daughter of our old and valued friend Admiral Bond, of Exeter. Previously to that event he enlarged his house, and built a new study, where both before and after his marriage (Dec. 18, 1840,)\* he passed much of his time in the business of his profession before the walls were properly dry. This laid the foundation, probably, of the terrible evil that a few months made manifest.

But before the blow fell which was impending over us from this quarter, another was now surely and steadily gathering its force. Hitherto our happy home had been singularly exempt from the breaks that Time usually makes in large families. Neither death nor expatriation had divided us. Of their twelve children my parents had not lost one, even in infancy. Charles had, at the outset of life, renounced the notion of an Indian career, and no foreign destiny was even thought of for the others. We usually met, all twelve of us, once or twice in the course of the year: occasionally in the same room, when my parents would enjoy the sight of us ranged from first to last in a row—first five sons, then five daughters—

\* The following is the record in my father's Diary of this event:—

"Dec. 17. First act of the wedding party announced in the marriage of the *Soubrette*—Mary"—[our pretty young ladies' maid Mary Sparkes]—"became the wife of William Wreford" [the handsome son of the old farmer at Barton Place]; "and as bonny a bride as may be seen—but what a situation for a honeymoon, our dear old farmhouse on the hill." X

"Dec. 20. Friday was the important day of Alex.'s marriage, which took place at Trinity Church, Exeter, and was performed by Canon Bartholomew. *Felix faustumque!* is my most earnest prayer—and I gratefully adopt Juliana into my long list of daughters."

X The Wrefords are an old family in the rank of yeomen farmers in North Devon—George Wreford, the second son of the couple whose marriage is here recorded, has traced their pedigree by means of parish registers and wills, to the time of 2. Eliz: He is himself a man of considerable ability, & after a good education at middle class schools in Exeter, has risen to a very good position in the Bankruptcy court in London.

then little Joe and Anna, the wind-up of the family.

My third brother, Reginald, had always been of a delicate constitution ; and of late years his health had at times been a subject of considerable anxiety to us. On two or three occasions he had spit blood, and had been ill in consequence : but the discharges were said to be from his throat, not from his lungs ; the attacks passed off, and he returned to a sufficient measure of strength for the ordinary purposes of business and society. His place was a clerkship of £300 per ann. in the Registrar's Office in Chancery, given him in 1835 by Lord Chancellor Cottenham. He resided in Chambers in Gray's Inn, exchanged after a while for lodgings in Hanover Square. In both localities his house-mate was his familiar friend Hubert Hutchings, one of a family between which and our own a hereditary intimacy had subsisted. Reginald was, with the exception of John, the least scholastic of my five elder brothers ; but of all he was the most distinguished for elegance of manners and appearance. He was a general favourite in the circles in which he mingled ; and as he had a decided taste for polished society and was very agreeable in conversation, he might have become very much a man of the world, had not his natural fastidiousness made him shrink from anything like tuft-hunting or pushing, while physical symptoms, making him feel more strongly perhaps than at that time others felt the uncertainty of his life, led him to turn from the earlier levities and indiscretions to which his lively temperament had inclined him to serious thought and self discipline, long before those around him for the most part had any idea that his mind was strongly and habitually under such impressions.

His health gave way finally in the winter of 1840-41.

After some weeks of suffering and confinement, more or less, at his rooms in Hanover Square, it was thought desirable to remove him to the parental roof, that he might there be nursed and tended with all the care that father, mother and sisters could bestow on him. He came to us in Woburn Place on February 18th. His decline was gradual for the next ten weeks, and we were flattered from time to time with hopes of amendment ; but on the 1st of May he passed away from us. Most humble and devout was the tone of his mind all through his illness. My mother was his constant attendant—he could hardly bear her out of his sight.

In April, while he was confined to his room, our apprehensions were seriously roused by the accounts we received of Alexander's state of health. On the 12th of that month my brother Charles and I started from Reginald's sick room to Rugby, where we found Alex., though still presiding at his own table and seeing friends, yet looking so lamentably ill and altered that we lost no time in persuading him to come back with us to London and see Dr. Chambers, then in attendance on Reginald. His medical adviser hitherto had been Dr. Jephson of Leamington, an irregular practitioner, but one who had acquired great celebrity at that time, especially for his success in cases of liver complaint. In Alex.'s case he made, as we had too good reason to find, the fatal mistake of treating an inflammatory state of the lungs as one of mere dyspepsia ; urging upon him in consequence long walks and other modes of treatment very injurious to his condition.

The meeting between the two brothers was affecting in the extreme. As they sat together in Reginald's room, it would be difficult perhaps to say that one looked more

surely in the hands of death than the other, though he had reached a more advanced stage of illness. "Good bye, Alex.," said Reginald, when the parting moment came, "we meet again this summer, at Barton Place—or in Heaven!" Alex. returned to Rugby; and after arranging his affairs there proceeded without loss of time to Devonshire with his wife. After Reginald's death, we joined them at Barton Place, where, on the 11th of June, this dear and excellent brother breathed his last. On the tablet erected to their memory in the church of Stoke Canon were placed these lines, by my father's hand:—

"Brother, farewell—the place where next we meet,  
Our earthly—or our Heavenly—Father's seat:—  
A few short weeks, the earthly hope is o'er,  
They meet, through Christ, in Heaven, to part no more." \*

Amidst the heavy sorrows of this time, my father found great amusement and occupation for his thoughts in the prosecution of his German studies and translations. To

\* My father transcribed in his Diary a letter from Mr. Edward Hoare to Alexander's widow, dated July 31, in which he says:—"I look back upon my intercourse with your dear husband with the greatest interest. We became acquainted almost as soon as he entered College, and were constantly together during the remainder of my residence there. For two or three years he used to unite with H. Goulburn and myself every evening for reading a few verses of scripture and prayer; and although he never said much, being of a very humble spirit, we were always struck with his apparent seriousness and devotion. . . . For the year after he took his degree, he was my mathematical pupil, partly at Cambridge, and partly at Killarney. During that time we had much very happy intercourse. There was a gentleness and a playfulness about his character, which rendered him a peculiarly delightful companion, and most truly did I enjoy his society."

In October, 1841, the widow gave birth to a son, who received his father's name—Alexander Frederick. He was a sweet little boy, giving early promise of talent, but his delicacy of constitution made him a constant source of anxiety until in his fifth year he died. His mother survived him little more than a year, and both were laid in Stoke Churchyard, beside her husband.

have attempted the acquisition of a new and difficult language at the age of sixty was in itself a proof of no small amount of mental freshness and activity. I had myself but lately surmounted its difficulties, and in the capacity of instructor helped my father on to that acquaintance with the beauties of Schiller and other Teutonic poets which afforded him the chief literary interest of his later years. In 1838 he had put forth a reprint of his Poems, including the Orlando in Roncesvalles and all the other pieces, original and translated, which had already been before the public. To these two volumes he in 1844 added another, consisting of poetical versions of the whole of Schiller's minor poems, with notes.

During all the time that he was engaged in the latter labour, he kept up a brisk correspondence with Dr. Anster, the gifted translator of Faust and Law Professor in the University of Dublin. Their acquaintance had begun with the affairs of one Edward Shannon, a literary adventurer in whom my father, thinking he discerned in his compositions some marks of genius, and being touched with the account of his misfortunes, took considerable interest, trying to procure for him notice and pecuniary help in influential quarters, until at last he became disgusted by the want of principle and right feeling displayed by the impracticable Irishman. The interchange of letters between my father and Dr. Anster, which began in 1840, soon became full and frequent; one topic introduced another, congeniality of taste and feeling resulted in a style of really confidential friendship. On German literature especially they had long discussions, and many of Dr. Anster's remarks on my father's favourite Schiller were incorporated in the notes



in his volume of *Translations*. It was not till 1843 that they met, at my father's house in London. ]

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Returning to my father's diary for these years, we find *Al.* that for 1838 much occupied with the subject of the *Poems* then in course of preparation for the press. He writes:—

“Sept. 30. Alas! this is my last entry from Barton Place before my return to London for a new campaign; since, though I may hope to come back again (D.V.) for a few days at the end of the month, it will not be till all my sons have quitted, and with the immediate prospect of the breaking up our family establishment for the season—and thus, though I would fain consider my present journey as a mere short excursion on business, I cannot conceal from myself that it is rather, in fact, the conclusion of one more season of happiness. How many more the good God may grant to me in this my worldly pilgrimage it is not for poor weak man to guess, but the probabilities are much against any long continuance of these His unmerited blessings. But, if we must not too fondly anticipate future good, neither ought we too gloomily to forecast coming storms and darkness. In this, as in all things, God's holy will be done! I return, however, full of designs for the occupation of time. First, in finishing the edition of my *Poems*, which has necessarily been much interrupted and suspended during my sojourn here. Next in seeing what may be done about *Hole's Letters and Remains*—and so forth. I have work before me for a long life, and all to be executed in the short space that is all, probably, remaining before me. Oh the vanity of human wishes and intentions!”

“Oct. 21. *Barton Place*.—Again at this dear home. . . . Walked over Marypole Head through the grounds sentencing trees, &c., at Herman's suggestion. A day to be marked with

white chalk, so seldom is it that we meet together on this dear spot—and he seemed himself to enjoy it. We discussed my preface.”

On the 27th of January, 1839, Herman's second son, Herman Charles, was born. My father writes :

“Jan. 30. Went to Cambridge Place and saw Caroline, and our dear little grandchild. Pleased at hearing that they mean to call him *Herman*, and feel how inseparably that name has connected itself with *Merivale* in the elder branch of the family. I like also very much the intention of coupling it with the name of *Charles*. What a crowd of happy, thrice happy, reminiscences forces itself on the mind with such a conjunction! Received a packet of Charles's Sermons.”\*

“April 15. Letter from Charles with intelligence of his being selected for Whitehall Preacher at the recommendation of the Regius Professor (Turton) and wholly unsought for by himself. This is the fair result of the character acquired for him by his sermons.”

“May 18. Note from Professor Turton to Professor Smythe, by him communicated to Mallet, giving high commendation of Charles, and justifying his nomination of him to the Whitehall Preachership as one by which he is ready to risk his reputation for discernment.”

“July 19. *Barton Place*.—On Wednesday morning we set out on our expedition at seven o'clock. Mama, five girls and Joe inside the carriage,—Louisa and I in front, James and Mary” [the servants] “behind—and so we proceeded, sometimes at the rate of twelve miles an hour, the average ten allowing for stoppages, without any impediment to Salisbury, which we reached at five. Immediately sallied forth—all but Mama, who was tired—to see

\* These were “Four Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge in November, 1838,” and just published.

the Cathedral; and while there came a thundershower, the signal of a change of weather most unpropitious indeed. Thursday morning we started again at seven in the middle of the storm, and had nothing but rain and bitter cold hurricane wind all day; notwithstanding which we made good our passage and landed safely here about ten, having lain by at Wincanton for two or three hours.\*

"Aug. 28. On Sunday attended the opening of our church at St. David's—greatly enlarged and improved—and in the afternoon heard a sermon at St. Thomas's by the celebrated Dr. Pusey in aid of church building, but found little to admire in the substance and was terribly fatigued with the length and frequency of repetition."

In October there was a meeting of the Propagation Society at Exeter, at which Archdeacon Wilberforce (afterwards successively Bishop of Oxford and of Winchester) spoke. My father writes after hearing him :—

"Oct. 16. Wilberforce is certainly a man of extraordinary talent, and his two hours speech was an outpouring of eloquence which, considered as one of a long succession of similar efforts in the course of his crusade, seems worthy of his name, and of his predecessors in the same or cognate labours—but I am not satisfied as to the good to be produced by such palpable exaggerations and vituperation of our national system in the government of our colonies as he and his class of enthusiasts think fit to indulge in . . .

\* This passage gives a specimen of our annual journeys during this period to Barton Place. They were accomplished in a hired carriage, drawn by four horses, the changing of which with their postillions at each stage of the journey afforded unfailing delight to the younger members of the party. One night was always passed at an inn half-way. It was very rarely that my father accompanied us on these occasions: he usually left the superintendence of the family party to my mother, travelling himself by mail coach. Our return to London in the late autumn was conducted in the same way, except that the shortened days obliged us to spend two nights at inns. It was not till 1841 that we made use of the railway from London as far as it then reached, completing the journey by coach.

Monday, after a one o'clock dinner, I started with Joe for the mail. Left Exeter at three, and arrived here [London] at 6 Tuesday morning. Found the relief of the railroad at Basingstoke after our night journey so great as almost to make me in love with the mode of conveyance and wish for its further extension, though not through the Vale of the Exe. Never was I so little fatigued with a journey, and I set to work with alacrity, without requiring any previous repose."

"Oct. 23. Monday, on my way to my Club, met Spankie with the news of Brougham's death by an overturn of his carriage, which I found was universally credited. It seemed to produce general consternation. Next morning's Chronicle, Herald, and Post contained reflections as on an event believed by all, and only *affectedly* deprecated by the Ministerial organ, which was moreover in a tone to satisfy one of the exultation with which it was received in Government quarters. The Times alone *wisely* doubted, and made no comments. In the course of the day, however, it was fully contradicted, on Brougham's *own* authority, by a letter written by him *after* the accident. I wrote a line to Denman, on the bare possibility that he might hear the news without the contradiction. D'Orsay is denounced as the contriver of the hoax, which seems worthy of him."

"Oct. 25. Report of Brougham's death the only subject of conversation—at least that which was uppermost—and belief general that he is himself the author—Count D'Orsay's justification being complete."

"Dec. 5. At Sir Robert Inglis's met the poet Rogers, Forster, (author of the Life of Jebb,) &c., &c. Sat between Forster and Mrs. Henry Coleridge, and had some conversation with the latter about Southey, whose present state of lamentable infirmity she does not ascribe to his great mental exertions, which (she thinks) were never of an overwhelming character, but to anxiety, first about his late wife and afterwards about his second marriage. Hopes are still entertained that he may recover. We agreed vastly well

in our opinions on Poetry, &c. Sir Francis and Lady Palgrave were also among the dinner guests. Rogers complimented me as a Citizen of Florence, with which I must doubtless be well acquainted; which reduced me to the confession of never having been out of England—the occasion of a general stare of wonderment at my stupidity. In the drawing-room a large miscellaneous assemblage. Sir F. Chantrey, Sir H. Halford, Sir G. Staunton, Sir Harris Nicolas, &c., &c. Got a little chat with Chantrey and Rogers. Asked Chantrey whether the Venus de Medici is Greek or Roman?—on which he professed a becoming inability to decide. Spoke of his own first impression on seeing her as one of indifference approaching to disgust, but changing gradually, from one visit to another, into the profoundest admiration. . . .

“Another leaf dropped from the tree! The Bishop of Lichfield gone at last.\* One of the most truly amiable men I ever became acquainted with, and of whom I can only regret that I did not happen to form the acquaintance at a much earlier period; which I might well have done, he having been so intimately known to Hodgson, and to both Harry and Charles Drury, besides many other of my nearest friends. But I am thankful even for the few pleasant hours passed in his company.”

“Dec. 11. Dined at Sir F. Palgrave's. Mrs. Hooker † (or Lady H., I am not sure which), a sister of Lady Palgrave, told me of a connection between her husband's family and the Merivales, which she would endeavour to make out. I apprehend it was Mrs. Coffin, who was a widow Hooker at the time of her marriage. They claim descent (collaterally) from the Ecclesiastical Polity.”

“Dec. 18. Dined at the Antiquaries' Club—Lonsdale, Bruce, Barnwell, Sir R. Westmacott, Amyot, Ponton, Old Moore, Pettigrew, Ellis. Old Moore got into a very entertaining strain of

\* Dr. Butler.

† Lady Hooker was the wife of Sir William Hooker, for many years Director of the Royal Gardens at Kew—the present Sir Joseph Hooker is their son.

Nestorian gossip about his early recollections. Mentioned a curious circumstance, of Marat having been at Warrington " [the Unitarian] " Academy in the capacity of French Master, or Tutor, in or about the year 1780, when Moore was sent there from Ireland being of a Presbyterian family—but *he* soon after was transferred to Christchurch as a gentleman-commoner, and relinquished his paternal creed."

" Dec. 27. I note poor James Smith's death, which has just occurred, for the sake of a curious coincidence. \* It was on *Tuesday* that I saw John Heath, who told me of it. I did not think of mentioning it again—but the next morning my wife told me that she had awaked crying from a dream, which was that *James Smith* (whom she scarcely knew but by name, and certainly very seldom thought of) had been calling on her to tell her of the death of *John Heath*—a striking exemplification of the adage that *dreams go by contraries*. To make it more striking, John Heath calling on Christmas Day, sat on the sofa by my wife, and related to her the circumstance precisely in the manner in which she dreamed that James Smith related to her John Heath's death. I must not forget to note a letter from Alex. in which he mentions his ordination by the Bishop of Worcester last Saturday (being St. Thomas's Day.) God bless him and prosper his ministry!"

" Jan. 11, 1840. On Thursday dined with my wife at Sir John Richardson's—only their family party. George Selwyn and Sarah—he a very gentlemanlike sensible person." †

" Jan 12. Yesterday took a detachment of our party, with Herman's wife, to see Madame Tussaud's waxworks. Saw the old lady herself—the best part of the show—who gives herself out as

\* Brother of Horace Smith, and joint author with him of " *Rejected Addresses*."

† Soon afterwards consecrated as first Bishop of New Zealand—subsequently Bishop of Lichfield; his wife was daughter of Sir John Richardson.

having been attached to the Royal Family of France during the Revolution, and having been an eye witness of many of its principal scenes. Makes no question of the *soi-disant* Duc de Normandie, who now resides at Camberwell, being the true identical Dauphin, son of Louis XVI, and assigns as proof positive that he has been to see her exhibition and recognized himself in the waxen image designed to represent the young prince. We had a large dinner party at home—Judge Patteson and his Lady, with a Miss Rennell, daughter of the Dean of Winchester, Henry Northcote and his son (a distinguished Oxonian—very modest and gentlemanlike \*) John Miller, Barnwell and wife and son Edward, Herman and Caroline. A pleasant and merry party—Barnwell's music. . . . In the last week's Obituary is the name of Madame d'Arblay, which carried me back by the principle of association to my earliest childhood—remembering the delight with which I heard my mother read 'Evelina,' one of the earliest, I believe the very earliest, in my course of novel reading. This day's paper announces also the extreme illness of Bowles the poet, which again carries me back (though not quite so far) to the time when I esteemed his Sonnets as among the most beautiful of human creations."

"Jan. 15. The Queen is to open Parliament in person, and announce her own approaching marriage. Lady Langdale has a story that on her being complimented by one of her ladies on her *courage* in making public announcement of such an event, she answered, 'Oh, it is nothing at all, after having undergone the awkwardness of making the proposal to Albert himself.'"

"Feb. 10. *Royal Marriage*.—A windy rough night, succeeded

\* Sir Stafford Northcote, the eminent leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons in these days. The Northcotes are a Devonshire family of some antiquity. Pynes, their seat in the neighbourhood of Exeter, stands almost opposite Barton Place, and three generations of them have been well known to us. Sir Stafford, the grandfather of the present baronet, married a Miss Baring, sister of Mr. J. L. Mallet's first wife. C. M. On giving up the leadership of the H. of Commons in 1885, Sir Stafford yielded to the urgent request of the Queen and was raised to the Upper House, with the title of Earl of Iddesleigh. He held the seals of the Foreign Office under Lord Salisbury's government subsequently, but his health had long been failing, and he died suddenly on Jan. 14 1887, whilst almost in the act of resigning the seals.

by a wet and gloomy morning. A sad disappointment to thousands of expectant holiday makers, and by many will be deemed of bad augury on this most solemn and interesting occasion. . . . The rain having ceased about noon, I sallied forth with two of the girls on a voyage of discovery—cabbed it to the top of St. James's Street, and thence made our way on foot through the crowd to the corner of Pall Mall. . . . Nothing to be conceived more *triste*, flat and lugubrious, affording a most lamentable contrast to the heart-felt joy of the Coronation, a year and a half ago. . . . And now I can only say that the Royal pair have my best and warmest wishes for every blessing—but that this feeling is attended with the deep-rooted and honest persuasion that the prayer must be fruitless so long as she remains under the influence of her present advisers. My hope is, therefore, fixed on her young Consort's counteracting influence, and that it may be well directed and tempered by discretion and firmness.

"Mrs. Howley [wife of the Archbishop] reports of the Prince that he is, in appearance and manner, a perfect Hero of Romance! May their romance of real life prove auspicious!"

"March 9. Yesterday called and sat an hour at the Miss Baillies'. Agnes, nearly 80 years old, has been engaging in the pursuit of Druidical Antiquities, with an ardour worthy of the youngest adventurer—making them all subservient to her Scriptural inquiries. She spoke with great admiration of my dear mother's 'Scriptural Reflections,' which she has lately been re-perusing." \*

"April 3. Yesterday in my way to the City met with an accident as nearly fatal, or at least serious, as can well be imagined, being thrown down in a press of cabs and omnibuses in attempting to cross at the foot of Holborn Hill—on recovering my legs, could scarce persuade myself that I was unscathed (all except a few

\* The death of Mrs. Agnes Baillie in 1861 was recorded by the Registrar as that of a centenarian.



bruises), and, after a short rest in a chemist's shop, able to proceed to my destination. On arriving there, heard from a gentleman (who had been an eye-witness) of a similar peril which had befallen the Duke of Wellington only the day before in crossing at Whitehall—only that his Grace was happily rescued *before* he fell. That same afternoon *I* had nearly broken my leg or my back by slipping on a piece of orange-peel—just saved myself by catching at some iron railings. On such threads is our life suspended ! ”

“ April 19. *Easter Day*. My dear old friend Hodgson came and passed the day with us, much to my comfort and refreshment. \*

. . . . In the evening our good Archdeacon proposed a sermon as a suitable entertainment, and I adopted the hint by reading to our party the two sermons which Charles had delivered at Whitehall the preceding Sunday, on which the Archdeacon passed some very just criticisms, giving them, on the whole, a measure of praise quite equal to my paternal exactions.”

“ July 3. Yesterday my good old friend the Provost breakfasted with us. Had a long and pleasant morning with him, rambling over great part of the town together—and ended by dining with him in Portland Place—none but ourselves and the family party.”

“ On Sunday the 12th Denman sent to beg I would dine with him to talk over the Chancery Bill, &c. We had nobody but Richard Denman's intended bride, and very little conversation on the intended subject ; but he then proposed to me that we should pay the Provost a joint visit at the Lodge of Eton College on Thursday, being the first of his holidays. We accordingly started by railroad that morning, after I had seen our family party off in their travelling carriage—reached Eton by breakfast time, were most joyfully received, and spent a delightful day, Denman returning by the two o'clock train, I remaining to dinner and leaving them only at 8, after which I had to pack up for the morrow. The

\* Archdeacon Hodgson had at this time just received the appointment to the Provostship of Eton.

Lord Chief, inspired by the *Genius loci*, insisted on having a swim at Bargeman's Bridge, in which I am ashamed to say we suffered him to be solitary. Spent great part of the morning in the noble College library, where we were attended by Dr. Hawtrey, and had a visit from Mr. Alfred Montgomery, sent with another gentleman as envoys from Lord Wellesley to present the College with his bust, accompanied by a most graceful letter in his own handwriting to the Provost, who intends answering him by a copy of Latin verses."

"Aug. 15. An end already of the first act of my Holidays—exactly a month from the day of our arrival. To-morrow evening by Subscription coach for London, with poor dear Joe for my unwilling companion,\* and my own heart very heavy at the thought of his grief at this first *real* separation from home, bringing back forcibly all my own schoolboy emotions—emotions which, in my case, lasted even to my College days, and which I may almost say I have never entirely got rid of. They afford indeed the only satisfactory answer to the question why I have never travelled. . . . Last Sunday we made a party to Stoke Church in the afternoon to hear Alex. preach; only Mama could not make up her mind to be one of us. He gave us an excellent plain sermon extremely well fitted to the congregation, and with perfect coolness and self-possession."

The Diary for the first half of the year 1841, is mostly taken up with the sad details of illness and death. On the 5th of March our uncle Harry Drury died at Harrow, after long illness. My father writes after the funeral:—

"March 11. This day I attended at the sad ceremony—Sir William Milman took me and John down in his britzka. All the Masters were there *ex officio*—Harry as principal mourner,

\* Joseph was sent on this occasion to a school at Blackheath—a year and a half later he was placed at Harrow, as all his brothers had been.

and Ben, myself, John, and John Heath, the only relations—Milman, Charles Curtis, and Tomkyns. The whole village wore a funeral aspect: many of the tradespeople in decent mourning, or with crapes, and shop windows closed. Cunningham read the funeral service, and very impressively. Harry told me a few interesting particulars of his poor Father's last days and hours. . . . In one of his last days, having accidentally taken a wrong medicine, which produced the effect of a short happy delirium, he sent for *all his books*, and had them piled about him on the floor, and on his bed, till the room could hold no more. Compare this with Rousseau's Julie wishing to die surrounded with flowers—to be smothered with roses! What an instance of the Bibliomaniacal passion strong in death—a Phrensy!

"March 19. Our excellent friend Sir John Richardson died this morning—having lived only a few weeks beyond the completion of his seventieth year—and having, for the last twenty years or more, been in such a state of health that the prolongation of life from day to day appeared to be almost a miracle. To this result I believe his wonderful calmness and composure of mind—his constantly abiding and cheerful sense of Religion—under Providence, mainly contributed; and if ever there be one of whom his fellow creatures may confidently pronounce the salvation and reward, it was he. Perhaps, as my wife says, the individual nearest him in all points of excellence, as well as in some comparatively unimportant failings, was her aunt Miss Heath—especially in point of charity; not mere alms-giving, or *acts* of benevolence, but in thought and mind: and here it was that, in both instances, it might be possible to find a blameable excess." \*

"March 21. Among the deaths of this week is that of Rowley

\* Sir John Richardson, who had been captain of Harrow School and a great favourite of Dr. Drury's, took high honours at Oxford, and became a judge on the King's Bench. He was obliged to retire from ill health, but continued to be much consulted by the legal authorities for many years. He always retained a great regard for Dr. Drury, and for the members of his family. Three of his sons were educated at Harrow. C. M.

Lascelles, Sir John's schoolfellow and contemporary—a very uncommon person and more than half a madman, who fastened himself a good deal on me a few years since as a most enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Drury, whom he worshipped with a sort of idolatry. . . . I have been reading Archbishop Whately's Essays, and (with peculiar interest) that on 'Love towards Christ as a motive'—which has put me into a train of thought and reflection that I hope and trust may be serviceable—perhaps to my dear Reginald as well as to myself. I have been very much interested and gratified at the pleasure that dear fellow expresses himself to have derived from a little religious conversation with me on the subject of Acceptance and Forgiveness."

" March 27. I have been reading with great pleasure and satisfaction Benson's Discourses upon Tradition and Episcopacy, which appear to me all sufficient for the complete overthrow of the new Lights of Oxford—I hate the barbarous designation of *Puseyites*. . . . As for the good and well meaning persons against whom these Discourses are principally levelled, my persuasion is that there is no real danger of their spreading so as to do any general mischief; and that on the contrary, they have been productive of great and even incalculable good in provoking inquiry, and in awakening men's minds to a sense of the paramount importance and benefit of our Church Establishment, and the dangers with which it has been threatened by the lukewarmness of professed friends, even more than by the assaults of open enemies."

" May 2. Yesterday evening our dear son Reginald parted from us—to meet again in another and better state of existence, I humbly, but devoutly and sincerely, believe and trust. . . . His intense fondness for his constantly watchful nursing Mother, whom he always called his Angel, never forsook him; and I shall remember to the last with a most delightful feeling, that, a few hours only before his death, he beckoned me over to him and kissed me with the expression of 'dear, dear Father.' . . . It is settled that the funeral shall be at Hampstead, and as early

and as private as possible. He was in his thirty-first year—born in October, 1810.”

“May 30. Among the various kind letters and attentions of friends there are none I value more, or that have been of more service to me, than those of Dr. Anster, urging me to mental occupation as the best of worldly resources. I hope I have not altogether failed to profit by his encouragement, but I feel it very difficult to take an interest in anything—at least any strong or lasting interest. My indifference to politics, even at this stirring time, is extreme. Schiller and my Grandfather have divided my thoughts on literary subjects, but I have a lamentable want of energy. My greatest comfort is to have Charles here, to assist in keeping up the spirits of the rest of the party.”

I give an extract from one out of many pleasing letters of my father's literary friend Dr. Anster, to which he here refers, for the glimpse it gives of the employments in which he found some solace at this melancholy period.

“Yours appears to have been a singularly happy life, and in nothing more happy, as I gather not alone from your letters but from the few passages in your poems in which you allude to your family, than in every promise you could have made to yourself for your children being fulfilled to the utmost. It is, I know, absolutely impossible that I can say anything on the subject which must (perhaps to the exclusion of all others) engage your thoughts to which you could now listen, and I am almost afraid to suggest again your employing yourself, as you have lately been employed, with Schiller. . . . To how few is it given—to no one that I can remember at the moment—after such a professional life as yours, to return to such studies as have lately occupied you. I look with confidence to a translation of all that we can wish to have translated of Schiller—

and this accomplished at a period when few would have the courage to learn a new language."

The translations from Schiller, which had been commenced before this time, were the occupation of many months of depression after these bereavements. Among the few topics of family interest mentioned in the Diary, I find:—

"Aug. 13. On Wednesday came a missive from the Registrar's Office announcing John's appointment to the vacant clerkship, accompanied by such very kind expressions on the part of Colville, now Principal Registrar, as greatly to enhance the gratification of the appointment itself. I can scarcely describe the mixture of feelings it produced in all of us."

"Jan. 1, 1842. Though entirely free from all superstitious fancies, I cannot but own to a great sinking and deadness of heart at this commencement of a new year after two such severe losses as those we have experienced during that which is ended. It is something analogous to what I should conceive of first waking after the loss of two of my most precious limbs, or as if I had gone on for months insensible to the deficiency, and found myself suddenly recalled to it by some circumstance requiring the use of both. Not, of course, that the sensation is to be compared in *bitterness* to that of the more recent affliction, and yet there is something more vivid in the impression of reality. Perhaps it is that in the earlier stages one endeavoured, and always with a certain degree of success, to drive it from the mind—but, however to be accounted for, I think it worth while to record the impression. Even the images of the departed press upon my senses more strongly and vividly, though certainly less painfully, than ever before. Yet it is not that I can charge myself with being otherwise than duly thankful for the blessings which are left to us, or in-

capable of justly appreciating or enjoying them. I merely note the fact, and add no superfluous comment."

"March 7. I have been laboriously engaged in preparing a review of Schiller's *Lyrics* for the *Foreign Quarterly*, to the suspension of other domestic occupations, family reading, &c. I have now brought my introductory article to a conclusion, intending to follow it up with two or three more, if acceptable, and make it the foundation of a more matured work. Our visit at the Provost's Lodge passed off most successfully . . . the friendship of our host and hostess most refreshing . . . We called on Dr. Hawtrey and saw his fine collection of books and drawings. He also presented me with his little privately printed volume of *Translations, Greek, German and Italian*, in return for which I have since sent him my two volumes."

"March 15. Heard from Dr. Hawtrey, with a flattering eulogium on my *Poems*—particularizing my translations from Horace."

"April 9. Yesterday evening went with the three youngest girls, Joe and John, to the Haymarket, and saw Charles Kean and his wife in the *Stranger* and Mrs. Haller—both extremely well acted. I went to his dressing room after it was over and found his wife sitting with him—extremely struck with her easy and graceful manner—so thoroughly lady-like and so utterly un-theatrical—just as if she were in her drawing-room after the company had left. The same perfectly natural air prevailed through the whole performance."

"May 13. Dined with my wife at Henry Nelson Coleridge's to meet Wordsworth the Poet. Sat next him at dinner, and had talk with him about his *Sonnets*, *Capital Punishment*, &c. Crabbe Robinson was of our party, which consisted, besides, of Judge Coleridge and his Lady, Mr. Quillinan (Wordsworth's son-in-law) and young William Wordsworth. I do not think we were any of us very brilliant or instructive—the usual consequence of the presence of a Lion, though Wordsworth himself was wholly without pretension."

"May 31. Called and sat some time with Fellowes, who talked much about his cataract, and the *wonderful provisions* of *Nature* for preserving sight, &c. \* What does he mean by Nature? Anything, or nothing? If nothing, why talk of its wonderful provisions? If anything, intelligent or not? If not intelligent, how can it make provision? If intelligent, what is it but Providence? If there be an intelligent Providence, where is the limit to its power? If unlimited, why seek to confine it to the gross material world around us? If not so limited, what becomes of all reasoning *ab ante* against the Soul's immortality and all the other dogmas of Religion? Is not all we *do* know of the nature of *Spirit* more consistent with the religious than with the anti-religious scheme of the Universe? The more one pursues this train of thought, the more one feels the inconceivable blindness of this sort of unbelieving *moles*, for they are literally no better, the deniers of *Providence*, and praters about Universal *Nature*. Schiller soon got rid of the sophistry, and became *all but* Christian . . . Heard in the evening of another attempt to assassinate the Queen. *This is Nature.*"

"June 19. On Monday (13th) heard the sad report of Dr. Arnold's death, which was too fully confirmed the next morning. . . . He was a man perfectly idolized by his family and friends, and his loss will be very severely felt, not only by them but by society and the world at large, by whom certain peculiarities in his doctrine and discipline had begun to be more justly appreciated. In us the event could not but awaken all the feelings which were associated in our minds with the name of Rugby and its past calamities."

\* Dr. Fellowes was I think originally a Unitarian Minister, with whom my father had some connexion in early life, in writing for the critical and other reviews. He "advanced," at a later period, a good deal beyond the doctrines of the creed he then professed. I think he wrote a book which he called the Religion of Nature. My father had some regard for him as an honourable man, but considered him whimsical and restless both in religion and politics. I have to thank him myself for the present of a handsome seal, bearing the effigy of Charles James Fox, on my "giving up the temptation of India for the nobler pursuits of Scholarship." C. M.



In the course of this Session, a new Bankruptcy Bill was passed, by which my father received an acceptable increase of salary. The vacation in Devonshire being broken by a term of official business in London during part of September and October, an enquiry was made whether he would like an appointment as resident Commissioner at Exeter. He writes :—

“October 16. I requested only a day or two to consult my family’s wishes, and my wife’s answer was so full and decisive against acceptance, backed by the personal inclinations both of herself and the elder girls, as to leave me without a doubt as to rejecting the proposition. The object in making it was, I believe, to give Shepherd the means of taking my place as a London Commissioner; but nothing could be more right and proper than the conduct both of the Chancellor and Winslow in not at all pressing it, though they held out as an inducement that I might retain the London salary. I believe we have judged for the best as regards our comfort and advantage, and it gratifies me that this is Herman’s strong opinion, though I could not consult him previously to announcing my determination. Our great *domestic* topic, at present, is a change of *house*, about which opinions seem to be divided between Bedford and Russell Squares—my own inclination being towards the former.”

“Dec. 4. Our fate has been sealed with respect to the house in Bedford Square, the purchase of which I have agreed for at £1600.”

“Dec. 18. Principally employed in finishing Carlyle’s *Lectures on Heroes and Hero Worship*—a book which was first strongly recommended to me by Halls more than a year ago, and which I now think it quite indispensable to have added to the storehouse of thought.”

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Jan. 16, 1843. Edinburgh Review. Much pleased with Herman's article on Arnold, which the M. C." [Morning Chronicle?] "has ascribed to Archbishop Whately. He seems rightly to have hit his grand defect of character—viz., *impatience of doubt*, which led him headlong at times into opposition and paradox—witness his strange mode of explaining the phænomena of mesmerism, &c."

"Jan. 22. On Friday Dr. Anster called, being just arrived on a commission from Dublin. I was not at home, but my wife saw him and invited him to dine on Monday. Yesterday I called on Worthington, and received from him assurances of the great success of my article, and urgent demands for its continuance through successive numbers. \* The town in a state of great excitement from the assassination of Mr. Drummond, Sir Robert Peel's private secretary."

"Jan. 25. Beautiful mild morning, fit for a wedding day—but I have so bad a cold that my wife and Fanny are gone without me to the breakfast at the Horners' on the marriage of Charles Young and Miss Winthrop. This villainous cold attacked me on Sunday night, and kept me a close prisoner on Monday, preventing the meeting which I had contemplated with my correspondent Anster, and which I had been looking forward to with no little anxiety. This was the delay, however, of a few hours only, as he came to dinner at six, when we had also Worthington, Bernays, Stokes (of Truro), Herman, and Charles (just arrived from Edinburgh). All my girls, together with Caroline-Herman, were assembled to witness our interview, and were, I suppose, very much gratified . . . Anster is much what I should have expected from his writing and from all I have heard of him. Nervous to an excess of nervousness, and yet not what I should call shy. Full of energy, but by

\* Dr. Worthington was the Editor of the "Foreign Quarterly Review," a publication just started afresh under the title of "The Foreign and Colonial Quarterly Review." The two first numbers (January and April, 1843,) opened with my father's articles on Schiller's Lyrical Poems.

no means venting itself in loud talking, and thoroughly modest . . . I am afraid I shall see very little more of him, as he talks of returning to Dublin at the end of this week."

"Jan. 29. I accompanied my wife to Sir Robert Inglis's *soirée*—being her first invitation, given (I suppose) in anticipation of our becoming near neighbours—a circumstance to which Sir Robert himself referred with expressions of great satisfaction."

"Feb. 14. On Saturday completed my purchase, and took possession with an ominous stumble—entering the threshold of my new kitchen—but this, they say, is all for luck. Heard on Friday of the death of Charlotte Hole \* at Plymouth the day before. Another link of early association broken—but her life was a burden to herself, and a nonentity to the rest of the world."

"March 19. The last entry in my Journal that I shall probably make while we remain in this house, being in immediate contemplation of what will also probably be my last removal to any temporary place of residence."

"April 2. 18, Bedford Square. On Thursday the 23rd of March we slept for the first time in our new habitation; and now, after a ten days' residence, I am able to report that we are in every respect highly pleased and satisfied with our allotment—not, I hope and trust, without a due sense of gratitude to God for this among the many blessings which He has vouchsafed to cheer and gladden our earthly pilgrimage. In order to facilitate the grand work of removal, our dispersion was very general during the latter part of it—Fanny the only one of the girls who accompanied us in the actual change of habitation. But Charles came from Cambridge expressly that he might assist, and his arrival was of the greatest benefit to his mother in dispersing the sadness of feeling with which it must otherwise have been more or less overshadowed . . . . On Sunday the 26th we took possession under our Rector Tyler's direction of a pew in St. Giles's, which we hope to

\* Daughter of the Rev. Richard Hole, and my father's first cousin.

continue to occupy, and were afterwards visited by all the Frere family. On the 30th we had our first dinner party in our new domicile, and were well pleased with the trial. Byron Drury, returned from China, made a great addition to our party. He is a very fine fellow, and bids fair for early, and I hope rapid promotion."

"April 12. On Saturday we had a great dinner party, which was very successful. Sir Benjamin and Lady Brodie, Wrey, his wife and daughter, Elmsley and his wife, Hallam and Kenyon, and Mallet and Fanny, whom I was greatly rejoiced to receive in my new mansion at so pleasant a society. We had a great deal of talk and much cheerfulness. Hallam particularly agreeable, so much so that Lady Brodie whispered to me she had never seen him in such spirits, though they had often met. Brodie, too, was exceedingly lively—and, the conversation turning on mesmerism, gave us his sentiments in terms such as have seldom been used since Alexander cut the Gordian knot. Every difficulty which is otherwise insurmountable he gets rid of by denouncing it as 'a lie'—a mode of settling questions which, though not very philosophical, is very commonly resorted to by men of science—especially (I think) of the medical profession. It saves a great deal of time and hard thinking."\*

"April 13. Our evening readings have been in the Memoirs of Horner's Life, which, though not equal in interest to those of Romilly and Mackintosh, form a valuable supplement to them, and recall to my mind many subjects of thought and speculation. I knew little of Horner personally, but have had some occasional talk with him when we were both at the Chancery Bar, and, as I remarked the other day to Hallam, must very likely have stood in

\* I was present and remember the conversation—Sir B. Brodie refusing to believe Dr. Elliotson's assertion of the surgical operations he had effected by the application of mesmerism, and the testimony of witnesses—"It must be collusion—you don't know how many people have little or no sense of pain —." C. M.

the same ranks of the Bloomsbury Volunteer Corps with both of them."

"April 23. The Provost and Mrs. Hodgson came to us on Monday, and stayed out the week, during which I was able to enjoy so much the more of my old friend's company as I had nothing to do in Court, and a very friendly, sociable week we made of it."

The local Bankruptcy Court having been opened in Exeter this year, my father effected an exchange of duty for the summer with the Commissioner, Serjeant Goulburn, and was consequently able to take up his residence at Barton Place early in June. The works of the Bristol and Exeter railway through the Exe valley, which he had resisted to the very last, and to which he was finally forced to submit, receiving bare compensation for the meadow land of which the Company deprived him, were now in full progress.

In a summary of events dated Feb. 25, 1844, my father writes of the time spent in Devonshire :—

"Charles continued our constant and most useful guest till the business of term obliged him to go back again to Cambridge, about a fortnight before us. We never since the days of his childhood have had so much of his company as this last autumn at Barton Place, and again during the whole of his Christmas vacation in Bedford Square ; and however much I shall rejoice on *his* account whenever the time comes that he gets his '*Domus et placens Uxor*' to make him happy, I feel that, for ourselves, we shall all be great losers when the cares of a parish and of a family intervene to diminish the frequency and curtail the length of his visits to the paternal roof. A blow was at this time pre-

paring for us in the person of our sweet little granddaughter,\* whose illness (erysipelas) took a fatal turn, and whose death was announced to us just after my return from London. The poor mother was with her children at Sudborough on a visit during the Circuit. . . . At Barton Place the two Harrow girls remained with us during all the holidays, and were joined by their brother Heber, who helped to keep us all in a state of *High Finks* all the six or seven weeks they remained with us.† Angel Heath also came to us for a fortnight, but without her nieces, our house being literally too full to hold any further addition. . . . Our principal outdoor amusements, watching the progress of the railroad, the operation of which gave us far less annoyance than we had reason to fear. . . . My last Barton Place operation was to settle the plan of a new entrance road to the house, which is rendered feasible by the alterations consequent on the railroad.

"My literary occupations were exclusively Schiller, which I began printing in September and have only just brought to a completion—and this has given me such full employment as, together with my growing distaste, to have fully accounted for the gap in my Journal. Charles was my partner in this work also, accomplishing for my assistance a translation of the 'Dragon-fight.'

"Our principal drawback from country enjoyment arose from an accident which befel John on an Irish tour which he undertook with his brother clerk Disraeli, and which laid him up on his return at Linton, which he took on his way from Bristol, and where he was most kindly nursed by Angel. As soon as he was able to move, his mother went to meet him at Barnstaple, and brought him safe back to us about a week before my return to London on the first of November. I brought three of the girls with me,

\* Emma Louisa, born at Barton Place in August, 1842.

† Caroline Drury (afterwards Lady Huntley), and Emily (Mrs. Lestock Stewart). Heber Drury, now Colonel Drury, was at this time a young officer in the Indian Service.

leaving the rest to follow as soon as John was pronounced in a fit state for removal, which was about a fortnight or three weeks afterwards. . . . Alex.'s dear little boy is a fine lively, merry little fellow, and gained wonderfully on all our affections ; but we still look at him with fear and trembling, and he has had two or three attacks of croup which have given us all great uneasiness. His poor dear mother also far from strong, and exhibiting occasional symptoms of a serious nature. Our remaining grandson Herman is grown a very fine fellow—wonderfully improved in temper and tractableness, and uncommonly engaging by his quickness of apprehension and the liveliness of his imagination. A most remarkable ear for versification and a great quickness in learning by heart—spouting what he learns with vast animation—Macaulay's Lays, Campbell's Hohenlinden and Kempfenfeldt, and, above all, his father's 'Diver'—all which I note because it may be pleasant to be reminded of them hereafter . . .

"Another family occurrence to be noted is the marriage at Christmas of Harry Drury to Miss Daubeney, at which John was present as representative of the Merivales. Charles Drury, who was excited to an uncommon pitch by the happy occasion, came to us for a day or two on his return to Pontesbury—and the bride and bridegroom dined with us twice when they came to London at the close of the honeymoon. She appears a very sweet person, though not regularly handsome, but decidedly pretty, and a most accomplished musician, with a very fine voice. We have had Emily Bond staying with us this last six weeks, and now Rebecca Legeyt, which makes the house look like a grown up boarding school."

"March 18. Nothing to commemorate since my last entries, except a few dinner parties, of which I have ceased to take note, and save also the completion of my *Magnum Opus* of the last two or three years by the publication of Schiller, who was regularly announced in all the papers at the close of last week, having been previously presented to some two or three dozen friends, from

some of whom I have had very kind and flattering notices of its reception. After all my former experiences, I am now fool enough to be rather sanguine as to its success, though not without great misgivings. With all the trouble I have taken there are some gross blunders left, and I fear many more may be discovered . . . Bulwer's \* is announced for Wednesday next, which perhaps will be the signal for the critics—and *fair criticism* of the comparative sort I do not much dread. I have received back my MS. Memoir of my Grandfather from George Kenrick, with strong exhortations to publish, and abundant praise of the subject and subject matter."

The last entry in the Diary is dated March 24, and is merely a transcript of pleasant letters from two or three friends on receiving the Schiller Translations. The last is from Joanna Baillie, who writes:—"It is a work that will be often in our hands; for the spirited and beautiful language with which you and your son have clothed the different pieces make the translation as good to the mind and the ear as originals."

I return to the Memoir written by Louisa Anne Merivale.

[ The heavy change in our family life and prospects befel us in April 1844. We had been about a year resident in Bedford Square, having quitted for a large and commodious house in that locality our old narrow quarters in Woburn Place. My dear father in particular enjoyed the transfer, which some improvement in his official income had at length encouraged him to make. With an extension of pleasant acquaintance, more space to move in—to me the treasures of the "London Library," and an increasing ] A M

\* Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer (afterwards Lord Lytton) published his Translations of Schiller's Poems at this time.



force of grown up sisters—we were all feeling more than usual enjoyment of London life.

My father's mind was full of occupation about his volume of translations from Schiller's minor poems, recently published, and of the literary conversations and correspondence to which it led. Of an afternoon when the claims of business allowed of it, he would usually walk with us his daughters to see the pictures and other sights of the West End. Of an evening he would commonly read aloud to us; Macfarlane's History of India was the book in hand at that particular time. Then came a sudden crashing blow, a clap of thunder in a summer sky. The rest I must tell in the words of the narrative afterwards written by my mother in the unfinished volume of the Diary.

“On Thursday, April 25, my dearest husband was called from earth to heaven (we may indeed humbly *trust*) without one moment's illness or premonitory symptom to warn us of the dreadful blow impending over us. The last few weeks he had passed with but few engagements, and had seemed to us all particularly well in health, and in good spirits; very much occupied about his book just published, and much pleased at the eulogiums he had received from various friends to whom he had sent it. On Monday the 15th, our friend the Provost of Eton, who had come with his wife and baby to town on a visit to Mr. Denman, called in Bedford Square. On the following day we dined at Lord Denman's to meet him and Sir Lancelot Shadwell: we passed a very pleasant evening, the four old college friends all meeting in health and prosperity. On Wednesday the Provost and his host and hostess dined with us, as did Mr. and Mrs. Harnage—we again spent a cheerful happy day. On Thursday he and I again dined at Mr. Denman's, a very quiet party of six

in all—the Provost and my husband had a great deal of serious conversation in the evening, which Mr. Denman has since told me was most interesting; he said some of Mr. Merivale's remarks upon a future state seemed quite 'inspired.' This was the last day he dined from home. On the following Saturday we were at a small party at Sir Robert Inglis's: this was the last house he visited in.

"On the next day, we were together at St. Giles's Church, and heard Mr. Tyler preach a sermon from the text 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.' Every day in the following week, up to the 25th, was quietly passed at home, our evenings employed in his reading aloud to me and my daughters—all at home except Fanny and Elizabeth, who were paying a visit to Mrs. Harnage in the Edgeware Road.

"On Thursday morning, while dressing, he complained of a slight headache, but seemed so well at breakfast that I thought no more of it. He told the girls that as it was a holiday on account of the Queen's birthday, he would take them to see sights in the afternoon, and that Rose and Caroline should meet him at the Pantheon bazaar at three o'clock for that purpose. Louisa was kept within by a cold. After passing some hours as usual in his study, at twelve o'clock he came up into the drawing room, and was much pleased at hearing Caroline play an air he had desired should be adapted to one of his translations from Schiller. He then went out, among other places to his club, from whence he wrote two letters, one to his son Charles, another to Hubert Hutchings, upon the subject of his publication. At three o'clock, the girls found him waiting for them at the bazaar; he said, 'You are so much behind your time, it shall be some while before I make an appointment with you again.' They then walked about the west end of the town, saw the company return from St. James's, went to a Panorama and to the Water-colour Exhibition, returning in time for our six o'clock dinner. Louisa having dined early, we sat down only four to dinner; my husband was in excellent

spirits, having had good tidings of his book from the publisher. I said, 'How is your headache?' 'Oh, *quite well*,' was his answer; 'but I don't feel very stout to-day.' This was so common an expression with him after a great deal of exercise, that I paid no attention to it further than saying, 'indeed I don't wonder at it, after your long walk this warm day.' He ate with his usual appetite a good plain dinner, and I imagine drank about his usual quantity of wine, three glasses of sherry, sometimes four. We sat our usual time at table, conversing about various matters; among other topics, I mentioned to him my having called upon a friend of ours that morning, who rather frightened me by what I thought a fulness of countenance betokening apoplexy. How could I think that he whom I addressed, with his pale cheeks, (for he had been much paler than formerly for many weeks,) would, within an hour and a half, be a victim to that fatal disorder!

"We all left the room together; we went up to the drawing-room, he into his library, where he wrote till dusk, I imagine. A poor woman came to speak to me about eight o'clock. As she went down-stairs on her way to the kitchen, she met my husband coming out of the library; he spoke kindly to her, asking her how she was. She replied, 'Very well, I thank you, Sir; I hope you are well.' 'Quite well' was his answer, and the poor woman went on into the kitchen, saying how well her master looked and how kindly he had spoken to her. In a very few minutes from that time, his spirit must have been translated to a higher state of being; for when found some time after, he was nearly cold, his features so fixed in death that the three medical men who came in agreed that nothing could be done.

"We had gone to tea, as was our custom, without waiting; he generally joined us about the middle of that meal. Not doing so, Louisa, who seems to have felt a strange sort of uneasy apprehension, went down to call her father. She called twice, and receiving no answer, went up to him as he reclined in his *usual position* in his arm-chair, and found him sleeping in death; his

book, 'Churchill's Poems,' on the floor by his side, the register in, as if he had either not begun to read, or that finding it too dark, he had just shut the book and settled himself to sleep. His arm-chair was close to the bell, so that had he felt faint or unwell, he would undoubtedly have rung it. The medical men all agreed in thinking that not a *second* could have intervened between life and death, and that he could not have been conscious of his state.

"The perusal of this Diary will shew how well prepared were the daily habits of his mind for such a summons. The universal sorrow for his loss, expressed so kindly by persons in various classes of life, high and low, are the surest tributes to the kindness of his manner and the sterling excellence of his character. He would have been sixty-five had he lived to the 5th of August next; and was considered a remarkably fine looking man, and particularly young looking for his age, his countenance being quite free from wrinkles, and his figure very upright. He measured 5 feet 11 inches in height. His hair, though grey, had still a slight hue of brown mixed with it. His complexion was fair, and eyes hazel. \*

"I write these particulars, knowing the taste he had for all family history, and in the hope that some one of his descendants may feel an interest in one of whom they have so much reason to be proud.

"In March 1843 we removed into our house in Bedford Square, in the furnishing of which he took great pleasure. In June 1844 I removed to Barton Place with my family, having gone through the melancholy task of unfurnishing all we had so happily put together.

\* My fashionable friend, Monckton Milnes, had said to me about this time—"I consider your father the best drest man in London." His attire was very neat, but perfectly simple, commonly I think a coat of sober colour, buff waistcoat, and light coloured trousers; but it was his face and gesture that were attractive. It was about this time that Blakesley (Dean of Lincoln) remarked, "I think your father the most favoured of men, with a large and prospering family, competent means, sufficient work and abundance of leisure, and to crown all, a taste for letters and vigour in cultivating them."

C. M.

"The three medical men who were called in immediately, Messrs. Hillier, Wright and Griffiths, were unanimously of opinion that his death was caused by a stroke of apoplexy, the attendant circumstances leaving the case quite plain." ]

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My father was buried in Hampstead churchyard, beside *his* father and mother, his little grandson Herman Louis, and his son Reginald. A tablet to his memory is placed in the church. After his death an engraving was taken of the crayon portrait by Mr. Eddis mentioned in the Diary, and copies were distributed among his intimate friends.

The following lines by Francis Hodgson, the friend with whom his sympathies seem to have been most complete, may fitly close this Memorial, which has been compiled for the satisfaction of his descendants, and as a slight recognition of the anxious wish he often expressed that his name might be perpetuated.

LINES BY THE REV. FRANCIS HODGSON, PROVOST OF ETON,  
NOV. 1844.

"Thy pictured form, dear friend, recalls the thought  
Of many a cheerful, many a pensive day,  
And treasured scenes to wakening memory brought,  
And the long track of Life's mysterious way.

Throned in that ample brow was Reason's power,  
Thy stores of knowledge ready to employ;  
While o'er the fancies of thy lighter hour  
Shone the glad freedom of a guileless boy.

Ah! what shall now restore the friendly talk,  
 The brightening joy of those ingenuous eyes,  
 When, as we roamed along our rural walk,  
 Earth, air and light to us 'were paradise?'

But holier far the well remembered theme,  
 When first we mused on that Redeeming Love,  
 And mix'd with sacred Truth our youthful dream—  
 Oh! may it bless—and join—us, there above!"

---

My mother's home, during the twenty-nine years of her widowhood, was at Barton Place, where she delighted, as long as her vigour lasted, in walking round the woods which her father-in-law and her husband had planted, and in directing her work-people in keeping them in order. Of the six daughters who at first settled there with her, the third, Elizabeth, was married at our parish church of St. David, on June 24, 1847, to William Buckingham, Esq., a solicitor in Exeter, and an old school friend of my brother John. Of the deep sorrow which befel my mother in the death of her youngest son, who had left Harrow school in the summer of 1844 and lived with us at Barton Place, I must give her own account:—

"My dear son Joseph Francis was drowned while bathing in the sea at Budleigh Salterton, August 26, 1849. He had gone with his friend John Crabbe to spend the day with Mr. Thomas Sanders, who was residing there. He attended church in the morning, and in the afternoon, about four hours after an early dinner, the whole party went down to the seashore. He alone bathed; at about the distance of half a mile from the place where the others were sitting, he suddenly disappeared. Immediate search was made. Mr. John Harris (a surgeon) who was present, used every means for recovery as soon as the body was found, but

in vain. From the placid look of the features, he attributed the death to apoplexy, or cramp.

"In our deep sorrow, it is a consolation to think that our beloved one suffered no pain in death; and from his excellent character, of which I am fully able to speak after his five years almost constant living with us under my roof,—dutiful and attentive to me, affectionate to his brothers and sisters, attending most regularly his religious duties—the joy and comfort of our home circle. His taste for music was excessive, and he played most beautifully on the cornet-à-piston, accompanying his sisters, while they played on the pianoforte; he had also a taste for drawing, was constantly cheerful, always sweet tempered, beloved by all who knew him. He was twenty-two in February last, and having outgrown the serious illness of his younger life, was a healthy fine looking young man, about the same height as his elder brother.

"I write this memoir, that those who succeed me may know the value of the dear one we have lost. I must add that Almighty God has supported us under this heavy trial, as under the others we have gone through. Joseph is buried in the churchyard of Stoke Canon, in the same vault where his brother Alexander, Juliana, and their child are laid."

For some years after this sorrow, my mother was in the habit of paying long visits to one or other of her three remaining sons, and to her brother in Shropshire; her last absence from home was at his house in the year 1861, after which she yielded gradually to the advance of old age, and more and more curtailed the active habits which she had retained to long past the age of seventy. Her quiet life at Barton Place was cheered by frequent visits from her sons and their families, and from her daughter and grandchildren in Exeter. In 1867 she had a severe illness from a carbuncle in the neck, from which we hardly expected her recovery; but she rallied and returned to her usual habits, though from that

time she rarely went beyond the garden. To the last she retained her love of her favourite style of reading—that of memoirs and letters, whether French or English; the letters of Madame Sevigné and of Horace Walpole in particular she never wearied of, and the Memoirs of Mrs. Delany, which her son Charles had presented to her not many years before her death, were an unfailing source of amusement to her. On the 29th of April, 1873, after a very few days' illness from an attack of bronchitis, she passed quietly away, within a fortnight of the completion of her 86th year. She was buried in Stoke Churchyard, beside her sons Alexander and Joseph.

Extract from a letter from Dr. Ruster, on receiving the lithographed portrait of J. H. Merivale.

"----- I found the engraving here on my return from a few weeks' absence from home - I wrote to Miss Merivale to thank her for it. It grows on me as a likeness. At first it did not quite satisfy me. I am not sure whether you ever met Mrs. Gillman, the lady in whose house Coleridge so long resided. She spoke to me of Mr. Merivale's "glorious" features - I incline to think she was repeating an expression of Coleridge's describing them - but no word conveys so entirely the impression they made on me."

From Mr. Kenyon - Nov. 1844.

"I return to town & receive your kindly & affecting gift. I retrace the features of a man "made to be loved." It was only of very late years that I had the gratification of knowing him whom you deplore personally; but I had for a long part of my life known of him - & my personal observation only confirmed all that I had heard from his fondest friends."





## APPENDIX I.

Reference has been made to Herman Merivale's early study of Italian poetry. The following letters, written by him to his father from Harrow school at the age of twelve and a half, will give some idea of the precocity of his mind.

" Harrow, May 4, 1819.

" My dear Papa,

" I will now, as you ask me, tell you the whole of my opinions concerning the two poems which I have been reading. As to the Rinaldo, I think it is poetical in several places, but a mere romance of chivalry consisting in mere knocking down and killing, or very little else : the hero, of course, as invincible as every where else.

" The Jerusalem I am quite delighted with, although I do not think it is possible to appreciate it completely in reading it hastily at a public school; and it is also a different sort of book from Dante in reading. For it is so difficult to understand Dante, that to search for its beauties it must be read more thoroughly; which, I think, leaves a much deeper impression and renders it less delightful to read a second time. In Tasso, on the contrary, every time it is read it is easy to discover new beauties which have been passed over in the first reading, being so easy to understand that I am sorry to say in many places I rather hurried over it, particularly as I read it more for pleasure than as an Epic Poem. I will send a specimen of my translation at the end of this letter.

"Tasso's genius with regard to poetry is almost universal, in my opinion : but more fit, perhaps, for the pathetic than the sublime. His genius for orations and speeches is very great : witness Godfrey's speeches, and that of Alethes in the second canto. To use his own expression, I think it is in the *orrida maestà* of Dante that he mostly fails. I think it is but sufficient to compare the examples I will bring. The stanza in which Tasso describes the sound of the Infernal Trumpet is generally reckoned one of Tasso's strongest. It will be sufficient to compare it with Dante's short and simple description of the same ;—

"Tasso, Canto iv, Stanza 3. 'Chiama gl'abitator' dell' ombre eterne,' &c.

"Dante, Inferno Canto 31, near the beginning—

" 'Quivi era men che notte e men che giorno.'

"I cannot help thinking that the last is much more sublime than the other, although not worked up by such a profusion of epithets, or so perfect a concordance of sound with sense ; it is in the mere simplicity that its beauty lies : for change them into English literally, the first loses none of its splendour except that occasioned by the sound of the rhymes, while the last appears a mere prose narration.\* The whole of the passage in Dante (of which I only recollect those few lines relating to the sound of the horn) is eminently beautiful. I think Tasso appears to have felt this defect in many places, and it is seldom that he attempts such passages as this. I do not suppose that you or hardly anybody would agree with me in my opinion here, as Tasso's passage is much more consonant with our ideas of modern poetry.

"Tasso undoubtedly borrows a great deal from the ancients, and I think that his *penchant* towards them has led him in some places to extremities which orthodox catholics of his time could scarcely have pardoned him, particularly in such a poem, which

\* The "first" and "last" are misplaced here—he is giving the preference to Dante throughout.

describes the holy war. Such is his too frequent introduction of celestial personages in mortal battles : in some places where they are not much wanted. Such is perhaps the angel who fetches a celestial shield for the mere purpose of defending Raymond against Argante. This angel in his way introduces another extravagance ; for in the celestial armoury are placed the *spear which pierced the serpent*, together with the *arrows which bring pestilence*, and the *trident which shakes the earth*, the two last of which savour strongly of paganism. His characters are mostly borrowed from the same source ; Godfrey smites Agamemnon and Æneas ; Rinaldo is Achilles ; Orcanus's speech in the council of the Mahometans is much like Ulysses ; Argante has many traits of Ajax, and so has Soliman. There are three personages, I think, in the Christian Army who most excite interest : Godfrey, Rinaldo and Tancred. Godfrey, as chief of the Expedition, is provided with every virtue a prince can have ; Rinaldo is undoubtedly the hero of the poem ; but nevertheless, as far as I have yet read, which is through the first volume, Tancred has interested me more than either of the others. Raymond Count of Toulouse is a Nestor undoubtedly ; but he out-Nestors Nestor ; for not contented with haranguing in a most Nestoric style, he engages his enemy, Argante, himself ; and what is more, puts his enemy's life in danger by the excessive *agility* and *nimbleness* of his motions. The Angel with the celestial shield, I think, is poorly managed ; for this Angel only wards off the blows he fairly receives in the combat ; and when an archer aims a blow at him from the walls, the Angel, supernatural as he is, fairly loses sight of it ; and if Tasso intended to shew the power of God to assist His faithful, he might better perhaps have introduced Him by a single word forbidding the blows of Argante to hurt Raymond. I will proceed to communicate the passages that pleased me most.

“ The speech of Alethes, I believe, I mentioned at home ; and the episode of Olindo and Sophronia is too well known to need any praise, as well as that of Armida. The Infernal Council loses

much of its beauty after Dante. I think that his battles are in general as excellent as they possibly can be in a language such as Italian : and were it not for the monotony of the deaths, which could not be avoided in battles in the time of chivalry, when there were only a few places where knights could be pierced, I should prefer them to any other ; but one that in particular struck me is that in the relation of the Danish knight of the battle between Soliman and Sweyn, very much, I think, of the sort of your Roncesvalles ; in case you should wish to peruse it, is in the eighth Canto, Stanzas 4 to 46, and also that in the ninth Canto. His descriptions of Argante are in general good, and his character seems to have suited him. One stanza in the second Canto, where he declares war to the Christians, is I think inimitable. It is the goth—' L'atto fero,' &c."

" May 25th, 1819.

" I am now able to send you my second critical letter, in which I will finish my *critique* upon Tasso ; perhaps I may read enough of Ariosto to write to you about him before the holidays. The second volume of Tasso is undoubtedly the most entertaining, from the variety of the subjects, and the author's having given the rein to his genius, and not bound himself so much by the fetters of classical imitation. Yet, although I may be considered in these days a renegado, I cannot help thinking with the older critics, that several of the most beautiful passages of the Gerusalemme are either borrowed or at least imitated from the classics. This, I think, may be observed even in the midst of the parts of most complete Gothic formation. For instance in Armida's enchanted palace, in the midst of one of the Fortunate islands, in a place where our classical ideas are least apt to intrude upon us, Rinaldo's flight from Armida, one of the most beautiful passages of the poem, is translated from the piece of Virgil's *Æneid* in the fourth book, which I have so often gone over with you. The palace of Armida with all its enchantments and charms, however,

I do not think so entertaining or so beautiful as the enchanted wood of Ismen, because Armida's palace is a series of pleasures, which may delight for a time but are rather tiresome for two or three cantos, while those of Ismen are varied in ten thousand ways, producing sometimes terror and sometimes delight. For my part, I believe, I gave you my opinion of Tasso's characters, and what I thought they were borrowed from; but there is one thing more I would tell you, which I have since thought of, which is that Tasso shews particular art in the first introduction of his characters in the poem. Argante is introduced, in the 2nd canto, in the manner I mentioned to you in my last, threatening the Christian army in a manner which peculiarly demonstrates his character. The first action of Tancred is a demonstration of the excess of his love for Clorinda; that of Rinaldo, in killing Gerlando, although it tends rather to give us an unfavourable opinion of him, is yet demonstrative of his excessive delicacy in the point of honour and ferocity. Godfrey is brought before us praying to God, and all the other characters destined to take any great part in the poem are brought on in some action that may shew at once their character. I will proceed to shew you some of the parts of the poem which I think may please you most. In the first place, one of the stanzas in the journey of the two warriors to seek Rinaldo struck me as being one of the most beautiful in the poem. 'Giace l'alta Cartago,' &c.

“ ‘Carthage is laid in dust; her ancient plains  
 Scarce hold a ruin of her former name:  
 Cities and kingdoms fall, and nought remains,  
 And turf and sand shroud power and pomp and fame,  
 And worthless man mortality disdains.’

“However it appears rather odd that the fall of cities, &c., the work of man, should be a reason why their author should not hope for immortality. The idea of this beautiful stanza is very old:

but the last line, which is perhaps the best, is borrowed from San-nazar. Secondly, the death of Clorinda is so well known and has been so much celebrated that I need not mention it here : but I can assure you I was not at all insensible to its beauties. Thirdly, I think that great part of the voyage of the two knights to find Rinaldo is admirably described in several places. Of the palace of Armida and the enchantments of Ismen I need not speak. But the whole of the last assault on Jerusalem in the eighteenth canto is in my opinion perhaps the most beautiful part of the poem. There were two passages in it that struck me particularly ; 1st, the appearance of the host of celestial warriors, to Godfrey. It is borrowed from the second book of Virgil, where Venus shews Æneas the Gods adverse to Troy ; but it is a greater idea in my mind, that of an host of the warriors who had perished in the crusade now come to assist in the accomplishment of their desires, than that of a parcel of Gods, with all their vices, follies and partialities, as they are described us by Homer and Virgil, and actuated by no great or glorious motive, but a mere partiality to one side and dislike to the other. 2nd, the description of the Cross, the standard of the Christians floating in the air over the city over which it is triumphant.

“ ‘ La vincitrice insegna in mille gire,’ &c.

“ I do not think that the last battle against the Egyptians is so well described. In a combat which finishes the war which the poem commemorates, the poet perhaps should not hang so much on examples of private valour. If, I think, the poet had consulted his own genius, he would have placed the battle against the Egyptians before the taking of the city, as the capture of Jerusalem should without doubt finish a poem intended to commemorate it ; but he could not depart so absolutely from history in an historical poem. He has, as it is, broke through the rule of history ; for the taking of Jerusalem preceded by some time the battle of

Ascalon, and Godfrey and his followers had adored the Sepulchre some time before the battle which, according to Tasso, happened immediately after the taking of the city and before they had had time even to repair to the sepulchre. As I am approaching towards the end of my paper, I will here conclude my *critique* by sending you two stanzas of the translation I told you of: the rest are not finished enough to send. I have, by the bye, looked into Fairfax's translation of Tasso, which Uncle Harry has got, and which, although I have not looked far, appears to me to be as poetical and good a translation in English as I have ever seen of any author. Campbell, I think, praises him a good deal in his English poets, which was what made me first think of looking into him. Now for my two stanzas.

## I.

“ I sing the hallow'd arms, and him who freed  
 The Sepulchre of Christ from Pagan foe,  
 With head and hand who wrought full many a deed,  
 And many a toil i' th' conquest high did know :  
 Hell arm'd 'gainst him in vain, with Afric's breed  
 And Asia's tribes, to work his overthrow ;  
 Heaven was propitious, and with favouring hand  
 Assembled under him a wandering band.

## II.

“ Oh Muse, that with the fading laurel bough  
 Crown'st not thine head in Helicon sublime,  
 Whilst golden stars surround thy lofty brow  
 'Mongst happy bands in Heaven's delightful clime,  
 With thy celestial fire inspire me now,  
 Increase my power, and pardon if my rhyme  
 Adhere not strictly to the truth alone,  
 But shine adorn'd with colours not thine own.



"So much for Tasso. As to my Ariosto, I have read the first canto and part of the second, but I do not know whether I ever shall like it as much as Tasso, as absolute romance was never so much to my taste as an epic poem like Tasso's. I have also read some of the *Istoria Bolognese*, but have not come yet to the part where I am to begin and translate. I have, however, gained one piece of knowledge by it, although full of the encomiums and incredible tales which every author of that kind relates concerning the infancy of his country,—that several of the Italian cities had formed themselves into republics as early as the year 382, before they had had much intercourse with the Goths; as soon as the seat of empire being removed to Constantinople, they were no longer under the eye of the emperors. I do not think the Ariosto quite so nice an edition as the Tasso, although it has a life of the author in the beginning, and a sort of pitched battle between Voltaire and the editor on one side, and the French critics on the other."

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The letter which follows was written a year later, also from Harrow.

"May 7, 1820.

"I have not lost anything by staying out, for there were three holidays last week, and almost every exercise otherwise excused, and I have made amends by reading hard all the time I have stayed out. I have just finished the fourth volume of Gibbon, and drawn up my remarks on it on paper, which I shall shew you when I see you next. I never was more amused by any book in my life; and I must think that whatever is said of the duty of impartiality in an historian, a controversial spirit, such as appears in his chapters, is much more entertaining; for it exercises the mind in endeavouring to find replies to his assertions, and keeps one's attention alive, in a manner which a dry recital of facts cannot do. I have been able perfectly to satisfy myself in looking for answers to the charges he brings against Christianity, for as I get further

in the book, his intention continually appears more plain, although I could not perceive it at first. His notes are entertaining, and, as Uncle Harry possesses the greater part of his books of reference, I can easily satisfy myself on that head. The thing that struck me as most unjust is that he passes over the apostasy of his favourite Julian without offering a single word either in its support or its condemnation. Yet in other instances he is sufficiently severe against any disposition to turn with the tide of fortune. If I always find as much pleasure as now in the relation of historical facts, I do not think I shall ever be disposed to turn to fiction for amusement.

“ By far the most interesting fact to me of the history, is that of the Arian controversy. For the review of the different sects and heresies written by a sceptic is necessarily impartial, although he employs the bitterness of his satire against all together. Before I read this I used to think that the Arian system had some affinity to the Unitarian of the present day; and indeed I do not trust thoroughly in Gibbon in his description of it. He speaks of it as the belief that the Son was a part of the Triune Deity, but that the Son and the Holy Ghost were reckoned as subservient to the Father. As I do not thoroughly trust in this explanation of what I never thoroughly understood, the creed of the Arian sect, I think I shall look into Mosheim's ‘ Ecclesiastical History ’ for it. I should like to be directed to a good and impartial history of the various heresies that vary from the Catholic belief; it would be one of my most pleasing studies to me. Gibbon touches but lightly on the Manichees and philosophical sects. The extravagances of their belief appear to have chiefly consisted in speculative creeds, and originated in the uniting the Platonic system with the Christian faith.

“ Gibbon is exceedingly severe on the animosity between the supporters of the *ὁμοούσιον* of the Nicene Creed and orthodox party, and the partisans of the Semi-Arian *ὁμοιούσιον*; and this difference of a letter does certainly appear at first very ridiculous. But

surely there can be nothing more different than the ideas of consubstantiality and similarity, which are the import of the two words, though I wish they could have invented names which would seem to imply greater difference at first. The name of *ὁμοούσιον* probably originated in the compliance of a part of the Arian sect, and their wish to smooth the difficulties which separated them from the Catholics; although the upshot was very different. In one place he asserts that the Arians in adversity did not probably display as much fortitude as the Homoeousians, when the latter were in subjection to their adversaries, because the Arians, who degraded the Son of God, had not the same zeal and expectation of favour from Him as the Catholics, who raised Him to equal dignity with the Father. But as this rests on mere probability, none of the writings of Arians having been suffered to exist, I should be disposed to reject the inference, particularly on recollecting that the Dominicans of the fifteenth century, who rejected the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, shewed at least as much zeal in their own cause as the Franciscans, who asserted it. In your next letter, if you have leisure, I wish you would write to me your thoughts on the subject of the divisions of the Church under Constantine, or direct me to some book which you think might assist me in the investigation.

“ I have only one more thing to say on this subject; that Gibbon appears particularly cautious on the subject of miracles, which many zealous Protestant writers appear to have impugned without any imputation of scepticism. I mean the miracles performed by the professors of Christianity. Of course, as to myself, I have very little doubt that the power of performing miracles was granted to several of its first professors, after the age of the apostles, in order that the infant Church might be propagated quicker, and I attribute its increase in great measure to this power; but I certainly do not suppose that a power so dangerous was any longer to be granted when corruptions had begun to creep into the sys-

tem of the believers. Gibbon passes them over pretty fairly in silence, until he comes to an age in which he can with safety attack them ; merely saying that it is dangerous either fully to receive or fully to reject the accounts. The artful manner in which the history of some of the chief fathers of Christianity in the age of Constantine and his successors is treated is truly wonderful. He begins by praising them as bulwarks of the Catholic faith, &c., and continues to praise them, but as he descends into minutiae carefully bringing forward their most reprobable acts, while all the time he appears either to defend them, or to impute them to the frailties of human nature. When he finds nothing particular to find fault with he generally characterises them, though in a very covert manner, as artful, ambitious, and turbulent men, disposed in their writings to give up always the truth and impartiality of history to the interests of the Catholic Church.

“I do not know whether you like to have the long letters I write to you filled with this sort of observations on what I read, but I was encouraged to write this letter, as when I first learned Italian you desired me to do the same, and were pleased with the long letters I used to write on that subject. However, I shall not stay out any longer, and consequently shall not read so much as I hitherto have, particularly as the fine weather seems to be beginning again, and I shall be out a great deal ; but I shall not give up reading altogether, and shall be much obliged to you if you will direct me, as I said before, to some books concerning these sects. Tell me if I can be of any service to you in finding out tracts respecting Devonshire antiquities. I have sent you all I could find in the ‘Archæologia ;’ anywhere else I will look, if you will tell me of any books Uncle Harry has where I could find them. As I wrote to you last Thursday I have not much else to say ; but I think it will be better for you as well as myself if, instead of sending you the exuberance of my fancy twice a week in the shape of a doubled half-sheet, I should wait till they

collect sufficiently to fill a whole one. The affairs of the war will go on rather slower, but it will not be the worse for that.\*

I remain your affectionate son,

H. M."

\* This refers to some trifling game, in which my father was glad to see such a mind relax.

## APPENDIX II.

LINES WRITTEN BY HERMAN MERIVALE, TO THE SMALL PORTION  
OF THE OLD HOUSE AT COCKWOOD LEFT STANDING, OCTOBER,  
1848. \*

What! art thou still condemned to last,  
Thou shred, thou remnant of the Past?  
Sole witness of a former state  
While all around is desolate,  
While all the schemes have come to nought  
Of those who built and those who bought—  
Left, by Man's wrong, not Time's undoing,  
To stand, a most ignoble ruin,  
To mock the passengers beneath  
In strange and helpless Life-in-death,  
Like that unburied town which lies  
Shroudless, beneath Italian skies.

Better th'impartial plough had gone  
Sheer o'er the ground thou stand'st upon,  
Or had they rased thee flat, to swell

\* This was soon afterwards pulled down, and nothing has since remained to mark the spot where the house stood except the old pump. The South Devon railway had recently been completed, running between the house and the river.

The costly triumph of Brunel,  
 Than leave thee thus, to vex the brain  
 With piecing out thy form again.  
 Here, where rank grass and weeds in bloom  
 Still trace the outline of each room,  
 Here stood the porch, the parlour there,  
 And pillar'd hall, and double stair ;  
 And here my window faced the lawn,  
 Thrown high to greet so many a dawn,  
 When morn peep'd o'er yon piny brake,  
 When the wide harbour was awake,  
 And fresh beneath the orient Sun  
 The azure waves came dancing on.  
 Each tiny breaker's graceful curl  
 Seem'd wreath'd with coronals of pearl,  
 And the last spray's exulting fall  
 Dash'd lightly o'er our barrier wall.  
 Much have I stray'd, yet never knew  
 So fresh a breeze, so bright a blue.

Yet t'was a melancholy place :—  
     By the flat margin of the tide  
 The walls left scant and barren space  
     'Twixt entrance door and salt marsh wide.  
 Full oft the sea-blight, all too soon,  
 Embrown'd the pride of lusty June ;  
 An early autumn stripp'd the trees ;  
 Moan'd through bare boughs September's breeze ;  
 The cheerless days of winter through  
 Scream'd from the ooze the hoarse sea-mew ;  
 Deep boom'd at eve near Ocean's flood ;  
 The night-owl answer'd from the wood ;  
 Men said 'twas strange, 'mid scenes so fair,  
 One free to choose had settled there.

It was a melancholy place :—

In earlier times it had been gay,  
When many a young and joyous face  
Met there in boisterous holiday.

But Time besieged the house of pleasure,  
And cares in more than common measure  
Made lodgment there : and friends grew old  
And scarce, and Love itself wax'd cold :  
The household wither'd, boughs and stem,  
There was a blight on it and them,  
And long, long years, to rich or poor  
Full seldom oped the unwilling door.  
But yet to me, most welcome still,  
Left free to seek my lonely will,  
All day in careless mood to roam,  
With one kind coz \* to greet me home,  
The hours of evening to beguile  
With quaintest joke and readiest smile.  
What matter ? joys and troubles all  
Sleep sound beside that mouldering wall,  
With nought to tell what worlds of care,  
What hopes, what dreams, lie buried there.

And now let Fancy have the rein,  
And give me back that home again,  
My native home : and place me there,  
Its master, and a millionaire.

I cast a rich improver's glance  
About my new inheritance,  
Intent to build ; and thus we try  
The case, mine architect and I.

\* Anna Louisa Drury, who resided at Cockwood with her grandparents during their latter years.



“ What ? choose again the self-same spot ?  
In faith, good Sir, 'twill suit you not.  
Who that could choose would fain abide  
Below the mark of high spring-tide ?  
In spring 'tis marsh, in winter, ice—  
A very Dutchman's paradise.  
See here at scarce five hundred paces  
The site of sites—the first of places,  
Northward and west the hill shall cast  
His mantle round you 'gainst the blast ;  
Two gables and a porch between  
Shall front yon southern bank of green,  
While to the left your eye shall rove  
At will these peopled waters o'er,  
And many a mile of field and grove  
And towns that deck the further shore ;  
And seaward, o'er yon spit of sand,  
The wave-worn limit of the land,  
Shall catch the Sun's reflected ray  
From every sail that wings its way  
'Twixt Exmouth point and far Torbay.”  
“ Well hast thou said, my man of art :  
The visions of thy tasteful eyes  
Some future lord may realize.  
'Twere vain for me : I could not part  
From cherish'd memories, ev'n of pain ;  
But I would build that house again,  
Build it again as erst it stood,  
Unchanged, unfashion'd, unrenew'd.  
An all too faithful memory  
Mine only architect should be :  
The stone from out the wall should cry,  
The beam of timber should reply ;  
Not one old haunt of joy or sorrow

Should vanish : and I would not borrow  
 One hint for cornice, roof or door,  
 From Chimney-top to kitchen floor,  
 Of Barry, Pugin, Smirke, or Blore."

Such dream deserves a rude awaking ;  
 And list ! the solid earth is shaking—  
 With snort and clash and eldritch cry  
 Rushes the fiery Engine by ;—  
 He for whose advent hills are rent,  
 And valleys bridged, and Ocean pent—  
 Time's last and strongest child, from birth  
 The infant monarch of the Earth,  
 Sweeps with his long and living load  
 In mockery past our old abode.

Thou tyrant age of steel and steam,  
 No time art thou for idle dream ;  
 And ye, fond memories, may but bring  
 Such comfort as the road-side spring,  
 Which tempts the weak to drink and stay,  
 And sink enervate by the way ;  
 The stronger bids the charm begone,  
 Just bathes his lips, and presses on.

[Note.] At the date of our father's death in 1844, Herman Merivale was practising at the Bar : he was a member of the Western Circuit, and Recorder of Penzance, Helston and Falmouth. In 1847 he accepted from Lord Grey the appointment of Assistant Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, soon afterwards becoming Permanent Under Secretary. In 1860 this office was exchanged for that of Permanent Under Secretary for India ; this he retained till his death, which took place at his residence, 13, Cornwall Gardens, South Kensington, on Feb. 8, 1874. Herman Merivale's widow, Caroline Penelope, died at Wargrave, in Berkshire, August 11, 1881, and is buried beside her husband in the Brompton Cemetery.

## APPENDIX III.

Descendants of SAMUEL MERIVALE, living in January, 1884.

I. Family of his grandson, John Herman Merivale.

1. Children of Herman Merivale, C.B., who m. Caroline Penelope Robinson, and d. Feb. 8, 1874. (Three children died in infancy; his youngest daughter, Agnes, m. to John Townsend Trench, died Jan. 8, 1872, aged 24). His surviving children are :—

1. Herman Charles, m. Elizabeth Pittman.

2. Isabella Frances Sophia, m. <sup>William</sup> Peere Williams-Freeman, and has children :—

1. Augustus Peere.

2. Lionel Peere.

3. Agnes Caroline

4. Ralph ~~Peere~~.

5. Violet Mary. (A daughter, Caroline, died in infancy.)

2. Charles Merivale, D.D., Dean of Ely; m. Judith Mary Sophia Frere. Their Children :—

1. John Herman, m. Blanche Liddell, and has children :—

1. Charles Herman.

2. Bernard. (A son, Alan, died in infancy.)

2. Mary Sophia.

3. Charles.

4. Walter; m. Emma Magdalen Pittman.

5. Judith Anne.

3. John Lewis, m. 1st, Mary Anne Webster, who died Oct. 5, 1857; 2nd, Frances Rose Heath. His children by his first wife :—

1. Janet Louisa; m. Antony Gibbs, and has children :—

1. George Abraham.
2. Antony Hubert.
3. Albinia Rose.
4. William.
5. John Evelyn.
6. Anstice Catharine.
7. Louis Merivale.

2. Reginald.

3. Catharine.

4. George Montague; m. Emily Jane Laidley, and has a daughter, at Sydney, N.S.W., Jan. 1884. (A daughter Joan d. in infancy.)

[J. L. Merivale's youngest daughter, Laura Augusta, d. 1862, aged 5½ years].

4. Louisa Anne.

5. Frances Angel.

6. Elizabeth Heath. m. William Buckingham; their children:

1. Louisa.
2. Emily Harriet.
3. Arthur William.
4. Mortimer Drury.
5. Frances Anne Laura.
6. Henrietta Maria.
7. Mary Anne. (Their eldest daughter, Ellen Rose, died 1875, aged 26; two sons, Hugh and Henry, died in infancy.)

7. Rose Mary.

8. Caroline.

9. Anna Wilhelmina.

II. Family of Samuel Merivale's granddaughter, Mrs. Mallet.

1. Rev. Henry Francis Mallet, m. Lucy Singleton. (Their only child, Francis John, d. 1867, aged nine.)

2. Right Hon. Sir Louis Mallet, C.B., m. Frances Pellew.  
Their children :—

1. Bernard.
2. Stephen.
3. Louis.
4. Eugène Hugo.

3. Charles Mallet; m. Louisa Tempe Udny. Their children :—

1. Mabel.
2. Charles Edward.
3. Gertrude.
4. Ethel.









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